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DIARY, REMINISCENCES, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, F.S.A.

SELECTED AND EDITED

BY

THOMAS SADLER, PH.D.

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ac

IN THREE VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

34

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"A being made of many beings."

The Excursion, Book I.

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REMINISCENCES

OF

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.

CHAPTER I.

1816.

A dentist.

January 9th.—(At Norwich.) This morning I went immediately after breakfast to a Jew dentist, C——, who put in a natural tooth in the place of one I swallowed yesterday. He assured me it came from Waterloo, and promised me it should outlast twelve artificial teeth.

Mr. Clarkson leaves Bury for Playford.

January 17th.—(At Bury.) I called with sister on Mrs. Clarkson, to take leave of her. The Clarksons leave Bury to-day, and are about to settle on a farm (Playford), near Ipswich. No one deserves of the present race more than Clarkson to have what Socrates proudly claimed of his judges—a lodging in the Prytaneion at the public expense. This ought to exclude painful anxiety on his account, if the farm should not succeed. They were in good spirits.

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1816.

A legal subtlety.

February 6th.—I attended the Common Pleas this morning, expecting that a demurrer on which we had a consultation last night would come on, but it did not. I heard, however, an argument worthy of the golden age of the English law, *scil.*, the age of the civil wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster, when the subtleties and refinements of the law were in high flourishing condition,—or the silver age, that of the Stuarts. An almshouse corporation, the warden and poor of Croydon, in Surrey, on the foundation of Archbishop Whitgift, brought an action for rent against their tenant. He pleaded that, for a good and valuable consideration, they had sold him the land, as authorized by the statute, for redeeming land-tax. They replied that, in their conveyance, in setting out their title, they had omitted the words, "of the foundation of Archbishop Whitgift," and therefore they contended the deed was void, and that they might still recover their rent, as before. Good sense and honesty prevailed over technical sense.

Mrs. Barbauld.

February 11th.—I walked to Newington, and dined with Mrs. Barbauld and Miss Finch. Miss Hamond and Charles Aikin were there. As usual, we were very comfortable. Mrs. Barbauld can keep up a lively argumentative conversation as well as any one I know; and at her advanced age (she is turned of seventy), she is certainly the best specimen of female Presbyterian society in the country. N.B.—Anthony Robinson requested me to inquire whether she thought the doctrine of Universal Restoration scriptural. She said she thought we must bring to the interpretation of the

Scriptures a very liberal notion of the beneficence of the Deity to find the doctrine there.

Kean's Sir Giles Overreach.

February 12th.—I dined with the Colliers, and in the evening went to Drury Lane with Jane Collier and Miss Lamb, to see "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," a very spirited comedy by Massinger. Kean's Sir Giles Overreach is a very fine piece of acting indeed. His rage at the discovery of the fraud in the marriage of his daughter is wrought up to a wonderful height, and becomes almost too tragical. On the contrary, Munden, who also plays admirably the part of a knavish confidant, is infinitely comical, and in one or two instances he played too well, for he disturbed the impression which Kean was to raise by the equally strong effect of his own acting. Oxberry played Greedy, the hungry magistrate, pleasantly, and Harley was thought to perform Wellborn well; but he displeases me in this, that he seems to have no keeping. Sometimes he reminds one of Bannister, sometimes Lewis; so that at last he is neither a character nor himself. Mrs. Glover was agreeable in playing Lady Allworth.

Primogeniture.

February 15th.—A curious argument on the law of Primogeniture. It was used by my friend Pattisson, and is a scriptural one. In the parable of the Prodigal Son, the Father says to his dissatisfied elder Son, "Son, all that I have is thine," which is a recognition of the right in the firstborn.

Kean in society.

February 25th.—At eight I went to Rough's, where I met Kean—I should say to *see* him, not to hear him; for he scarcely spoke. I should hardly have known him. He has certainly a fine eye, but his features were

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relaxed, as if he had undergone great fatigue. When he smiles, his look is rather constrained than natural. He is but a small man, and from the gentleness of his manners, no one would anticipate the actor who excels in bursts of passion.

Law as an instrument of oppression.

March 10th.—(On Circuit at Bedford.) I was a little scandalized by the observation of the clerk of a prosecutor's solicitor, in a case in which I was engaged for the prosecution, that there was little evidence against one of the defendants,—that, in fact, he had not been very active in the riots,—but he was a sarcastic fellow, and they wished to punish him by putting him to the expense of a defence without any expectation of convicting him!

April 6th.—I rode to London by the old Cambridge coach, from ten to four.

Coleridge.

Soon after I arrived I met Miss Lamb by accident, and in consequence took tea with her and Charles. I found Coleridge and Morgan at their house. Coleridge had been ill, but he was then, as before, loquacious, and in his loquacity mystically eloquent. He is endeavouring to bring a tragedy on the stage, in which he is not likely, I fear, to succeed; and he is printing two volumes of Miscellanies, including a republication of his poems. But he is printing without a publisher! He read me some metaphysical passages, which will be laughed at by nine out of ten readers; but I am told he has written popularly, and about himself. Morgan is looking very pale—rather unhappy than ill. He attends Coleridge with his unexampled assiduity and kindness.

His own publisher.

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April 21st.—After dining I rode to Wattisfield by the day-coach. I reached my Uncle Crabb's by tea-time, and had an agreeable evening with him and Mrs. Crabb. I was pleased to revive some impressions which years have rendered interesting.

April 22nd.—This was an indolent day, but far from an unpleasant one. I sat with Mr. and Mrs. Crabb a great part of the morning, and afterwards walked with Mr. Crabb, who was on horseback, through the street to Hill Green Farm. On the road family anecdotes and village narratives, suggested by the objects in view, rendered the walk agreeable to us both. Mr. Crabb is arrived at an age when it is a prime pleasure to relate the history of his early years; and I am always an interested listener on such occasions. I am never tired by personal talk.* The half-literary conversation of half-learned people, the commonplaces of politics and religious dispute, are to me intolerable; but the passions of men excited by their genuine and immediate personal interest always gain my sympathy, or sympathy is supplied by the observations they suggest. And in such conversations there is more truth and originality and variety than in the others, in which, particularly in religious conversations, there is a mixture of either Pharisaical imposture or imperfect self-deception. Men on such occasions talk to convince themselves, not because they have feelings they must give vent to.

Mr. Crabb.

Personal talk.

April 27th.—(At Cambridge.) I walked to the coffee-

* It was otherwise with his friend Wordsworth:

"I am not one who much or oft delight
To season my fireside with personal talk."

Sonnets entitled "Personal Talk." Vol. IV., p. 200.

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room and read there the beginning of the trial of Wilson, Bruce, and Hutchinson, for concealing Lavalette. In the examination of Sir R. Wilson, previous to the trial, he gave one answer which equals anything ever said by an accused person so examined. He was asked, "Were you applied to, to assist in concealing Lavalette?"—"I was."—"Who applied to you?"—"I was born and educated in a country in which the social virtues are considered as public virtues, and I have not trained my memory to a breach of friendship and confidence."

Sir R. Wilson.

A good reply.

A royal marriage.

I dined in the Hall. Each mess of four was allowed an extra bottle of wine and a goose, in honour of the marriage of the Princess Charlotte of Wales and the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, which took place this evening.

May 4th.—I rode to Bury on the outside of the "Day" coach from six to three. . . . . Between nine and ten we were alarmed by the intelligence that a fire had broken out. I ran out, fearing it was at one of the Mr. Buck's; but it was at a great distance. Many people were on the road, most of whom were laughing, and seemingly enjoying the fire. This was the fifth or sixth fire that had taken place within a week or two, and there could be no doubt it was an act of arson. These very alarming outrages began some time since, and the pretence was the existence of threshing-machines. The farmers in the neighbourhood have surrendered them up, and exposed them broken on the high road. Besides, the want of work by the poor, and the diminished price of labour, have roused a dangerous

Arson.

spirit in the common people,—when roused, the most formidable of enemies.

Godwin and Wordsworth.

May 28th.—Called on Godwin. He was lately with Wordsworth, and after spending a night at his house, seems to have left him with feelings of strong political difference; and it was this alone, I believe, which kept them aloof from each other. I have learned to bear with the intolerance of others when I understand it. While Buonaparte threatened Europe with his all-embracing military despotism, I felt that all other causes of anxiety and fear were insignificant, and I was content to forget the natural tendencies of the regular governments to absolute power, of the people in those states to corruption, and of Roman Catholicism to a stupid and degrading religious bigotry. In spite of these tendencies, Europe was rising morally and intellectually, when the French Revolution, after promising to advance the world rapidly in its progress towards perfection, suddenly, by the woful turn it took, threw the age back in its expectations, almost in its wishes, till at last, from alarm and anxiety, even zealous reformers were glad to compromise the cause of liberty, and purchase national independence and political liberty at the expense of civil liberty in France, Italy, &c. Most intensely did I rejoice at the counter-Revolution. I had also rejoiced, when a boy, at the Revolution, and I am ashamed of neither sentiment. And I shall not be ashamed, though the Bourbon government should be as vile as any which France was cursed with under the ancestors of Louis XVIII., and though the promises of liberty given to the Germans by their sovereigns

Bear and forbear in politics.

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should all be broken, and though Italy and Spain should relapse into the deepest horrors of Papal superstition. To rejoice in *immediate* good is permitted to us. The immediate alone is within our scope of action and observation. But now that the old system is restored, with it the old cares and apprehensions revive also. And I am sorry that Wordsworth cannot change with the times. He ought, I think, now to exhort our Government to economy, and to represent the dangers of a thoughtless return to all that was in existence twenty-five years ago. Of the integrity of Wordsworth I have no doubt, and of his genius I have an unbounded admiration; but I doubt the discretion and wisdom of his latest political writings.

Wordsworth.

Flaxman and West.

June 12th.—Flaxman spoke about West. I related the anecdote in his Life * of his first seeing the Apollo, and comparing it to a Mohawk warrior. Flaxman laughed, and said it was the criticism of one almost as great a savage; for though there might be a coarse similarity in the attitude, Apollo having shot an arrow, yet the figure of the Mohawk must have been altogether unlike that of the god. This anecdote Flaxman says he heard West relate more than twenty years ago, in a discourse delivered as President of the Academy. The anecdotes of West's first drawing before he had seen a picture Flaxman considers as fabulous.

* "The Life and Studies of Benjamin West, Esq., President of the Royal Academy of London, prior to his Arrival in England, compiled from Materials furnished by himself." By John Galt. London, 1816. This book was published during the painter's life. A Second Part, relating to his life and studies after his arrival in England, appeared just after his death in 1820, most of it having been printed during his last illness. The anecdote referred to will be found in the First Part, page 105.

Italian pictures.

June 14th.—Manning, after breakfasting with me, accompanied me to the Italian pictures.* The gratification was not less than before. The admirable "Ecce Homo" of Guido in particular delighted me, and also Murillo's "Marriage at Cana." Amyot joined me there. Also I met Flaxman, and with him was Martin Shee, whom I chatted with. Shee was strong in his censure of allegory, and incidentally adverted to a lady who reproached him with being unable to relish a certain poet because he wanted piety. The lady and poet, it appeared, were Lady Beaumont and Wordsworth. Both Flaxman and Shee defended the conceit in the picture of the "Holy Family in the Stable," in which the light issues from the child; and Flaxman quoted in its justification the expression of the Scriptures, that Christ came as a light, &c.

Shee.

June 23rd.—I dined at Mr. Rutt's. I had intended to sleep there; but as Mr. Rutt goes early to bed, I preferred a late walk home, from half-past ten to twelve. And I enjoyed the walk, though the evening was not

* At the British Institution, previously Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery, in Pall Mall, and within the last few months destroyed. This Exhibition, opened in May, 1816, was the first collection which the directors had formed of Italian and Spanish paintings. The "Ecce Homo" by Guido, mentioned in the text, was probably the one (No. 33 of the Catalogue) from Stratton, belonging to Sir T. Baring. A second "Ecce Homo," No. 55, then belonging to Mr. West, and afterwards bequeathed by the poet Rogers to the National Gallery, would have been too painful in treatment to have elicited the expression used above. Murillo's "Marriage at Cana," No. 10 of the Catalogue, then belonged to Mr. G. Hibbert. It had formerly been in the Julienne, Presle, and Robit Collections. It is now at Tottenham Park, Wilts, the property of the Marquis of Ailesbury. The "Holy Family in the Stable" was the "Adoration of the Magi," either No. 22, the fine Paul Veronese, from the Crozat Collection, or 115, the Carlo Dolci, belonging respectively to the Earl of Aberdeen and to Earl Cowper.

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Specimen of mob opinion.

very fine. I met a tipsy man, whom I chatted with, and as he was a labourer of the lowest class, but seemingly of a quiet mind, I was glad to meet with so fair a specimen of mob feeling. He praised Sir Francis Burdett as the people's friend and only good man in the kingdom; yet he did not seem to think flogging either sailors or soldiers a very bad thing. He had been assisting in building the new Tothill Fields prison, and said he would rather be hanged than imprisoned there seven years. He was somewhat mysterious on this head. He said he would never sing, "Britons never shall be Slaves," for Britons are all slaves. Yet he wished for war, because there would be work for the poor. If this be the general feeling of the lower classes, the public peace can only be preserved by a vigilant police and severe laws.

Dinner-party at Walter's.

July 4th.—I dined with Walter. A small party. Dr. Stoddart, Sterling, Sydenham, &c. The dinner was small but of the first quality—turbot, turtle, and venison, fowls and ham: wines, champagne and claret. Sydenham was once reputed to be "Vetus," but his conversation is only intelligent and anecdotic and gentlemanly; he is neither logical, nor sarcastic, nor pointedly acute. He is therefore certainly not "Vetus." He is a partisan of the Wellesleys, having been with the Duke in India. Sterling is a sensible man. They were all unfavourable to the actual ministry, and their fall within six months was very confidently announced.

July 6th.—I took tea with Mrs. Barbauld, and played chess with her till late. Miss H—— was there, and delighted at the expectation of hearing a song com-

posed by her sung at Covent Garden. When, however, I mentioned this to her brother, in a jocular manner, he made no answer, and seemed almost offended. Sometimes I regret a want of sensibility in my nature, but when such cases of perverted intensity of feeling are brought to my observation, I rejoice at my neutral apathetic character, as better than the more sanguine and choleric temperament, which is so dangerous at the same time that it is so popular and respectable. The older I grow, the more I am satisfied, on prudential grounds, with the constitution of my sensitive nature. I am persuaded that there are very few persons who suffer so little pain of all kinds as I do; and if the absence of vice be the beginning of virtue, so the absence of suffering is the beginning of enjoyment. I must confess, however, that I think my own nature an object of felicitation rather than applause.

Sensitiveness.

July 13th.—An unsettled morning. My print of Leonardo da Vinci's "Vierge aux Rochers" was brought home framed. I took it to Miss Lamb as a present. She was much pleased with it, and so was Lamb, and I lost much of the morning in chatting with Miss Lamb. I dined at the Colliers'. After dinner I went to Lamb's and took tea with him. White of the India House was there. We played three rubbers of whist. Lamb was in great good humour, delighted like a child with his present; but I am to change the frame for him, as all his other frames are black. How Lamb confirms the remark of the childlikeness of genius!

Charles and Mary Lamb.

Sunday, 14th.—I walked to Becher, and he accompanied me to Gilman's, an apothecary at Highgate, with

Coleridge.

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whom Coleridge is now staying. And he seems to have profited already by the abstinence from opium, &c., for I never saw him look so well. He talked very sensibly, but less eloquently and vehemently than usual. He asked me to lend him some books, &c., and related a history of the great injustice done him in the reports circulated about his losing books. And certainly I ought not to join in the reproach, for he gave me to-day Kant's works, three vols., miscellaneous. Coleridge talked about Goethe's work on the theory of colours, and said he had some years back discovered the same theory, and would certainly have reduced it to form, and published it, had not Southey diverted his attention from such studies to poetry. On my mentioning that I had heard that an English work had been published lately, developing the same system, Coleridge answered, with great naïveté, that he was very free in communicating his thoughts on the subject wherever he went, and among literary people.

Goethe.

July 18th.—The day was showery, but not very unpleasant. I read and finished Goethe's first No. "Ueber Kunst," &c., giving an account of the works of art to be met with on the Rhine. It is principally remarkable as evincing the great poet's generous and disinterested zeal for the arts. He seems to rejoice as cordially in whatever can promote the intellectual prosperity of his country as in the success of his own great masterpieces of art. His account of the early painting discovered at Cologne, and of the discovered design of the Cathedral, is very interesting indeed. I also read "Des Epimenides Erwachen," a kind of mask. It

is an allegory, and of course has no great pretensions; but there are fine moral and didactic lines in very beautiful diction.

Rioters tried.

July 23rd.—(At Bury.) This day was spent in court from ten to half-past five. It was occupied in the trial of several sets of rioters, the defence of whom Leach brought me. I was better pleased with myself than yesterday, and I succeeded in getting off some individuals who would otherwise have been convicted. In the trial of fifteen Stoke rioters, who broke a threshing-machine, I made rather a long speech, but with little effect. All were convicted but two, against whom no evidence was brought. I urged that the evidence of mere presence against four others was not sufficient to convict them; and had not the jury been very stupid, and the foreman quite incompetent, there would have been an acquittal.

On the trial of five rioters at Clare, I submitted to the conviction of four. One was acquitted.

On the trial of six rioters at Hunden, three were convicted, for they were proved to have taken an active share in destroying the threshing-machine. Alderson, who conducted all the prosecutions, consented to acquit one, and two others were acquitted because the one witness who swore to more than mere presence was contradicted by two witnesses I called, though the contradiction was not of the most pleasing kind.

We adjourned at half-past five. One trial for a conspiracy took place, in which I had no concern, and it was the only contested matter in which I was not employed,—a very gratifying and promising circumstance.

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July 24th.—I was in court from ten o'clock to three. The Rattlesden rioters, thirty in number, were tried. All were convicted except four, whom Alderson consented to discharge, and one who proved that he was compelled to join the rioters. Morgan, a fine, high-spirited old man of near seventy, who alone ventured among the mob, defying them without receiving any injury and by his courage gaining universal respect, deposed with such particularity to every one of the rioters, that it was in vain to make any defence. I made some general observations in behalf of the prisoners, and the Bench, having sentenced one to two years' imprisonment, and others to one year and six months' imprisonment, dismissed the greater number on their finding security for their good behaviour.

August 3rd.—(Bedford.) An agreeable day, being relieved from the burthensome society of the circuit. I breakfasted with Mr. Green, and about ten, Swabey and Jameson accompanied me to the village of Cardington. Here we looked over the parish church, in which is erected a beautiful monument by Bacon in memory of the elder Whitbread. Two female figures in alto and basso relief are supporting a dying figure. The church has other monuments of less elaborate workmanship, and is throughout an interesting village church, very neat and handsome without finery.

Howard's garden.

Jameson and I then looked into the garden of Captain Waldegrave, remarkable as having been planted by the celebrated John Howard, who lived here before he undertook the voyages which rendered his life and his death memorable. An old man,

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Howard's gardener, aged eighty-six, showed us the grotto left in the condition in which it was when Howard lived there. The garden is chiefly interesting from the recollections which it introduces of the very excellent man who resided on the spot, and in which should be placed, as the most significant and desirable memorial, some representation of his person. The village is very pretty. Howard's family are buried in the church, and there is a small tablet to his memory: "John Howard, died at Cherson, in Russian Tartary. *January 20th*, 1790."

Playford Hall.

July 19th.—(Ipswich.) I rose at six, and enjoyed a leisurely walk to Playford, at four miles' distance, over a very agreeable country, well cultivated and diversified by gentle hills. Playford Hall stands in a valley. It consists of one-half of an ancient hall of considerable antiquity Γ, which had originally consisted of a regular three-sided edifice, a row of columns having filled the fourth side of the square. There is a moated ditch round the building, and by stopping the issue of water, which enters by a never-failing, though small, stream, the ditch may be filled at any time. The mansion is of brick, and the walls are very thick indeed. Some ancient chimneys, and some large windows with stone frames of good thickness, show the former splendour of the residence. Lord Bristol is the owner of the estate, to which belongs 400 or 500 acres, and which Mr. Clarkson now has on a twenty-one years' lease. Mr. Clarkson, on my arrival, showed me about the garden; and after I had breakfasted Mrs. Clarkson came down, and I spent a long morning very agreeably with her.

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We walked to the parish church, up and down the valley, round the fields, &c., and I readily sympathized with Mrs. Clarkson in the pleasure with which she expatiated on the comforts of the situation, and in the hope of their continued residence there.

*Rem.**—To this place Mr. Clarkson retired after the great work—the only work he projected, viz. the abolition of the *slave-trade*—was effected; not anticipating that slavery itself would be abolished by our Government in his day. This, however, would hardly have taken place had it not been for his exertions to accomplish the first step.

Slave-trade.

When the present extent of the evil is adverted to, as it frequently is, ungenerously, in order to lessen the merit of the abolitionists, it is always forgotten that, if on the revival of commerce after the peace of 1813, and the revival of the spirit of colonization by the European powers, the slave-trade had still been the practice of Europe, it would have increased tenfold. All Australia, New Zealand, and every part of the New World, would have been peopled by Africans, purchased or stolen by English, Dutch, and French traders.

H. C. R. sets out on a tour.

August 29th.—At half-past eight I mounted the Oxford stage, at the corner of Chancery Lane, on a tour, intended to embrace the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

Next day I met with two gentlemen, with whose appearance and manner I was at once struck and pleased, and with whom I became almost immediately acquainted. The name of one is Torlonia, a young

* Written in 1851.

Italian (about twenty), and of the other Mr. Walter, his tutor, about twenty-eight.

Wholesale christening.

September 1st.—Strolling into the old church* at Manchester, I heard a strange noise, which I should elsewhere have mistaken for the bleating of lambs. Going to the spot, a distant aisle, I found two rows of women standing in files, each with a babe in her arms. The minister went down the line, sprinkling each infant as he went. I suppose the efficiency of the sprinkling —I mean the fact that the water did touch—was evidenced by a distinct squeal from each. Words were muttered by the priest on his course, but one prayer served for all. This I thought to be a christening by wholesale; and I could not repress the irreverent thought that, being in the metropolis of manufactures, the aid of steam or machinery might be called in. I was told that on Sunday evenings the ceremony is repeated. Necessity is the only apology for so irreverent a performance of a religious rite. How the essence of religion is sacrificed to these formalities of the Establishment!

Anecdote of Luther.

September 2nd.—(At Preston.) My companions were glad to look into the Catholic chapel, which is spacious and neat. Mr. Walter purchased here a pamphlet, which afforded me some amusement. It is a narrative extracted from Luther's writings, of the dialogue related by Luther himself to have been carried on between him and the Devil, who, Luther declares, was the first who pointed out to him the absurdity and evil of private

* Then, I believe, the only parochial church of the town, and now raised to the rank of a cathedral.—H. C. R.

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mass. Of course, it is strongly pressed upon the pious reader that even Luther himself confesses that the Father of Lies was the author of the Reformation; and a pretty good story is made out for the Catholic.

September 5th.—(Ambleside.) This was one of the most delightful days of my journey; but it is not easy to describe the gratification arising partly from the society of most excellent persons, and partly from beautiful scenery. Mr. Walter expressed so strong a desire to see Wordsworth, that I resolved to take him with me on a call. After breakfast we walked to Rydal, every turn presenting new beauty. The constantly changing position of the screen of hill produced a great variety of fine objects, of which the high and narrow pass into Rydal Water is the grandest. In this valley, to the right, stands a spacious house, the seat of the Flemings, and near it, in a finer situation, the house of Wordsworth. We met him in the road before the house. His salutation was most cordial. Mr. Walter's plans were very soon overthrown by the conversation of the poet in such a spot. He at once agreed to protract his stay among the lakes, and to spend the day at Grasmere. Torlonia was placed on a pony, which was a wild mountaineer, and though it could not unhorse him, ran away with him twice. From a hillock Wordsworth pointed out several houses in Grasmere in which he had lived.*

Rydal Mount.

During the day I took an opportunity of calling on De Quincey, my Temple-hall acquaintance. He has

* The cottage at Townend, Allan Bank, and the Parsonage.

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been very much an invalid, and his appearance bespoke ill-health.

Our evening was spent at Wordworth's. Mr. Tillbrook of Cambridge, formerly Thomas Clarkson's tutor,* was there. The conversation was general, but highly interesting. The evening was very fine; and we for the first time perceived all the beauties (glories they might be called) of Rydal Mount. It is so situated as to afford from the windows of both sitting-rooms a direct view of the valley, with the head of Windermere at its extremity, and from a terrace in the garden a view on to Rydal Water, and the winding of the valley in that direction. These views are of a very different character, and may be regarded as supplementing each other.

Words-worth.

The house, too, is convenient and large enough for a family man. And it was a serious gratification to behold so great and so good a man as Wordsworth in the bosom of his family enjoying those comforts which are apparent to the eye. He has two sons and a daughter surviving. They appear to be amiable children. And, adding to these external blessings the *mind* of the man, he may justly be considered as one of the most enviable of mankind. The injustice of the public towards him, in regard to the appreciation of his works, he is sensible of. But he is aware that, though the great body of readers—the admirers of Lord Byron, for instance—cannot and ought not to be his admirers too, still he is not without his fame. And he has that expectation of posthumous renown which has cheered

* Son of the abolitionist.

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many a poet, who has had less legitimate claims to it, and whose expectations have not been disappointed.

Mr. Walter sang some Scotch airs to Mr. Tillbrook's flute, and we did not leave Rydal Mount till late. My companions declare it will be to them a memorable evening.

De Quincey.

Just as we were going to bed De Quincey called on me. He was in much better spirits than when I saw him in the morning, and expressed a wish to walk with me about the neighbourhood.

Catholic chapel.

September 8th.—I returned to Kendal, partly to accommodate my friends, who were pledged to omit no opportunity of hearing Sunday mass. I went to the Catholic chapel; and as I stood up while others were kneeling, I found my coat tugged at violently. This was occasioned by a combination of Roman Catholic and Italian zeal. The tug of recognition came from an Italian boy, a Piedmontese image-seller, whom we had met with before on the road—a spirited lad, who refused a shilling Torlonia offered him, and said he had saved enough by selling images and other Italian articles to buy himself land in Savoy. I understood him to say £80; but that is probably a mistake. He had, however, been several years in England.

Italian image-seller.

Keswick.

September 9th.—(Keswick.) We were gratified by receiving an invitation to take tea with the Poet Laureate. This was given to our whole party, and our dinner was, in consequence, shortened. I had a small room on a second floor, from the windows of which I had a glimpse only of the fine mountain scenery, and could see a single house only amid gardens out of the

town. The mountain was Skiddaw. The house was Southey's.

Southey.

The laureate lives in a large house in a nurseryman's grounds. It enjoys a panoramic view of the mountains; and as Southey spends so much of his time within doors, this lovely and extensive view supplies the place of travelling beyond his own premises.

We spent a highly agreeable evening with Southey. Mr. Nash, Mr. Westall, Jun., several ladies, Miss Barker, Mrs. Southey, Mrs. Coleridge, and Mrs. Lovell, were of the party. The conversation was on various subjects. Southey's library is richly stored with Spanish and Portuguese books. These he showed to my Catholic friends, withholding some which he thought might give them uneasiness. Looking at his books, he said, with great feeling, that he sometimes regarded them with pain, thinking what might hereafter become of them,—a pathetic allusion to the loss of his son.

Southey on Ferdinand of Spain.

On Spanish politics he spoke freely. At the same time that he reproached Ferdinand with a want of generosity, he stated his conviction that he acted *defensively*. The liberals would have dethroned him at once, had they been permitted to carry into effect the new constitution.

On the prospects of England.

I found his opinions concerning the state and prospects of this country most gloomy. He considers the Government seriously endangered by the writings of Cobbett, and still more by the *Examiner*. Jacobinism he deems more an object of terror than at the commencement of the French Revolution, from the

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difficulties arising out of the financial embarrassments. He says that he thinks there will be a convulsion in three years!

I was more scandalized by his opinions concerning the press than by any other doctrine. He would have transportation the punishment for a seditious libel!!! I ought to add, however, that I am convinced Southey is an honest alarmist. I did not dispute any point with him.

Coleridge's children.

Hartley Coleridge is one of the strangest boys I ever saw.* He has the features of a foreign Jew, with starch and affected manners. He is a boy pedant, exceedingly formal, and, I should suppose, clever.

Coleridge's daughter has a face of great sweetness.†

Derwent Coleridge I saw at Wordsworth's. He is a hearty boy, with a good-natured expression. Of literature not much was said. Literature is now Southey's trade; he is a manufacturer, and his workshop is his study,—a very beautiful one certainly, but its beauty and the delightful environs, as well as his own celebrity, subject him to interruptions. His time is his wealth, and I shall therefore scrupulously abstain from stealing any portion of it.

September 11th.—I left Torlonia and his tutor with feelings almost of friendship, certainly of respect and regard, and I look forward with pleasure to the continuance of our acquaintance.

Rem.‡—The tutor was gentlemanly in his manners,

* Hartley Coleridge is the author of "Northern Worthies," and numerous beautiful poems. His life was written by his brother Derwent.

† Afterwards Mrs. Henry Nelson Coleridge, the editor of many of her father's works.

‡ Written in 1851.

and as liberal as a sincere Roman Catholic could be. The young man was reserved and well bred, but already an artificial character, so that I was prepared for what I afterwards experienced from him.*

Walk with Wordsworth.

September 10th.—After I had taken a cold dinner, Mr. Wordsworth came to me, and between three and four we set out for Cockermouth; he on horseback, I on foot. We started in a heavy shower, which thoroughly wetted me. The rain continued with but little intermission during a great part of the afternoon, and therefore the fine scenery in the immediate neighbourhood of Keswick was entirely lost. The road, too, was so very bad, that all my attention was requisite to keep my shoes on my feet. I have no recollection of any village or of any scenery, except some pleasing views of the lake of Bassenthwaite, and of Skiddaw, from which we seemed to recede so little, that even when we were near Cockermouth the mountain looked near to us. In the close and interesting conversation we kept up, Mr. Wordsworth was not quite attentive to the road, and we lost our way. A boy, however, who guided us through some terribly dirty lanes, put us right. By this time it was become dark, and it was late before we reached the Globe at Cockermouth.

Wordsworth's conversation and poems.

If this were the place, and if my memory were good, I could enrich my journal by retailing Wordsworth's conversation. He is an eloquent speaker, and he talked upon his own art, and his own works, very feelingly and very profoundly; but I cannot venture to state more than a few intelligible results,

* *See* a future chapter in reference to H. C. R.'s residence in Rome.

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for I own that much of what he said was above my comprehension.

He stated, what I had before taken for granted, that most of his lyrical ballads were founded on some incident he had witnessed, or heard of. He mentioned the origin of several poems.

Lucy Gray.

"Lucy Gray,"* that tender and pathetic narrative of a child mysteriously lost on a common, was occasioned by the death of a child who fell into the lock of a canal. His object was to exhibit poetically entire *solitude*, and he represents the child as observing the day-moon, which no town or village girl would even notice.

The Leech-gatherer.

The "Leech-gatherer"† he did actually meet near Grasmere, except that he gave to his poetic character powers of mind which his original did not possess.

The Oak and the Broom.

The fable of "The Oak and the Broom"‡ proceeded from his beholding a rose in just such a situation as he described the broom to be in. Perhaps, however, all poets have had their works suggested in like manner. What I wish I could venture to state after Wordsworth, is his conception of the manner in which the mere fact is converted into poetry by the power of imagination.

He represented, however, much as, unknown to him, the German philosophers have done, that by the imagination the mere fact is exhibited as connected with that infinity without which there is no poetry.

* Wordsworth's "Poetical Works." Vol. I. p. 156.

† "Resolution and Independence." Vol. II. p. 124.

‡ Vol. II. p. 20.

He spoke of his tale of the dog, called "Fidelity."* He says he purposely made the narrative as prosaic as possible, in order that no discredit might be thrown on the truth of the incident. In the description at the beginning, and in the moral at the end, he has alone indulged in a poetic vein; and these parts, he thinks, he has peculiarly succeeded in.

Fidelity.

He quoted some of the latter poem, and also from "The Kitten and the Falling Leaves,"† to show he had connected even the kitten with the great, awful, and mysterious powers of nature. But neither now, nor in reading the Preface to Wordsworth's new edition of his poems, have I been able to comprehend his ideas concerning poetic imagination. I have not been able to raise my mind to the subject, farther than this, that imagination is the faculty by which the poet conceives and produces—that is, images—individual forms, in which are embodied universal ideas or abstractions. This I do comprehend, and I find the most beautiful and striking illustrations of this faculty in the works of Wordsworth himself.

The Kitten and the Falling Leaves.

Poetic imagination.

The incomparable twelve lines, "She dwelt among the untrodden ways,"‡ ending, "The difference to me!" are finely imagined. They exhibit the powerful effect of the loss of a very obscure object upon one tenderly attached to it. The opposition between the apparent strength of the passion and the insignificance of the object is delightfully conceived, and the object itself well portrayed.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways.

September 12th.—This was a day of rest, but of enjoy-

* Vol. IV. p. 207. † Vol. II. p. 61. ‡ Vol. I. p. 215.

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ment also, though the amusement of the day was rather social than arising from the beauties of nature.

Cocker-mouth.

I wrote some of my journal in bed. After my breakfast I accompanied Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Hutton, and a Mr. Smith to look at some fields belonging to the late Mr. Wordsworth,* and which were to be sold by auction this evening. I may here mention a singular illustration of the maxim, "A prophet is not without honour save in his own country." Mr. Hutton, a very gentlemanly and seemingly intelligent man, asked me, "Is it true—as I have heard reported—that Mr. Wordsworth ever wrote verses?"

September 13th.—This morning I rose anxious to find the change of weather of which yesterday had afforded us a reasonable hope. For a time I was flattered by the expectation that summer would come at last, though out of season; but the clouds soon collected, and the day, to my great regret, though still not to the loss of my spirits or temper, proved one of the worst of my journey.

I wrote in my journal till I was called to accompany Wordsworth and Mr. Hutton. They were on horseback. The first part of our road, in which one lofty and precipitous rock is a noble object, lay to the right of the mountains in Lorton Vale, which we skirted at a distance. As we advanced the weather grew worse. We passed Lampleugh Cross, and when we came near the vale of Ennerdale, and were at the spot where the vale is specially beautiful and interesting, the mist was

A wet journey.

* Wordsworth's eldest brother, Richard, who was Solicitor to the Commissioners of His Majesty's Woods and Forests.

so thick as to obscure every object. Nothing was distinguishable. We crossed the bridge at Ennerdale, and there the road led us over Cold Fell. Cold and fell certainly were the day and the scene. It rained violently, so that it was with difficulty I could keep up my umbrella. The scene must be wild at any time. The only object I could discern was a sort of naked glen on our right; a secluded spot, rendered lively, however, by a few farmhouses. As we descended the fell the weather cleared up, and I could discern an extensive line of the Irish Sea. And as we approached Calder Bridge we beheld the woods of Ponsonby, in which Calder Abbey stands, together with an interesting champaign scene of considerable extent. I ought not to omit that it was on this very Cold Fell that Mr. Wordsworth's father lost his way, and spent a whole night. He was instantly taken ill, and never rose again from the attack. He died in a few weeks.

Cold Fell.

The dreary walk had been relieved by long and interesting conversations, sometimes on subjects connected with the business arising out of the late Mr. Wordsworth's will, and sometimes on poetry.

We had, too, at the close of the walk, a very great pleasure. We turned out of the road to look at the ruins of Calder Abbey. These ruins are of small extent, but they are very elegant indeed. The remains of the centre arches of the Abbey are very perfect. The four grand arches, over which was the lanthorn of the church, are entire. There are also some pillars, those of the north side of the nave, and one or two low Norman doors, of great beauty. We inserted our

Calder Abbey.

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names in a book left in a small apartment, where are preserved some remains of sculpture and some Roman inscriptions.

At half a mile distance is the inn at Calder Bridge, where we dined and took tea. Wordsworth was fatigued, and therefore, after an hour's chat, he took the *Quarterly Review*, and I took to my journal, which I completed at twelve o'clock.

I omitted to notice that I read yesterday Southey's article on the Poor, in the last *Quarterly Review*, a very benevolently conceived and well-written article, abounding in excellent ideas, and proving that, though he may have changed his opinions concerning governments and demagogues, he retains all his original love of mankind, and the same zeal to promote the best interests of humanity.

More wet.

September 14th.—(Ravenglass.) We left our very comfortable inn, the Fleece at Calder Bridge, after breakfast. The day appeared to be decidedly bad, and I began to despair of enjoying any fine weather during my stay in the country. As I left the village, I doubly regretted going from a spot which I could through mist and rain discern to be a delicious retreat, more resembling the lovely secluded retirements I have often seen in Wales, than anything I have met with on the present journey. We had but seven miles to walk. We were now near the sea, with mountains on our left hand. We, however, went to see the grounds of an

Holm Rook.

Admiral Lutwidge, at Holm Rook; and, sending in a message to the master of the house, he came out, and dryly gave the gardener permission to accompany us

over the garden. He eyed us closely, and his manner seemed that of a person who doubted whether we were entitled to the favour we asked. The grounds are pleasingly laid out. The Irt—to-day at least a rapid river—runs winding in a valley which has been planted on each side. From the heights of the grounds fine views may be seen on fine days. We went into a hot-house, and after admiring the rich clusters of grapes, were treated with a bunch of them.

Ravenglass.

Having ascertained that we could cross the estuary of the Mite river, we came to Ravenglass by the road next the sea, and found Mr. Hutton in attendance.

I was both wet and dirty, and was glad, as yesterday, to throw myself between the blankets of a bed and read the *Quarterly Review*. A stranger joined us at the dinner-table, and after dinner we took a stroll beyond the village. Near Ravenglass, the Esk, the Irt, and the Mite flow into the sea; but the village itself lies more dismally than any place I ever saw on a sea-shore; though I could hear the murmur of the sea, I could barely see it from a distance. Sandhills are visible on each side in abundance.

The place consists of a wretched street, and it has scarcely a decent house, so that it has not a single attraction or comfort in bad weather. On a clear day, I understand, there are fine views from the adjacent hills.

A Cumberland auction.

The auction—of some pieces of land—did not begin till we had taken tea. This is the custom in this country. Punch is sent about while the bidding is going on, and it is usual for a man to go from one room

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to another, and report the bidding which is made in the rooms where the auctioneer is not. While I have been writing this page, I have continually heard the voice of this man.

I have also been once downstairs, but the passage is crowded by low people, to whom an auction must be an extraordinary and remarkable occurrence in a place so secluded and remote as this, and who, besides, contrive to get access to the punch-bowl. I have been reading the article in the *Quarterly Review* about Madame la Roche Jacquelein, by Southey. It is very interesting, like the *Edinburgh* review of the same work—a good epitome of the narrative. But though I am removed sufficiently from the bustle of the auction not to be disturbed by it, yet the circumstances are not favourable to my being absorbed by my book.

I slept in a double-bedded room with Wordsworth. I went early to bed and read till he came upstairs.

September 15th.—On Hardknot Wordsworth and I parted, he to return to Rydal, and I to Keswick.

Mary of Buttermere.

*Rem.**—Making Keswick my head-quarters, I made excursions to Borrowdale, which surpasses any vale I have seen in the North, to Wastdale, to Crummock Water, and to Buttermere: during a part of the time the weather was favourable. At the last-named place, the landlady of the little inn, the successor to Mary of Buttermere, is a very sweet woman—even genteel in person and manners. The Southeys and Wordsworths all say that she is far superior to the celebrated Mary.

September 22nd.—(Keswick.) Though I felt unwilling

* Written in 1851.

to quit this magnificent centre of attractions, yet my calculations last night convinced me that I ought to return. Half of my time, and even more, is spent, and almost half my money. Everything combines to render this the solstice of my excursion.

Having breakfasted, I carried a book to Southey, and took leave of the ladies. He insisted on accompanying me, at least to the point where the Thirlmere Road, round the western side of the lake, turns off. I enjoyed the walk. He was both frank and cordial. We spoke freely on politics. I have no doubt of the perfect purity and integrity of his mind. I think that he is an alarmist, though what he fears is a reasonable cause of alarm, viz. a *bellum servile*, stimulated by the press. Of all calamities in a civilized state, none is so horrid as a conflict between the force of the poor, combining together with foresight and deliberation, and that of the rich, the masters, the repositories of whatever intellectual stores the country possesses. The people, Southey thinks, have just education and knowledge enough to perceive that they are not placed in such a condition as they ought to be in, without the faculty of discovering the remedy for the disease, or even its cause. In such a state, with the habit of combination formed through the agency of benefit societies, as the system of the Luddites * shows, judgments are perverted, and passions roused, by such writers as Cobbett and Hunt, and the war is in secret preparing. This seems to be the idea uppermost in Southey's mind, and

Southey's politics.

Southey's dread of a civil war.

* Serious riots were caused in 1812, 1814, 1816, and subsequently, by large parties of men under this title. They broke frames and machinery in factories, besides committing other excesses.

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which has carried him very honestly farther than perhaps he ought to be carried in support of Government. But he is still, and warmly, a friend to national education, and to the lower classes, and as humane as ever he was. He has convinced me of the perfect exemption of his mind from all dishonourable motives, in the change which has taken place in his practical politics and philosophy.

We conversed also on literature—on Wordsworth and his own works. He appreciates Wordsworth as he ought. Of his own works he thinks "Don Roderick" by far the best, though Wordsworth prefers, as I do, his "Kehama." Neither of us spoke of his political poems.

Wordsworth.

September 24th.—(Ambleside.) I called on Wordsworth, who offered to accompany me up Nab Scar, the lofty rocky fell immediately behind and hanging over his house. The ascent was laborious, but the view from the summit was more interesting than any I had before enjoyed from a mountain on this journey. I beheld Rydal Water from the brow of the mountain, and afterwards, under a favourable sun, though the air was far from clear, I saw Windermere, with little interruption, from the foot to the head, Esthwaite Lake, Blelham Tarn, a part of Coniston Lake, a very extensive coast with the estuary near Lancaster, &c. &c. These pleasing objects compensated for the loss of the nobler views from Helvellyn, which I might have had, had I not engaged to dine with De Quincey to-day.

De Quincey.

Wordsworth conducted me over the fell, and left me, near De Quincey's house, a little after one. He was in

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bed, but rose on my arrival. I was gratified by the sight of a large collection of books, which I lounged over. De Quincey, about two, set out on a short excursion with me, which I did not so much enjoy as he seemed to expect. We crossed the sweet vale of Grasmere, and ascended the fell on the opposite corner of the valley to Easdale Tarn. The charm of this spot is the solemnity of the seclusion in which it lies. There is a semicircle of lofty and grey rocks, which are wild and rugged, but promote the repose suggested by the motionless water.

Rydal Mount.

We returned to dinner at half-past four, and in an hour De Quincey accompanied me on the mountain road to Rydal Mount, and left me at the gate of Wordsworth's garden-terrace.

I took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth, and Miss Hutchinson, and had four hours of conversation as varied and delightful as I ever enjoyed; but the detail ought not to be introduced into a narrative like this.

Wordsworth accompanied me on the road, and I parted from him under the impressions of thankfulness for personal attentions, in addition to the high reverence I felt before for his character. I found De Quincey up, and chatted with him till past twelve.

Walk with De Quincey.

September 25th.—This was a day of unexpected enjoyment. I lounged over books till past ten, when De Quincey came down to breakfast. It was not till past twelve we commenced our walk, which had been marked out by Wordsworth. We first passed Grasmere Church, and then, going along the opposite side of the lake, crossed by a mountain road into the vale of Great

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Langdale. The characteristic repose of Grasmere was fully enjoyed by me.

My return from the Lakes comprehended a visit to my friend George Stansfeld,* then settled at Bradford. With him I made an excursion to Halifax, where was then living Dr. Thompson, who, after being an esteemed Unitarian preacher, became a physician. An early death deprived the world of a very valuable member of society, and my friend Mrs. William Pattisson of a cousin, of whom she and her husband had reason to be proud.

Dr. Thompson.

At Leeds, I took a bed at Mr. Stansfeld's, Senr. I always feel myself benefited by being with the Stansfeld family. There is something most gratifying in the sight of domestic happiness united with moral worth.

William Smith, M.P. for Norwich.

At Norwich, where I joined the Sessions, I heard the city member, William Smith, address his constituents on a petition for parliamentary reform, which he promised to present. I admired the tact with which he gave the people to understand that little good could be expected from their doings, and yet gave no offence.

October 14th.—To-day my journey ends—a journey of great pleasure; for I had good health, good spirits, and a will determined to be pleased. I had also the advantage of enjoying occasionally the very best society. Otherwise my tour would have been a sad one, having been undertaken in a season the worst which any man recollects, and peculiarly unfavourable to the enjoyment of picturesque scenery.

* *See* Vol. I. p. 233.

H. C. R. TO WORDSWORTH.

[No date.]

Letter from H. C. R. to Words-worth.

My dear Sir,

I fear I must have appeared very ungrateful to you, and yet I do not reproach myself for my silence so much as I perhaps ought, for I am conscious how much you and your family, and everything connected with you, have dwelt on my mind since last September, and that I have not lost, and do not fear to lose, the most lively and gratifying recollection of your kindness and attentions. It is these alone that prevent my regretting the selection of such an unpropitious summer for my tour. Did I once see a bright sun in Cumberland or Westmoreland? I very much doubt it.

At last, however, the sun, as if to show how much he could do without any accompaniment whatever, made his appearance in the middle of a Lincolnshire wash, and I actually walked several days with perfect contentment, though I had no other object to amuse me. I was supported by that internal hilarity which I have more than once found an adequate cause of happiness. At some moments, I own, I thought there was an insulting spirit in the joyous vivacity and freshness with which some flat blotches of water, without even a shore, were curled by the breeze, and made alive and gaudy by moor-fowl, small birds, and insects, while floating clouds scattered their shadows over the dullest of heaths. Or was all this to admonish and comfort a humble Suffolk-man, and show him how high the meanest of countries may be raised by sunshine, and how

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low the most glorious may be depressed by the absence of it, or the interference of a mere vapour?

November 2nd.—At ten o'clock I called on the Lambs. Burney was there, and we played a rubber, and afterwards Talfourd stepped in. We had a long chat together.

A talk with Lamb on puns.

We talked of puns, wit, &c. Lamb has no respect for any wit which turns on a serious thought. He positively declared that he thought his joke about my "great first cause, least understood," a bad one. On the other hand, he said, "If you will quote any of my jokes, quote this, which is really a good one. Hume and his wife and several of their children were with me. Hume repeated the old saying, 'One fool makes many.' 'Ay, Mr. Hume,' said I, pointing to the company, 'you have a fine family.'" Neither Talfourd nor I could see the excellence of this. However, he related a piece of wit by Coleridge which we all held to be capital. Lamb had written to Coleridge about one of their old Christ's Hospital masters, who had been a severe disciplinarian, intimating that he hoped Coleridge had forgiven all injuries. Coleridge replied that he certainly had; he hoped his soul was in heaven, and that when he went there he was borne by a host of cherubs, all face and wing, and without anything to excite his whipping propensities!

Coleridge's wit.

Lamb.

We talked of Hazlitt's late ferocious attack on Coleridge, which Lamb thought fair enough, between the parties; but he was half-angry with Martin Burney for asserting that the praise was greater than the abuse.

"Nobody," said Lamb, "will care about or understand the 'taking up the deep pauses of conversation between seraphs and cardinals,' but the satire will be universally felt. Such an article is like saluting a man, 'Sir, you are the greatest man I ever saw,' and then pulling him by the nose."

South's sermon on Man the Image of God.

Sunday, 24th.—I breakfasted with Basil Montagu. Arriving before he was ready to receive me, he put into my hands a sermon by South, on Man as the Image of God, perfect before the Fall,—a most eloquent and profound display of the glories of man in an idealized condition, with all his faculties clarified, as it were, and free from the infirmities of sense. It is absurd to suppose this as the actual condition of Adam, for how could such a being err? But as a philosophical and ideal picture it is of superlative excellence. In treating of the intellect, I observed a wonderful similarity between South and Kant. I must and will read more of this very great and by me hitherto unknown writer.

Hazlitt.

I read at Montagu's Coleridge's beautiful "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter," written in his Jacobinical days, and now reprinted, to his annoyance, by Hunt in the *Examiner*. Also an article on commonplace critics by Hazlitt. His definition of good company excellent,—"Those who live on their own estates and other people's ideas."

Mass at the Portuguese chapel.

December 1st.—This was a pleasantly though idly spent day. I breakfasted with Walter and Torlonia, and then accompanied them to the Portuguese Minister's chapel, where the restoration of the Braganza family to the throne of Portugal was celebrated by a grand per-

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formance of mass. I had the advantage of knowing the words, and they assisted my dull sense in properly feeling the import of the music, which I unaffectedly enjoyed. Strutt was there, and declared it was most excellent. "I was like the unbeliever," said he, "and ready to cry out, 'Almost thou persuadest me.'" I was myself particularly pleased with the finale of the creed,—a triumphant flourish, as if the believer, having declared his faith, went away rejoicing. The transition and the pathetic movements in the *Te Deum* are, from the contrast, very impressive.

Byron on the Lake poets.

Cargill was telling me the other day that in a letter written by Lord Byron to Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, in his rattling way he wrote: "Wordsworth, stupendous genius! D——d fool! These poets run about their ponds though they cannot fish. I am told there is not one who can angle. D——d fools!"

Kean in the Iron Chest.

December 2nd.—I dined at the Colliers', and afterwards went to Drury Lane with Naylor, who had procured orders and a box for us. We saw "The Iron Chest;" a play of little merit, I think. The psychological interest is all the work of Godwin. Colman has added nothing that is excellent to "Caleb Williams." The underplot is very insipid, and is hardly connected with the main incident. But the acting of Kean was very fine indeed. He has risen again in my esteem. His impassioned disclosure of the secret to Wilford, and his suppressed feelings during the examination of Wilford before the magistrates, were most excellent; though it is to be observed that the acting of affected sensations, such as constrained passion under the mask of indifference, is an

Kean's Mortimer.

easy task. If the poet has well conceived the situation, the imagination of the spectator wonderfully helps the actor. I was at a distance, and yet enjoyed the performance.

Coleridge.

December 21st.—Called on Coleridge, and enjoyed his conversation for an hour and a half. He looked ill, and, indeed, Mr. Gilman says he has been very ill. Coleridge has been able to work a great deal of late, and with success. The second and third Lay Sermons and his Poems, and Memoirs of his Life, &c., in two volumes, are to appear. These exertions have been too great, Mr. Gilman says.

Coleridge talked easily and well, with less than his usual declamation. He explained, at our request, his idea of fancy, styling it memory without judgment, and of course not filling that place in a chart of the mind which imagination holds, and which in his Lay Sermon he has admirably described.* Wordsworth's obscure discrimination between fancy and imagination, in his last preface, is greatly illustrated by what Coleridge has here written. He read us some extracts from his new poems, &c., and spoke of his German reading. He praises Steffens and complains of the Catholicism of Schlegel and Tieck, &c.

End of H. C. R.'s acquaintance with Hazlitt.

He mentioned Hazlitt's attack upon him with greater moderation than I expected.

Rem.†—It was the day after this conversation with Coleridge, that I broke altogether with Hazlitt, in consequence of an article in the *Examiner*,‡ manifestly

* H. C. R. had probably in his mind "Biographia Literaria," V. I. pp. 81, 82.

† Written in 1851.

‡ The *Examiner* of December 24, 1815, contains some contemptuous remarks on Wordsworth's poetry, signed W.

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written by him, in which he abused Wordsworth for his writings in favour of the King.

Mary Lamb.

After I had cut Hazlitt, Mary Lamb said to me, "You are rich in friends. We cannot afford to cast off our friends because they are not all we wish." And I have heard Lamb say, "Hazlitt does bad actions without being a bad man."

*Rem.**—My fees during the year had risen from £321 15*s.* to £355 19*s.*

Baron Wood working for a non-suit.

At the Spring Assizes we had Baron Wood, a judge who was remarkable for his popular feelings. He was praised by some of our Radicals for being always *against* the Church and King. In one case he exhibited a very strong *moral* feeling, which perhaps betrayed him to an excess. He had a very honourable dislike to prosecutions or actions on the game laws, and this led him to make use of a strong expedient to defeat two actions. A and B had gone out sporting together. The plaintiff brought two actions, and in the action against B called A to prove the sporting by B, and meant to call B to prove the case against A. This was apparent—indeed avowed. But the Baron interposed, when the witness objected to answer a question that *tended* to convict himself. A squabble arising between the counsel, the Baron said to the witness, "I do not ask you whether you ever went out sporting with the defendant, because, if I did, you would very properly refuse to answer. But I ask you this: Except at a time when you might have been sporting with the defendant, did you ever see him sport?"

Game Law case.

* Written in 1850.

"Certainly not, my lord."

"Of course you did not."

Then the Baron laughed heartily, and nonsuited the plaintiff. No motion was made to set this nonsuit aside.

It was at the Summer Circuit that Rolfe made his first appearance. He had been at the preceding Sessions. I have a pleasure in recollecting that I at once foresaw that he would become a distinguished man. In my Diary I wrote, "Our new junior, Mr. Rolfe, made his appearance. His manners are genteel; his conversation easy and sensible. He is a very acceptable companion, but I fear a dangerous rival." And my brother asking me who the new man was, I said, "I will venture to predict that you will live to see that young man attain a higher rank than any one you ever saw upon the circuit." It is true he is not higher than Leblanc, who was also a puisne judge, but Leblanc was never Solicitor-General; nor, probably, is Rolfe yet at the end of his career. One day, when some one remarked, "Christianity is part and parcel of the law of the land," Rolfe said to me, "Were you ever employed to draw an indictment against a man for not loving his neighbour as himself?"

Rolfe.

Rolfe is, by universal repute, if not the very best, at least one of the best judges on the Bench. He is one of the few with whom I have kept up an acquaintance.*

* Since writing the above, Baron Rolfe has verified my prediction more strikingly by being created a peer, by the title of Lord Cranworth, and appointed a Vice-Chancellor. Soon after his appointment, he called on me, and I dined with him. I related to Lady Cranworth the anecdote given above, of my

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Old Bailey.

I was advised to attend the Old Bailey Sessions, which I did several times this year; whether beyond this time or not I cannot tell, but I know that it never produced me a fee. And I should say I am glad it did not, except that my not being employed shows that I wanted both a certain kind of talent and a certain kind of reputation. I was once invited by the Sheriffs to dine with the Lord Mayor and the Judges. It was the practice to ask by turns two or three men, both at three and five o'clock. I know not whether this is still done.*

Mrs. Thelwall.

In the autumn of this year died Mrs. Thelwall, for whom I felt a very sincere respect. She was her husband's good angel. Before she died he had become acquainted with a Miss Boyle, who came to him as a pupil to be qualified for the stage. She failed in that scheme, and ultimately became Thelwall's wife, without any imputation on her character. She is still living with her son, and is a Roman Catholic.

Hamond.

During this year my acquaintance with Hamond continued. I now became acquainted with his cousin Miller, the clergyman, and I for the first time visited his friend Pollock, now Lord Chief Baron. Hamond went to France, having declined an offer by Serjeant Rough, who would have taken him as his private

conversation with my brother, with which she was evidently pleased. Lady Cranworth was the daughter of Mr. Carr, Solicitor to the Excise, whom I formerly used to visit, and ought soon to find some mention of in my journals. Lord Cranworth continues to enjoy universal respect.—H. C. R. 1851.

Lord and Lady Cranworth continued their friendship for H. C. R. until his death. Lord Cranworth was twice Lord Chancellor.

* It is.

secretary to Demerara. He assigned as a reason that he should be forced to live in the daily practice of insincerity, by subscribing himself the humble servant of those towards whom he felt no humility.

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CHAPTER II.

1817.

Mrs. Alsop.

February 5th.—I had to-day the pleasure of being reminded of old times, and of having old enjoyments brought back to my mind. I saw for the first time Mrs. Alsop, Mrs. Jordan's daughter, the plainest woman, I should think, who ever ventured on the stage. She, nevertheless, delighted me by the sweet tones of her voice, which frequently startled me by their resemblance to her mother's. Mrs. Alsop has the same, or nearly the same, hearty laugh as Mrs. Jordan, and similar frolicsome antics. The play was a lively Spanish comedy. How I should have enjoyed her acting, if I had not recollected her mother, I cannot tell.

A present of prints.

February 8th.—On stepping to my chambers I was surprised by finding there, handsomely framed and glazed, prints of Domenichino's "St. John the Evangelist,"* and of the "Madonna di S. Sisto," by Müller. The latter engraving delighted me beyond expression. As I considered the original painting the finest I had

* The original picture of the inspired Evangelist about to write, and the eagle bringing him the pen, from which Christian Frederich Müller took his engraving, was formerly at Stuttgart, in the Frommann Collection, and is now the property of Prince Narischkin, in St. Petersburg. There is an excellent repetition of this picture (formerly in the Orleans Gallery) at Castle Howard, belonging to the Earl of Carlisle.

ever seen, twelve years ago, so I deem the print the very finest I ever saw.

Müller's engraving of the Madonna di S. Sisto.

February 11th.—I called late on Aders. He informed me that the fine engravings I found at my chambers on Saturday are a present from Mr. Aldebert. The Madonna* diffuses a serenity and delight beyond any work of art I am acquainted with. I hope it will be my companion through life.* What a companion for a man in prison! I read at night a very ill-written German book about Raphael by one Braun,† but which will nevertheless assist me in acquiring the knowledge about Raphael's works in general which I am anxious to possess.

Baron Graham.

March 11th.—(On Circuit at Aylesbury.) We dined with Baron Graham, and the dinner was more agreeable than any I ever had with any judge. The Baron was very courteous and chatty. He seemed to enjoy talking about old times when he attended the Circuit as counsel. It was, he said, forty years this spring since he first attended the Circuit. "At that time," he said, "there were three old Serjeants, Foster, Whitaker, and Sayer. They did business very ill, so that Leblanc and I soon got into business, almost on our first coming." Whitaker, in particular, he spoke of as a man who knew nothing of law—merely loved his joke. Foster did know law, but could not speak. He spoke of Leblanc in terms of great praise. He had the most business-like mind of any man he ever knew. He was

The counsel on Circuit in 1777.

* These engravings hung on Mr. Robinson's walls till his death, and were left a legacy to a friend greatly attached to art.

† George Christian Braun. Raphael's "Leben und Wirken." Wiesbaden, 8vo. 1815.

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George Harding.

exceedingly attentive and laborious. He regularly analyzed every brief in the margin. He had pursued the habit through life. He talked a good deal about the late George Harding. He said he came into life under auspices so favourable, and he possessed so great talent, that with ordinary discretion and industry he might have attained the highest honours of the profession. He was an eloquent speaker and a fine scholar, but a child in legal knowledge. He would cram himself to make a set speech, and he would succeed, but in a week's time be unable to state even the principles on which the case turned. He was nephew to Lord Camden, then very popular, and his uncle expected everything from his nephew. He had therefore great business at once; but the best clients soon left him. "And," said the Baron, "we must draw a veil over his latter years."

Suit for non-attendance at church.

Friday, 14th.—(At Bedford.) Only one case was interesting. It was a *Qui tam* action by Dr. Free, rector of Sutton, against Sir Montague Burgoyne, Bart., the squire of the parish, to recover £20 a month for Sir Montague's not going to church. This was founded on one of the ancient and forgotten statutes, unrepealed in fact, but rendered inoperative by the improved spirit of the age. Jameson prosecuted, and he was not sufficiently master of himself to give any effect or spirit to his case. In a hurried manner he stated the law and the facts. He proved the Defendant's non-attendance at church. Blosset made for Sir Montague a good and impressive speech. Unluckily he had a good case on the facts, so that the most interesting question as to the existence of

the act itself was evaded. He proved that during many of the months there was no service in the church, it being shut up, and that the Defendant was ill during the rest of the time; so that on the merits he had a verdict.

*Rem.**—Baron Graham was fidgetty, and asked Serjeant Blosset whether the act was not repealed by the Toleration Act. "My client," said the Serjeant, "would rather be convicted than thought to be a Dissenter."† It appeared that, to make assurance doubly sure, the Bishop's Chaplain was in court, with the Bishop's written declaration that the Defendant, if he had offended, was reconciled to the Church. If this declaration were presented, after verdict and before judgment, no judgment would be entered up. A few years ago, Sir Edward Ryan being one of a commission to report on the penal laws in matters of religion, I mentioned this case to him, and it is noticed in the report. Parson Free was, after much litigation, and a great expense to the Bishop of London, deprived of his living for immorality. His case illustrated the fact that, while Bishops have, perhaps, too much power over curates, they have certainly too little over the holders of livings.

April 5th.—(At Bury.) A Mr. P——, a Methodist preacher, called to consult with me on account of an interruption which took place while preaching at Woolpit.

* Written in 1851.

† The Toleration Act, 1 William and Mary, Chap. XVIII, Sec. 16, continued the old penalties for non-attendance at Divine Service on the Lord's Day, unless for the sake of attending some place of worship to which that Act gives toleration.

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After this business subject had been discussed, we talked on religious matters, and I questioned Mr. P—— concerning the Arminian notion about Grace. I could not quite comprehend Pascal's letters on the doctrine of *Grace suffisante* and *Grace efficace.* Nor did Mr. P—— relieve me from the difficulties entertained on the subject. The Wesleyan Methodists, it seems, maintain that a *measure of Grace* is given to all men; but since all men do not avail themselves of this, I inquired why not. Mr. P—— answered they were not disposed. On my asking what gave the disposition, he replied, "God's influence."—"That, then," said I, "must be Grace."—"Certainly."—"Then it seems God gives a measure of grace to all men, and to some an additional portion, without which the common measure is of no use!" He could not parry the blow. This common measure is a subterfuge, to escape the obvious objections to the Calvinistic notion of election and reprobation, but nothing is gained by it. The difficulty is shoved off, not removed.

A Wesleyan's notions of Grace.

April 10th.—(Witham.) I spent the forenoon with Mrs. Pattisson, reading to her Pope's "Ethical Epistles," which were new to her, and which she enjoyed exceedingly. We had much to talk about besides. Sir Thomas Lawrence had given great delight to Mr. and Mrs. Pattisson, by informing them that the picture of the boys was at length gone, after a delay of six years, to the Exhibition.*

Lawrence's picture of the Pattissons.

May 2nd.—I went in the forenoon into B. R.,† Westminster. After my return I had a call from Robert

Southey.

* *See* Vol. I. p. 343.

† King's Bench.

Southey, the Laureate. I had a pleasant chat and a short walk with him. He spoke gaily of his "Wat Tyler." He understood 36,000 copies had been printed.* He was not aware how popular he was when he came to town. He did not appear to feel any shame or regret at having written the piece at so early an age as twenty. He wrote the drama in three mornings, anno 1794. We spoke of his letter to W. Smith,† of which I thought and spoke favourably. I did not blame Southey, but commended him, for asserting the right of all men, who are wiser at forty than at twenty years of age, to act on such superiority of wisdom. "I only wish," I added, "that you had not appeared to have forgotten some political truths you had been early impressed with. Had you said, 'It is the people who want reform *as well as* the Government,' instead of '*not* the Government,' I should have been content." Southey answered, "I spoke of the present time only. I am still a friend to Reform." CHAP. II. 1817.

May 8th.—I went into the King's Bench. There I heard the news which had set all Westminster Hall in motion. Gifford has been appointed Solicitor-General.‡ Gifford's father was a Presbyterian grocer at Exeter. He was himself articled to an attorney, and was never at a university. He was formerly a warm Burdettite! *Gifford.*

* The original edition was published in 1794. The edition referred to is doubtless the one published by Sherwood, in 1817, "with a preface suitable to recent circumstances." Against this edition Southey applied for an injunction, but Lord Eldon refused to grant it, the tendency of the work being mischievous.—Lowndes' "Bibliographer's Manual."

† This letter was a reply to remarks by W. Smith, in the House of Commons, on "Wat Tyler," and is intended as a vindication of the author's right to change his opinions.

‡ Afterwards Lord Gifford, and Master of the Rolls.

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On the other hand, I believe he has long abandoned the conventicle, and has been quiet on political subjects, if he has not changed his opinions. He is patronized by Gibbs. Both are natives of Exeter.

My only concern is that a man hitherto universally beloved should thus early in life be in danger of making bankrupt of his conscience, which Lord Bacon says has been the fate of so many who have accepted the offices of Attorney-General and Solicitor-General.

May 17th.—Another uncomfortable forenoon. It was rendered interesting by the arraignment of Watson and three other men brought up to plead to a charge of high treason for the Spa-Fields Riots.* Watson has a face much resembling Serjeant Copley's in profile. The other three men, Preston, Hooper, and Thistlethwaite, had countenances of an ordinary stamp. All of them, on being arraigned, spoke like men of firmness and with the air of public orators—a sort of *forumizing* tone and manner. I was made melancholy by the sight of so many persons doomed probably to a violent death within a few weeks. They did not require counsel to be assigned them in court. Watson inquired whether they might speak for themselves if they had counsel. Lord Ellenborough answered: "You are not deprived of the power of addressing the court by having counsel assigned you,"—rather an ambiguous answer. On enter-

The Spa-Fields rioters.

* In 1816 meetings were held in Spa Fields to petition the Prince in behalf of the distressed manufacturing classes. The first meeting was held on the 15th November: thirty thousand persons were said to be present. After the second meeting, held December 2nd, what was called the Spa-Fields riot took place; gunsmiths' shops were broken into to procure arms. In one of the shops, a Mr. Platt was seriously wounded. The riot was quelled by the military, but not before considerable damage had been done.

ing the court, the prisoners, who had been separated for some time, shook hands with each other in an affecting manner, their hands being below the bar, and they seemed to do it as by stealth. All but Preston seemed unconcerned. CHAP. II. 1817.

There was a comic scene also exhibited. One Hone,* of Fleet Street, was brought up at his own suggestion. He moved to be discharged on the ground of ill-treatment on his arrest. One ground of his motion was, that on the commitment it was said he had prayed an imparlance to next Term to plead. He put in an affidavit that he had done no such thing. Lord Ellenborough said that his refusal to plead was a constructive demand of time. He was again asked whether he would plead, and refused. He was remanded. Shepherd appeared for the first time as Attorney-General on this occasion. *Hone.*

May 19th.—I devoted the forenoon to the Nashes. It being the last day of Term, I felt no obligation to attend in court. I went into the British Museum. For the first time I saw there the Elgin Marbles. Mr. Nash, with his characteristic simplicity, exclaimed, "I would as soon go into a church pit!" Indeed, how few are there who ought not to say so, if men ought on such subjects to avow their want of feeling! It requires science and a habit of attention to subdue the first impression produced by the battered and mutilated condition in which most of these celebrated fragments remain. Of the workmanship I can understand nothing. *The Elgin Marbles.*

* The bookseller, whose trial by Lord Ellenborough will be referred to hereafter.

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Mrs. Barbauld.

The sentiment produced by the sight of such *posthumous* discoveries is, however, very gratifying.

May 26th.—After dining at the Colliers' I walked to Newington, and took tea with Mrs. Barbauld. I found that Dr. Aikin had been very seriously ill. Mrs. Barbauld herself retains her health and faculties, and is an interesting instance of a respected and happy old age. I played chess with her, and then went to Becher late.

Tuesday, 27th.—I spent the forenoon at home, and I made one or two calls. On Thelwall; for, though I could not cordially congratulate him on a marriage to a girl scarcely twenty (he being perhaps sixty), yet I thought I might, without impropriety, do an act of courtesy. I found him well, his bride but poorly. She looked more interesting as an invalid; and as her manners were retiring she pleased me better than when I saw her as Miss Boyle—a candidate for the stage.

State trials of Watson and others.

June 9th.—The high-treason trials of Watson and others, for the Spa-Fields transactions, began to-day.

11th.—To-day Castle, the Government informer, was examined seven and a half hours by Gurney.

12th.—This day I was again in court from past eight till near seven, excepting dinner-time. The principal interest to-day arose from the cross-examination of

Wetherell.

Castle by Wetherell,* from which it resulted that he had been guilty of uttering forged notes, and had, as King's evidence, hanged one accomplice and transported another, though the latter pleaded guilty. He had been concerned in setting at liberty some French

Castle, the informer.

* Afterwards Sir Charles Wetherell, Attorney-General.

officers, to which business he was recommended by a person he had visited in Tothill Fields prison, and who has since been hanged. There were other things against him. So absolutely infamous a witness I never heard of. It appeared, too, from his own statement, that he was the principal actor in this business throughout. He was the plotter and contriver of most of the overt acts, and the whole conspiracy was his. It also appeared that he was furnished with pocket-money by Mr. Stafford, the Bow Street office clerk; and Mr. Stafford also gave him money to send away his wife, who might have been a witness to confirm his testimony. This latter disgraceful fact, I have no doubt, weighed greatly with the jury.

June 13th.—This day, like the preceding, I passed in court, from a little after eight till near six; and I could get no dinner, as Wetherell was speaking for the prisoner Watson. Wetherell's speech was vehement and irregular, and very unequal, with occasional bursts of eloquence that produced a great effect. But the reasoning was very loose; he rambled sadly, and his boldness wanted discretion and propriety. He kept on his legs five hours and a half; but my attention could not follow him throughout, and the latter half-hour I was away, for an interesting engagement forced me to leave the court before six o'clock.

I dined at Mr. Green's, No. 22, Lincoln's Inn Fields.* *J. H. Green.*

* Joseph Henry Green, the eminent surgeon. He was the intimate friend of Coleridge. In 1818 he became associated with Sir Astley Cooper as Lecturer at St. Thomas's Hospital, and was for many years Professor and Lecturer on Anatomy at the Royal Academy of Arts, both at Somerset House and in Trafalgar Square. In 1840 and 1847 he delivered the Hunterian oration. His

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Coleridge and Ludwig Tieck were of the party. It was an afternoon and evening of very high pleasure indeed.

L. Tieck.

Ludwig Tieck has not a prepossessing exterior. He has a shrewd clever face, but I should rather have thought him an able man of the world than a romantic poet. He was not the greatest talker to-day; indeed, the course of the conversation led others to give him information, but what he did say was sensible and judicious. Coleridge was not in his element. His German was not good, and his English was not free. He feared he should not be understood if he talked his best. His eloquence was, therefore, constrained.

Tieck's journey to England is undertaken with a view to the study of our old English dramatists, contemporaries of Shakespeare.* He incidentally gave opinions of our elder poets more favourable than I expected. He estimates them highly, as it seems.

June 14th.—After a fortnight's delay, I shall be able to say but little of these days, though they were in part highly interesting. To-day I spent almost entirely in

portrait hung over the chimney-piece in Coleridge's bedroom at Highgate, and I remember seeing it there when I went with my father to see the room after Coleridge's death. My father made an elaborate drawing of the room, which was afterwards lithographed. J. H. Green died 1863, December 13th, aged 71, at Hadley, near Barnet.—G. S.

* Before this visit to England Tieck had written "Briefen über Shakespeare" (Letters about Shakespeare), in the "Poetisches Journal," 1800, and various articles about him in the "Altenglisches Theatre," 1811 (Old-English Theatre). After the visit he published the following works: "Shakespeare's Vorschule" (Shakespeare's Predecessors), 1823-29; notices of Shakespeare, in his "Dramatische Blätter" (Dramatic Leaves), 1828; a novel called "Dichterleben" (The Life of a Poet), in which Shakespeare is introduced; a treatise on Shakespeare's sonnets, 1826; and, in company with A. W. Schlegel, the famous German translation of Shakespeare, 1825-29.

Copley and Gifford.

court. It was the most interesting day of Watson's trial. I heard Copley's and Gifford's speeches. Copley spoke with great effect, but with very little eloquence. He spoke for about two and a half hours, and sat down with universal approbation. He said nothing that was not to the purpose. There were no idle or superfluous passages in his speech. He dwelt little on the law, and that was not very good; but his analysis of the evidence of Castle against Watson was quite masterly.

The young Solicitor-General followed him. Opinions were divided about him. I believe envy at his recent appointment contributed to the unfavourable judgments of some men. He certainly began too verbosely, and dwelt injudiciously on unimportant points, but I thought him very acute and able in the latter part of his speech. Yet both Gifford and Copley had less eloquence than Wetherell in the better parts of his speech.

June 16th.—I allowed myself some relief from the trial this morning. I attended, at the auction mart, the sale of chambers No. 5 King's Bench Walk, first floor, for a life and assignment. They sold for 1,355 guineas, and it would have cost me, to substitute my life for that of the present *cestui que vie*, more than £100 more; so that I declined bidding, though the chambers are so good, and mine are so bad, that I felt great reluctance at the inability to purchase.

When I went down to Westminster Hall, the jury were out of court deliberating on their verdict. The second time I went with the Naylors. We met many people in St. Martin's Lane. Their silence

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led me to augur ill till a drunken fellow shouted out, "England's glory for ever!" We soon ascertained the fact that an acquittal had taken place. There were crowds in the street, but quite peaceable. At Westminster Hall, I saw old Combe, Barnes, &c. Every one was pleased, apparently. I afterwards met the mob round a hackney coach in which Watson was. I called on Walter and on Collier, and I played chess late.

The acquittal.

June 18th.—I went to the King's Bench. The three other indicted men were brought up and acquitted, no evidence being given against them. I came away early, and then went into the Middle Temple Garden to see the Waterloo Bridge procession.* The sight was interesting. Vast crowds were visible on the bridge and near it, on the Surrey shore. Flags were hoisted over every pier, and guns discharged on the approach of the royal barges. Several of these barges, with a number of boats forming no part of the ceremony, and yet giving it interest, were on the Thames. These royal barges were rowed round a frigate's boat, on which were flags and music. The great personages present, the Prince, Duke of Wellington, &c., ascended the bridge on the Surrey side, and crossed over; but this we could not see.

Waterloo Bridge opened.

I spent the evening in writing a dull review of Coleridge's second Lay Sermon for the *Critical Review*.†

* Constable chose this subject for a picture, which was engraved.

† The *Critical Review*, June 1817, p. 581.

COLERIDGE TO H. C. R.

June, 1817.

My dear Robinson,

I shall never forgive you if you do not try to make some arrangement to bring Mr. L. Tieck and yourself up to Highgate very soon. The day, the dinner-hour, you may appoint yourself; but what I most wish would be, either that Mr. Tieck would come in the first stage, so as either to walk or to be driven in Mr. Gilman's gig to Caen Wood, and its delicious groves and alleys (the finest in England, a grand cathedral aisle of *giant* lime-trees, POPE'S favourite composition walk when with the old Earl, a brother rogue of yours in the law line), or else to come up to dinner, sleep here, and return (if then return he must) in the afternoon four o'clock stage the day after. I should be most happy to make him and that admirable man, Mr. Frere, acquainted, their pursuits have been so similar; and to convince Mr. Tieck that he is *the* man among us in whom Taste at its maximum has vitalized itself into productive power — Genius, you need only show him the incomparable translation annexed to Southey's "Cid" (which, by the by, would perhaps give Mr. Tieck the most favourable impression of Southey's own powers); and I would finish the work off by Mr. Frere's "Aristophanes." In *such* GOODNESS, too, as both *my* Mr. Frere (the Right Hon. J. H. Frere), and his brother George (the lawyer in Brunswick Square), live, move, and have their being in, there is *Genius*. . . . . .

Coleridge on Caen Wood.

Southey's Cid.

Frere's Aristophanes.

I have read two pages of "Lalla Rookh," or whatever it is called. Merciful Heaven! I dare read no more,

Lalla Rookh.

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that I may be able to answer at once to any questions, "I have but just looked at the work." Oh, Robinson! if I could, or if I dared, act and feel as Moore and his set do, what havoc could I not make amongst their crockery-ware! Why, there are not three lines together without some adulteration of common English, and the ever-recurring blunder of using the possessive case, "*compassion's* tears, &c.," for the preposition "of"—a blunder of which I have found no instances earlier than Dryden's slovenly verses written for the trade. The rule is, that the case *'s* is always *personal;* either it marks a person, or a personification, or the relique of some proverbial personification, as "Who for their belly's sake," in "Lycidas." But for A to weep the tears of B puts me in mind of the exquisite passage in "Rabelais" where Pantagruel gives the page his cup, and begs him to go down into the courtyard, and curse and swear for him about half an hour or so.

The possessive case.

God bless you!

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Sunday Morning,
Highgate.

June 22nd.—I sat at home all the forenoon, in expectation of a call from Tieck. He did not come, so that between one and two I walked to Dalston. The day was not so oppressively hot as it was yesterday, though still the heat was very unusual. After dinner I read Lord Byron's "Manfred" to Mrs. Becher and Miss Lewis. I had occupied myself during the forenoon in writing a critique on this painful poem, which neverthe-

Manfred.

less has passages of great beauty. The ladies would have been greatly delighted with it, I dare say, if I had encouraged their admiration.

June 24th.—This was a highly interesting day, of which, however, I have not recollected enough to render this note of any interest. I accompanied Ludwig Tieck and Mr. Green in the stage to Kentish Town, whence we walked to Highgate, where we found Coleridge expecting us. Mr. Gilman joined our party, and the forenoon till four was spent very agreeably indeed. We chatted miscellaneously. Coleridge read some of his own poems, and he and Tieck philosophized. Coleridge talked most. Tieck is a good listener, and is an unobtrusive man. He cannot but know his own worth and excellence, but he has no anxiety to make himself and his own works the subject of conversation. He is by no means a zealous Roman Catholic. On the contrary, he says, "With intolerant persons of either party, I take the opposite side." I ventured to suggest the incompatibility of the Catholic religion with any great improvement. He said it was difficult to decide on questions of national character. Without the Catholic religion, the people in Catholic countries would be worse. He thought the Spaniards owed their deliverance from the French to their religion. At the same time he admitted that England owes all her greatness and excellence to the Reformation; and the existence of the Catholic system as such requires the existence of Protestantism. This is a very harmless Catholicism.

Coleridge and Tieck.

Tieck on Catholicism.

He spoke with great love of Goethe, yet censured the impious Prologue to "Faust," and wishes an English

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translation might be made from the earlier edition written in Goethe's youth. He does not speak kindly of Voss. Of the Schlegels he did not say much. He does not like Flaxman's Lord Mansfield, but appears to entertain a high opinion of him still. (By the by, sitting near Sam Rogers on Talma's night at the Opera House, and mentioning Flaxman, Rogers said that Canova seemed not very willing to praise Flaxman, saying his designs were "pretty inventions." "Invention," said Rogers," is precisely what Canova wants.")

S. Rogers on Flaxman.

Coleridge related anecdotes of himself in Germany very pleasantly indeed.

June 26th.—This was another idle day. I called on Tieck, and chatted with him about his tour in England, and went to the Westminster Library for books to assist him in travelling. I also conversed with Baron Burgsdorf, a sensible man, who is anxious to obtain information about our English courts of justice. I dined in the Hall, and after dinner Talfourd chatted with me. I took a hasty cup of tea at the Colliers', and at nine I went to the Opera House Concert Room, and heard Talma and Mdlle. Georges recite. I grudged a guinea for payment, but I do not regret having gone.

Talma.

Talma performed a scene out of La Harpe's "Philoctète," and out of "Iphigenia in Tauris." His first appearance disappointed me. He has little grey eyes, too near each other, and, though a regular and good face, not a very striking one. His voice is good, but not peculiarly sweet. His excellence lies in the imitation of intense suffering. He filled me with horror, certainly, as Philoctète, but it was mingled with

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disgust. Bodily pain is no fit or legitimate subject for the drama; and too often he was merely a man suffering from a sore leg. Of his declamation I do not presume to judge. The character of Orestes affords finer opportunities of display. The terror he feels when pursued by the Furies was powerfully communicated, and his tenderness towards Pylades on parting was also exquisite. Mdlle. Georges had more to do, but she gave me far less pleasure. Her acting I thought radically bad. Instead of copying nature in the expression of passion, according to which the master feeling predominates over all the others, she merely minces the words. If in the same line the words *crainte* and *joie* occur, she apes fear and joy by outrageous pantomime; and in the suddenness of the transition forces applause from those who are glad to understand something, and gratefully applaud what has enabled them to understand. Her acting appeared to me utterly without feeling. She pleased me best in "Athalie,"—the scene where she recounts the dream and first appearance of Joad. Her imprecations against Horace for slaying her lover were, I thought, violent without being sincere; and her performance of the sleep-walking scene in "Macbeth" was very poor. In the French play, Macbeth keeps in confinement a son of Duncan, and Lady Macbeth is contemplating his murder as well as the former murders she had committed, by which the fine moral taught by Shakespeare is quite lost. But the French author could not conceive, I dare say, why a successful murder of former days should excite any remorse or anxiety.

Mdlle. Georges.

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I chatted with Rogers the poet. He informs me that Madame de Staël is considered in great danger.

June 28th.—At six I dined with Pollock.* A genteel dinner-party. Coleridge and Mr. and Mrs. John Ray, &c. The afternoon went off exceedingly well. An anecdote was told of Horne Tooke, very characteristic and probable. At school, he was asked *why* he put a word in some case or mood, and answered, "I do not know," for which he was instantly flogged. Another boy was then asked, who repeated the grammatical rule, and took his place in the class. On this Tooke cried. His master asked him what he meant, and Tooke said, "I knew the rule as well as he did, but you did not ask for the rule, but the reason. You asked *why* it is so, and I do not know that now." The master is said to have taken him aside and given him a Virgil in memory of the injustice done him, of which Virgil Tooke was very proud.

Horne Tooke and his school-boy philosophy.

I went late to Tieck, and chatted some time about the books, &c., he had still to buy.

Tieck.

June 29th.—I had more conversation with Tieck this evening than before on general literary subjects. He is well read in the English dramatic literature, having read all the English plays which were accessible in Germany; and he has a decision of opinion which one wonders at in a foreigner. He has no high opinion of Coleridge's critique, but he says he has learned a great deal from Coleridge, who has glorious conceptions about Shakespeare (*herrliche Ideen*). Coleridge's conversation he very much admires, and thinks it superior to any of

Tieck's opinion on English poetry.

* Afterwards Chief Baron.

his writings. But he says there is much high poetry in "Christabel." He thinks well of the remarks on language in Lord Chedworth's book about Shakespeare,* and that Strutt's remarks are acute. Of Ben Jonson he thinks highly. The pieces he distinguished were "Bartholomew Fair" (perhaps his best piece), "The Devil is an Ass," "The Alchymist," "The Fox," "The Silent Woman," &c. He says his work on Shakespeare will be minute as to the language, which, he thinks, underwent changes. Of German literature he does not speak promisingly. The popular writers (such as Fouqué) he despises, and he says that unhappily there have sprung up a number of imitators of himself. He praises Solger's work† very much, and he is the only recent writer whom he mentioned. Of Goethe he spoke with less enthusiasm than I expected, but with as much as he ought, perhaps. The want of religion in Goethe is a great scandal to Tieck, I have no doubt. His later writings, Tieck thinks, are somewhat loquacious.

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Rem.‡—This summer I made my second visit to Paris. Of places I shall write nothing, but a few personal incidents may be mentioned.

Journey to Paris.

I undertook to escort my sister, who had a companion in Esther Nash. And my nephew was the fourth to fill the carriage which we hired at Calais. My brothers crossed the water with us. We slept at Dover on the

* "Notes upon some of the Obscure Passages in Shakespeare's Plays. By the late Right Hon. John Lord Chedworth. London, 1805. Privately printed."

† "Erwin, vier Gespräche über das Schöne und die Kunst" (Four Conversations on the Beautiful and Art), 1815. A more systematic work by him, entitled "Vorlesungen über die Æsthetik" (Lectures on Æsthetics), 1829, was published after his death.

‡ Written in 1851.

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15th of August, and reached Paris on the 21st,—six days on the road. Last year I left Paris after a comfortable breakfast, and slept at Dover; my travelling companion, however, reached London the same night, and would have gone to a ball, if he had not unexpectedly found his family at home.

At Paris were then dwelling, under the care of the celebrated Madame Campan, the two Miss Hutchinsons, who accompanied us repeatedly in our sight-seeings. To the youngest my nephew was then betrothed. We were at the Hôtel Valois, Rue Richelieu, from whence we issued daily to see the well-known sights of Paris. Our acquaintances were not numerous. The ladies knew Miss Benger, with whom was Miss Clarke, and were glad to be introduced to Helen Maria Williams.* Her nephews were then become young men,—at least the elder, Coquerel, now the eloquent and popular preacher, and a distinguished member of the House of Representatives. He has managed to retain his post of preacher at the Oratoire. His theology was then sufficiently pronounced, and indicated what has been since made public. There was a manifest disinclination to enter on matters of controversy, and he had the authority of his own Church to justify him. He informed me of the commands issued by the ecclesiastical council of the once too orthodox Church

Coquerel.

* Mr. Robinson had been introduced to Miss Williams by Mrs. Clarkson in 1814. Miss Williams wrote several works in connection with the political state of France, as a Republic and as an Empire. She also wrote a novel called "Julia," "A Tour in Switzerland," "Miscellaneous Poems," and "Poems on various Occasions." During her residence in Paris, which extended over many years, she was, by Robespierre, confined for some time in the Temple.

of Geneva, and addressed to the clergy, to abstain from preaching on the Trinity, Eternity of Hell, Corruption of Human Nature, and Original Sin, between which last two doctrines French theologians make a distinction.

Count Schlaberndorf.

Professor Froriep of Weimar was then at Paris. He introduced me to a remarkable man—Count Schlaberndorf, about seventy years of age, a Prussian subject, a cynic in his habits, though stately in figure and gentlemanly in his air. He was residing in a very dirty apartment in the third floor of the Hôtel des Siciles, Rue Richelieu. His hands and face were clean, but his dress, consisting of a bedgown of shot satin of a dark colour, was very dirty. He had a grey beard, with bushy hair, mild eyes, handsome nose, and lips hid by whiskers. He came to France at the beginning of the Revolution; was in prison during the Reign of Terror, and escaped. That he might not be talked about, he lived on almost nothing. On my answering his French in German, he replied with pleasure, and talked very freely. His vivacity was very agreeable, and without any introduction he burst at once upon the great social questions of the age. In my journal I wrote,—"He comes nearer my idea of Socrates than any man I ever saw, except that I think Socrates would not have dressed himself otherwise than his fellow-citizens did." He spoke of his first arrival in France. "I used to say," he said, "I was a republican, and then there were no republics. The Revolution came, and then I said, 'There are republics, and no republicans.'" I asked him how he came to be arrested. He said, "On the denunciation of a political fanatic, a

A Republic without republicans.

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kind-hearted and very benevolent man. He probably reasoned thus: 'Why is this stranger and nobleman here? What has he done for which the Allies would hang him? He is therefore a suspicious character. If he is guilty, he ought to be secured; if he is a republican and innocent, he will be reconciled to a fate which the public interest requires.' That was the logic of the day. When I was arrested I had but 300 francs. It was not safe to attempt getting any supply by means of writing, so I lived on bread and boiled plums." Froriep inquired why he did not return to Germany. He said, "I should be made a centre of intrigues. I am a reformer, but an enemy to revolutions." He metaphysicized obscurely. Yet he distinguished fairly enough between patriotism and nationality. He denied the one, but allowed the other to the English aristocracy, who would sell the liberties of the people to the crown, but not the crown to a foreign power.

Grégoire.

During my stay at Paris I renewed my acquaintance with Grégoire.* He had been unjustly expelled from the Legislative Body, on the ground that he had voted for the death of Louis XVI. In fact, he voted him guilty, but voted against the punishment of death in any case, and that he should be the first spared under the new law. No wonder that Louis XVIII. ordered his name to be struck out of the list of members of the Institute, and that he should be otherwise disgraced. Without being one of the *great* men of the Revolution, he was among the best of the popular party. He was certainly a pious man, as all the Jansenists were,—the

* *Vide* 1814, Vol. I. p. 440.

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Methodists of the Catholic Church,—with the inevitable inconsistencies attached to all who try to reconcile private judgment with obedience. He affirmed, as indeed many Catholics do, that the use of actual water was not indispensable to a saving baptism.

One of the most interesting circumstances of my visit to Paris, was that I fell in with Hundleby,* who became one of my most intimate friends. With him and two other solicitors, Walton (a friend of Masquérier) and Andros, I made an excursion to Ermenonville, where Rousseau died,—a wild forest-scene precisely suited to that unhappy but most splendid writer.

[Mr. Robinson returned from France on the 20th of September, but visited Brighton, Arundel, and the Isle of Wight after his return, and did not settle down in London till the 4th of October.]

Shelley.

November 6th.—I went to Godwin's. Mr. Shelley was there. I had never seen him before. His youth, and a resemblance to Southey, particularly in his voice, raised a pleasing impression, which was not altogether destroyed by his conversation, though it is vehement, and arrogant, and intolerant. He was very abusive towards Southey, whom he spoke of as having sold himself to the Court. And this he maintained with the usual party slang. His pension and his Laureateship, his early zeal and his recent virulence, are the proofs of gross corruption. On every topic but that of violent party feeling, the friends of Southey are under no diffi-

* He has been dead many years. His widow, a daughter of a wealthy man, named Curtis, is now the wife of Mr. Tite, the architect of the Exchange.—H. C. R., 1851. Mr. Tite is M.P. for Bath.

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culty in defending him. Shelley spoke of Wordsworth with less bitterness, but with an insinuation of his insincerity, &c.

Flaxman's dogmatism.

November 9th.—I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Flaxman, making a fourth with Miss Denman. I enjoyed the afternoon. Flaxman is a delightful man in the purity and simplicity of his feelings and understanding, though an uncomfortable opponent in disputation. I so much fear to offend him, that I have a difficulty in being sincere. I read extracts from Coleridge's poems. The verses to the Duchess of Devonshire, in particular, pleased him. Certainly Coleridge has shown that he could be courteous and courtly without servility.

Death of the Princess Charlotte.

November 16th.—The death of the Princess Charlotte has excited more general sorrow than I ever witnessed raised by the death of a royal personage.

Wager of battle in a trial for murder.

November 17th.—I witnessed to-day a scene which would have been a reproach to Turkey, or the Emperor of Dahomey—a wager of battle in Westminster Hall. Thornton was brought up for trial on an appeal after acquittal for murder.* No one seemed to have any doubt of the prisoner's guilt; but he escaped owing to the unfitness of a profound real-property lawyer to manage a criminal trial. For this reason the public sense was not offended by recourse being had to an obsolete proceeding. The court was crowded to excess. Lord Ellenborough asked Reader whether he had anything to move, and he having moved that

Ashford v. Thornton.

* An appeal of murder was a criminal prosecution at the suit of the next-of-kin to the person killed, independently of any prosecution by the Crown, and might take place, as in this case, after an acquittal. The word "appeal," however, has in this usage no reference to former proceedings.

Thornton should be permitted to plead, he was brought to the bar. The declaration, or count, being read to him, he said, "Not Guilty. And this I am ready to defend with my body." At the same time he threw a large glove or gauntlet on to the floor of the court. Though we all expected this plea, yet we all felt astonishment—at least I did—at beholding before our eyes a scene acted which we had read of as one of the disgraceful institutions of our half-civilized ancestors. No one smiled. The judges looked embarrassed. Clarke on this began a very weak speech. He was surprised, "at this time of day," at so obsolete a proceeding; as if the appeal itself were not as much so. He pointed out the person of Ashford, the appellant, and thought the court would not award battle between men of such disproportionate strength. But being asked whether he had any authority for such a position, he had no better reply than that it was shocking, because the defendant had murdered the sister, that he should then murder the brother. For which Lord Ellenborough justly reproved him, by observing that what the law sanctioned could not be murder. Time was, however, given him to counter-plead, and Reader judiciously said in a single sentence, that he had taken on himself to advise the wager of battle, on account of the prejudices against Thornton, by which a fair trial was rendered impossible.

*Rem.**—The appellant, in the following Term, set out all the evidence in replication, it being the ancient law that, when that leaves no doubt, the wager may be declined. Hence a very long succession of pleading,

* Written in 1851.

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during which Thornton remained in prison. The court ought probably, according to the old law, to have ordered battle, and if the appellant refused, awarded that he should be hanged. To relieve the court and country from such monstrosities, the judgment was postponed, and an Act of Parliament passed to abolish both the wager of battle and the appeal; which some of my Radical city friends thought a wrong proceeding, by depriving the people of one of their means of protection against a bad Government; for the King cannot pardon in appeal of murder, and the Ministry may contrive the murder of a friend to liberty.

Tindal and Chitty argued the case very learnedly, and much recondite and worthless black-letter and French lore were lavished for the last time. This recourse to an obsolete proceeding terminated in Thornton's acquittal.

November 19th.—This being the day of the funeral of the Princess Charlotte, all the shops were shut, and the churches everywhere filled with auditors.

Mrs. Barbauld.

November 23rd.—I walked to Newington, which I reached in time to dine with Mrs. Barbauld. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Aikin were there. The afternoon passed off without any dulness or drowsiness. We had matter for conversation in Mrs. Plumptre—a subject on which I talk *con amore,* in the wager of battle, and in the Princess's death.

November 25th.—This was to me an anxious day. I had received from Naylor a brief to speak in mitigation of punishment for one Williams, at Portsea, who had sold in his shop two of the famous Parodies, one of the

Litany, in which the three estates, King, Lords, and Commons, are addressed with some spirit and point on the sufferings of the nation, and the other of the Creed of St. Athanasius, in which the Lord Chancellor, Lord Castlereagh, and Lord Sidmouth are, with vulgar buffoonery, addressed as Old Bags, Derry-Down Triangle, and the Doctor, and the triple Ministerial character spoken of under the well-known form of words.

The Parodies, and Government prosecution of Hone, &c.

These parodies had been long overlooked by the late Attorney-General, and he had been reproached for his negligence by both Ministerialists and Oppositionists. At length prosecutions were begun, and the subject was talked of in Parliament. Hone and Carlisle had both been prosecuted, and by their outrageous conduct had roused a strong sense of indignation against them. Unhappily this poor Portsea printer was the first brought up for judgment. Applications in his behalf had been made to the Attorney-General, who did not conduct the case with any apparent bitterness. In his opening speech on the Litany, he with considerable feeling, though in a commonplace way, eulogized the Litany, but he admitted to a certain extent the circumstances of mitigation in defendant's affidavit, viz. that he had destroyed all the copies he could, after he had heard of the prosecution.

I then addressed the Court, saying that the Attorney-General's speech was calculated to depress a man more accustomed to address the Court than I was; but that I thought it appeared, even from the Attorney-General's own words, that there were no circumstances of aggravation arising out of the manner in which the crime

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was committed. I then dwelt, and I believe impressively, on the hardship of the case for the defendant, who, though the least guilty, was the first brought up for punishment, and deprecated the infliction of an exemplary punishment on him. This was the best part of my speech. I then repeated and enforced the ordinary topics of mitigation.

The Attorney-General then brought on the Creed information, and was rather more bitter than at first, and he was followed by Topping.

I replied, and spoke not so well as at first, and was led, by an interruption from Bayley, to observe on the Athanasian Creed, that many believed in the doctrine who did not approve of the commentary. At least my remarks on the Creed were sanctioned by the judgment, which sentenced the defendant, for the Litany, to eight months' imprisonment in Winchester Gaol, and a fine of £100, and for the Creed to four months' imprisonment.

I stayed in court the rest of the afternoon, and at half-past four dined with Gurney. No one but Godfrey Sykes, the pleader, was there. He is an open-hearted frank fellow in his manner, and I felt kindly towards him on account of the warm praise which he gave to my friend Manning, and of the enthusiasm with which he spoke of Gifford.

Examiner on H. C. R.'s speech.

December 3rd.—Hamond called and chatted on law with me. I walked home with him. He lent me the last *Examiner*. In the account of my law case, there is a piece of malice. They have put in italics, "Mr. Robinson was ready to agree with his Lordship to the

fullest extent;" and certainly this is the part of my speech which I most regret, for I ought to have observed to the Court, that the libel is not charged with being against the doctrines of Christianity. I lost the opportunity of saying much to the purpose, when Bayley observed that the libel was inconsistent with the doctrines of Christianity.

December 4th.—I breakfasted early, and soon after nine walked to Dr. Wordsworth's, at Lambeth. I crossed for the first time Waterloo Bridge. The view of Somerset House is very fine indeed, and the bridge itself is highly beautiful; but the day was so bad that I could see neither of the other bridges, and of course scarcely any objects.

Wordsworth.

I found Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth and the Doctor at breakfast, and I spent a couple of hours with them very agreeably. We talked about poetry. Wordsworth has brought MSS. with him, and is inclined to print one or two poems, as it is the fashion to publish small volumes now. He means then to add them to the "Thanksgiving Ode," &c., and form a third volume. He read to me some very beautiful passages.

December 6th.—I dined with the Colliers, and in the evening Hundleby called on me, and we went together to Covent Garden. I have not been so well pleased for a long time. In "Guy Mannering" there were four interesting performances. First, Braham's singing, the most delicious I ever heard, though I fear his voice is not so perfect as it was; but in this piece I was particularly delighted, as he sang in a style of unstudied simplicity. Second, Liston's Dominie Sampson, an

Braham and Liston in Guy Mannering.

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absolutely perfect exhibition. His terror when accosted by Meg Merrilies was the most amusing and correctly natural representation I ever witnessed. Emery's representation of Dandie Dinmont also most excellent; and, though not equal to the other attractions of the piece, Mrs. Egerton gave great effect to Meg Merrilies. But the piece itself is worth nothing.

Hone's first trial.

December 18th.—I spent the greater part of the morning at the King's Bench sittings, Guildhall. Hone's first trial took place to-day. It was for publishing a parody on the Church Catechism, attacking the Government. Abbott* sat for Lord Ellenborough. Hone defended himself by a very long and rambling speech of many hours, in which he uttered a thousand absurdities, but with a courage and promptitude which completely effected his purpose. Abbott was by no means a match for him, and in vain attempted to check his severe reproaches against Lord Ellenborough for not letting him sit down in the King's Bench, when he was too ill to stand without great pain. Hone also inveighed against the system of special juries, and rattled over a wide field of abuses before he began his defence, which consisted in showing how many similar parodies had been written in all ages. He quoted from Martin Luther, from a Dean of Canterbury, and a profusion of writers, ancient and modern, dwelling principally on Mr. Reeves and Mr. Canning.†

* Afterwards Lord Tenterden, Lord Chief Justice of King's Bench.

† Hone's defence was that the practice of parodying religious works, even parts of the Holy Scriptures and the Book of Common Prayer, had been adopted by men whose religious character was above suspicion. Examples were adduced from Martin Luther, Dr. John Boys, Dean of Canterbury in

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Hone had not knowledge enough to give his argument a technical shape. It was otherwise a very good argument. He might have urged, in a way that no judge could object to, that *new* crimes cannot be created without Act of Parliament, and that he ought not to be charged by the present Attorney-General with a crime, in doing what no other Attorney-General had considered to be a crime. Least of all would a jury convict *him* of a crime, who was a known adversary of the Government, when others, of an opposite political character, had not been prosecuted. This last point he did indeed urge correctly and powerfully enough.

I left him speaking to go to dinner at Collier's. The trial was not over till late in the evening, when he was acquitted.

Kean.

I spent the evening at Drury Lane, and saw Kean as Luke in "Riches."* It was an admirable performance. His servile air as the oppressed dependant was almost a caricature. But the energy of his acting when he appeared as the upstart tyrant of the family of his brother was very fine indeed. Though he looked ill in health, and had a very bad voice throughout, still his performance was a high treat. I could not sit out a

the reign of James I., Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, Lord Somers, Mr. Canning, and Mr. Reeves. Of Mr. Reeves Hone said: "His name stood in the title-page of the Book of Common Prayer, in most general use, as patentee," "he was a barrister, and had been a commissioner of bankrupts." Having shown from these instances, that parodies were not necessarily disrespectful to the work parodied, and that they had been hitherto allowed, Hone declared that his ought not to be regarded as an exception, and that on this ground, and this alone, he asked for a verdict of "Not Guilty."

* Altered from Massinger's play of "The City Madam."

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poor farce called "The Man in the Moon," and came home to a late tea in chambers.

December 19th.—I went again to the King's Bench, Guildhall. Lord Ellenborough sat to-day. I was curious to see how he would succeed where Abbott had failed, and whether he could gain a verdict on Hone's second trial after a former acquittal. Hone was evidently less master of himself before Ellenborough than before Abbott, and perhaps would have sunk in the conflict, but for the aid he received from the former acquittal. He pursued exactly the same course as before. This charge was for publishing a parody on the Litany, and it was charged both as an anti-religious and a political libel; but the Attorney-General did not press the political count. After a couple of hours' flourishing on irrelevant matter, Hone renewed his perusal of old parodies. On this Lord Ellenborough said he should not suffer the giving them in evidence. This was said in such a way that it at first appeared he would not suffer them to be read. However, Hone said, if he could not proceed in his own way he would sit down, and Lord Ellenborough might send him to prison. He then went on as before. Several times he was stopped by the Chief Justice, but never to any purpose. Hone returned to the offensive topic, and did not quit it till he had effected his purpose, and the judge, baffled and worn out, yielded to the prisoner:—

Hone's second trial.

> "An eagle, towering in the pride of place,
> Was by a moping owl hawk'd at and kill'd."

I came away to dinner and returned to the Hall to hear the conclusion of the trial. Shepherd was feeble

in his reply. But Lord Ellenborough was eloquent. In a grave and solemn style becoming a judge he declared his judgment that the parody was a profane libel. The jury retired, and were away so long that I left the court, but I anticipated the result.

Hone's third trial.

December 20th.—Having breakfasted early, I went again to the court at Guildhall. The Government had, with inconceivable folly, persisted in bringing Hone to a third trial after a second acquittal; and that, too, for an offence of far less magnitude, the publishing a parody on the Athanasian Creed, which the Court punished Williams for by a four-months imprisonment, while the parody on the Litany, of which Hone was yesterday acquitted, was punished by eight months' imprisonment and a fine of £100. The consequence was to be foreseen. He was again acquitted, after having carried his boldness to insolence. He reproached Lord Ellenborough for his yesterday's charge, and assumed almost a menacing tone. He was, as before, very digressive, and the greater part of his seven-hours speech consisted of very irrelevant matter. He did not fail to attack the Bar, declaring there was not a man who dared to contradict Lord Ellenborough, for fear of losing the ear of the Court—a most indecent, because a most true, assertion. I expected he would fall foul of me, for my speech on behalf of Williams, but I escaped. He drew a pathetic picture of his poverty, and gained the good-will of the jury by showing how much he had already suffered. He declared that, if convicted, his life would be lost, and at the same time he scorned to ask any favour. He was

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very ill when the trial began, but he would not have it put off, &c.

Before he got into his defence I left the Court, and called on Mrs. Meyer. I dined and took tea with the Colliers, and afterwards went to Amyot. I found him liberally disposed on the subject of the late trials. Though he considered the parodies political libels, he thought the Ministry justly taken in for their canting pretence of punishing irreligion and profanity, about which they did not care at all.

To recur to the singular scene of this morning, without a parallel in the history of the country, I cannot but think the victory gained over the Government and Lord Ellenborough a subject of alarm, though at the same time a matter of triumph. Lord Ellenborough is justly punished for his inhumanity to Hone on a former occasion, and this illiterate man has avenged all our injuries. Lord Ellenborough reigned over submissive subjects like a despot. Now he feels, and even the Bar may learn, that the fault is in them, and not in their stars, if they are underlings.* Lord Ellenborough has sustained the severest shock he ever endured, and I really should not wonder if it shortened his life.†

Lord Ellenborough's despotism.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

December, 1817.

I am quite ashamed of myself. After the notice

* Mr. Robinson says elsewhere that he never felt able to do his best before Lord Ellenborough.

† Lord Ellenborough resigned his office as Lord Chief Justice on account of ill-health in the month of October, 1818, and died on December 13th, in the same year. As to the effect of Hone's trial upon Lord Ellenborough's health, there has always been a difference of opinion.

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so attentively sent by my sister about the turkeys, I ought not to have forgotten to write yesterday; but the infirmities of old age are growing fast upon me, and loss of memory is the chief.* Of course I do not wish my sister to trouble herself to-morrow, but as soon as she can, I will thank her to send as usual to the Colliers and to Charles Lamb. But the latter, you are to know, is removed to lodgings, and I will thank you to let his turkey be directed minutely to Mr. Lamb, at Mr. Owen's, Nos. 20 and 21, Great Russell Street, Drury Lane.

The usual Christmas turkey for Charles Lamb.

You have, of course, been greatly interested by the late unparalleled trials. I attended every day, though not during the whole days, and listened with very *mixed* emotions. . . . . .

Lord Ellenborough.

Lord Ellenborough is, after all, one of the greatest men of our age. And though his impatience is a sad vice in a judge, he yet becomes the seat of justice nobly; and in the display of powerful qualities adds to our sense of the dignity of which man is capable. And that a man of an heroic nature should be reduced to very silence, like an imbecile child, is indeed a sad spectacle. And the Attorney-General too—a mild, gentlemanly, honourable nature. But he suffered little in comparison with the chief, and he conducted himself with great propriety. Hone said, very happily, "It is a pity Mr. Attorney was not instructed to give up this third prosecution. I am sure he would have done it with great pleasure. Had the Ministry given him a

* In 1864, Mr. Robinson notes on this, "What did I mean by old age forty-seven years ago?"

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hint—a mere hint—I am sure he would have taken it."

Burrell.

December 21st.—I breakfasted with Ed. Littledale, and met Burrell and Bright (also at the Bar) there. We talked, of course, about the late trials, and Burrell was warm, even to anger, at hearing me express my pleasure at the result. He went so far as to declare I was a mischievous character; but this was said with so much honest feeling, that it did not make me in the least angry, and I succeeded in bringing him to moderation at last. He feels, as Southey does, the danger arising from the popular feeling against the Government; and he considers the indisposition of the London juries to convict in cases of libel as a great evil. Bright, who came after the heat of the battle was over, took the liberal side, and Ed. Littledale inclined to Burrell. The beauty of Littledale's chambers,* and his capital library, excited my envy.

Dinner at Mr. Monkhouse's.

December 27th.—I called on Lamb, and met Wordsworth with him; I afterwards returned to Lamb's. Dined at Monkhouse's.† The party was small—Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth and Miss Hutchinson, Coleridge and his son Hartley, and Mr. Tillbrook. After dinner Charles Lamb joined the party.

Coleridge against the Hone prosecution.

I was glad to hear Coleridge take the right side on Hone's trial. He eloquently expatiated on the necessity of saving Hone, in order to save English law, and he derided the legal definition of a libel—whatever tends

* These looked into Gray's Inn Gardens.

† Mr. Monkhouse was a London merchant and a connection of Mrs. Wordsworth. He married a daughter of Mr. Horrocks, who for a long time represented Preston in Parliament.

to produce certain consequences, without any regard to the intention of the publisher.*

Among the light conversation at dinner, Tillbrook related that Southey had received a letter from a person requesting him to make an acrostic on the name of a young lady in Essex. The writer was paying his addresses to this young lady, but had a rival who beat him in writing verses. Southey did not send the verses, and distributed the money in buying blankets for some poor women of Keswick.

Coleridge and Wordsworth at Lamb's.

December 30th.—I dined with the Colliers, and spent the evening at Lamb's. I found a large party collected round the two poets, but Coleridge had the larger number. There was, however, scarcely any conversation beyond a whisper. Coleridge was philosophizing in his rambling way to Monkhouse, who listened attentively,—to Manning, who sometimes smiled, as if he thought Coleridge had no right to metaphysicize on chemistry without any knowledge of the subject,—to Martin Burney, who was eager to interpose,—and Alsager, who was content to be a listener; while Wordsworth was for a great part of the time engaged tête-à-tête with Talfourd. I could catch scarcely anything of the conversation. I chatted with the ladies. Miss Lamb had gone through the fatigue of a dinner-party very well, and Charles was in good spirits.

December 31st.—The last day of the year was one of the darkest days I remember in any year. A thick fog came over London between eight and nine,

* Compare with this Coleridge's letter to Lord Liverpool, written in July this year. Yonge's "Life of Lord Liverpool," Vol. II. p. 300.

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and remained all the day. Late at night it cleared up.

H. C. R.'s professional income.

The increase of my fees from £355 19*s.* to £415 5*s.* 6*d.* is too paltry to be worth notice. Yet my journal shows that I had not relaxed in that attention which the Germans call Sitzfleiss—*sitting industry*—which is compatible with sluggishness of mind.

*Rem.**—During this year, my intimacy with Walter not declining, and his anxieties increasing, he authorized me to inquire of Southey whether he would undertake the editorship on liberal terms. Southey declined the offer, without inquiring what the emolument might be; and yet the *Times* was then supporting the principles which Southey himself advocated.†

Southey asked to be Editor of The Times.

SOUTHEY TO H. C. R.

Mar. 13*th*, 1817.

My dear Sir,

Your letter may be answered without deliberation. No emolument, however great, would induce me to give up a country life and those pursuits in literature to which the studies of so many years have been directed. Indeed, I should consider that portion of my time which is given up to temporary politics grievously misspent, if the interests at stake were less important. We are in danger of an insurrection of the Yahoos: it is the fault of Government that such a caste should exist in the midst of civilized society; but till the breed

* Written in 1851.

† The fact is stated in the "Life of Southey," Vol. IV. p. 261.

can be mended it must be curbed, and that too with a strong hand.

I shall be in town during the last week in April, on my way to Switzerland and the Rhine. You wrong our country by taking its general character from a season which was equally ungenial over the whole continent.

Believe me, my dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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CHAPTER III.

1818.

Engravings.

January 6th.—I dined at the Colliers', and at seven Walton and Andros came to me. We spent several hours very agreeably in looking over between thirty and forty new engravings, chiefly sacred subjects. I find the appetite for these things grows by what it feeds on. I enjoyed many of them, and rejoiced at the prospect of seeing a print of Guido's "Hours"* over my chimney-piece. Walton is a man of taste, and feels the beauty of such things.

Voltaire on Shakespeare.

January 12th.—I read in a volume of Voltaire's Miscellanies to-day his life of Molière,—amusing enough: and his "critique of Hamlet," a very instructive as well as entertaining performance; for it shows how a work of unequalled genius and excellence may be laughably exposed. I forgive Frenchmen for their disesteem of Shakespeare. And Voltaire has taken no unfair liberties with our idol. He has brought together all the *disconvenances*, according to the laws of the French drama, as well as the national peculiarities. To a Frenchman,

* The well-known engraving by Raphael Morghen to which Rogers alludes, as hanging on his wall, in his "Epistle to a Friend"—

> "O mark! again the coursers of the Sun,
> At Guido's call, their round of glory run."

"Hamlet" must appear absurd and ridiculous to an extreme. And this by fair means, the Frenchman not perceiving how much the absurdity, in fact, lies in his own narrow views and feelings.

January 16th.—(At Cambridge.) After nine Mr. Chase accompanied me to Randall's, where I stayed till half-past eleven. We debated on the principles of the Ascetics. I contended that the Deity must be thought to take pleasure in the improvement of civilization, in which is to be included the fine arts; but I was set down by the text about "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life," which are said not to proceed from the Father. Thus, I fear, every pleasing or bright conception of the Supreme Being and of the system of the universe may be met by a text!

Asceticism.

Civilization not a blessing from Providence.

January 27th.—I went to the Surrey Institution, where I heard Hazlitt lecture on Shakespeare and Milton. He delighted me much by the talent he displayed; but his bitterness of spirit broke out in a passage in which he reproached modern poets for their vanity and incapacity of admiring and loving anything but themselves. He was applauded at this part of his lecture, but I know not whether he was generally understood.

Hazlitt on Shakespeare and Milton.

From hence I called at Collier's, and taking Mrs. Collier with me, I went to a lecture by Coleridge in Fleur-de-lis Court, Fleet Street.* I was gratified unex-

* The syllabus of this course, which included fourteen lectures, is given at length in Vol. II. of Coleridge's "Lectures upon Shakespeare and other Dramatists." The subjects are very comprehensive—Language, Literature, and Social and Moral Questions.

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pectedly by finding a large and respectable audience, generally of superior-looking persons, in physiognomy rather than dress. Coleridge treated of the origin of poetry and of Oriental works; but he had little animation, and an exceedingly bad cold rendered his voice scarcely audible.

Coleridge on the origin of poetry.

Company at Godwin's.

February 4th.—I called on Godwin, and at his house met with a party of originals. One man struck me by his resemblance to Curran—his name Booth. Godwin called him, on introduction, a master of the English language, and I understand him to be a learned etymologist. His conversation was singular, and even original, so that I relished the short time I stayed. A rawboned Scotchman, ———, was there also, less remarkable, but a hard-headed man. A son of a performer, R—— by name, patronized by Mr. Place,* talked very well too. All three Jacobins, and Booth and R—— debaters. I was thrown back some ten years in my feelings. The party would have suited me very well about that time, and I have not grown altogether out of taste for it. I accepted an invitation to meet the same party a week hence.

Dinner at Walter's.

February 10th.—I dined with Walter. A small and very agreeable party. Sydenham, Commissioner of Excise, suspected to be "Vetus," a great partisan of the Wellesleys; Sterling, more likely to be the real "Vetus,"—a sensible man; Dr. Baird, a gentlemanly physician, and Fraser. The conversation was beginning

* Mr. Place was a tailor at Charing Cross; a great Westminster Radical, an accomplished metaphysician, a frequent writer on political affairs, a man of inflexible integrity and firmness, and a friend and protégé of Jeremy Bentham.

to be very interesting, when I was obliged to leave the party to attend Coleridge's lecture on Shakespeare. Coleridge was apparently ill.

The Regent's Park.

February 15th.—At two, I took a ride with Preston in his gig, into the Regent's Park, which I had never seen before. When the trees are grown this will be really an ornament to the capital; and not a mere ornament, but a healthful appendage. The Highgate and Hampstead Hill is a beautiful object, and within the Park the artificial water, the circular belt or coppice, the bridges, the few scattered villas, &c., are objects of taste. I really think this enclosure, with the new street* leading to it from Carlton House, will give a sort of glory to the Regent's government, which will be more felt by remote posterity than the victories of Trafalgar and Waterloo, glorious as these are.

A disciple of Kant.

February 17th.—I stayed at home a great part of the forenoon. Wirgmann, the Kantianer, called on me. His disinterested prosclyte-making zeal for the critical philosophy, though I no longer share his love for that philosophy, is a curious and amusing phenomenon. He worships his idol with pure affection, without sacrificing his domestic duties. He attends to his goldsmith's shop as well as to the works of Kant, and is a careful and kind educator of his children, though he inflicts the categories on them.

Hazlitt on writers in the time of Queen Anne.

I took tea at home, and Hamond calling, I accompanied him to Hazlitt's lecture. He spoke of the writers in the reign of Queen Anne, and was bitter, sprightly, and full of political and personal allusions. In treating of Prior,

* Regent Street.

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he quoted his unseemly verses against Blackmore to a congregation of saints. He drew an ingenious but not very intelligible parallel between Swift, Rabelais, and Voltaire, and even eulogized the modern infidel. So indiscreet and reckless is the man!

February 20th.—I dined at Collier's, and went to Coleridge. It was agreed that I should invite Mrs. Pattisson to go with me to the lecture, and I also took Mira May and Rachel Rutt. We found the lecture-room fuller than I had ever seen it, and were forced to take back seats; but it was a pleasure to Mrs. Pattisson to sit behind Sir James Mackintosh. He was with Serjeant Bosanquet and some fashionable lady. The party were, however, in a satirical mood, as it seemed, throughout the lecture. Indeed Coleridge was not in one of his happiest moods to-night. His subject was Cervantes, but he was more than usually prosy, and his tone peculiarly drawling. His digressions on the nature of insanity were carried too far, and his remarks on the book but old, and by him often repeated.

On Cervantes.

Flaxman.

February 23rd.—Heard a lecture by Flaxman at the Royal Academy. He was not quite well, and did not deliver it with so much animation and effect as I have known him on former occasions throw into his lectures.

Hazlitt on Wordsworth.

February 24th.—I dined and took tea at Collier's, and then heard part of a lecture by Hazlitt at the Surrey Institution. He was so contemptuous towards Wordsworth, speaking of his letter about Burns, that I lost my temper. He imputed to Wordsworth the desire of representing himself as a superior man.

February 27th.—I took tea with Gurney, and invited

Mrs. Gurney to accompany me to Coleridge's lecture. It was on Dante and Milton—one of his very best. He digressed less than usual, and really gave information and ideas about the poets he professed to criticise. I returned to Gurney's, and heard Mr. Gurney read Mrs. Fry's examination before the committee of the House of Commons about Newgate,—a very curious examination, and very promising as to the future improvements in prison discipline.

Coleridgeon Dante and Milton.

Mrs. Fry.

March 19th.—I had six crown briefs at Thetford. One was flattering to me, though it was an unwelcome one to hold. It was on behalf of Johnson, whose trial for the murder of Mr. Baker, of Wells, lasted the whole of the day. I received, a day or two before, a letter from Dekker, the chaplain to the Norwich Goal, saying that some gentlemen (the Gurneys principally) had subscribed, to furnish the prisoner with the means of defence. The evidence against him was merely circumstantial, and he had told so consistent a tale, stating where he had been, that many believed him innocent. He, Dekker, had witnessed my "admirable and successful defence of Massey, for the murder of his wife" (such were his words), and had recommended me for the present case.

Briefs.

April 18th.—(At C. Lamb's.) There was a large party,—the greater part of those who are usually there, but also Leigh Hunt and his wife. He has improved in manliness and healthfulness since I saw him last, some years ago. There was a glee about him which evinced high spirits, if not perfect health, and I envied his vivacity. He imitated Hazlitt capitally: Wordsworth

Leigh Hunt.

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not so well. Talfourd was there. He does not appreciate Wordsworth's fine lines on "Scorners." Hunt did not sympathize with Talfourd, but opposed him playfully, and that I liked him for.

April 23rd.—I had a note from Hundleby, proposing to go with me to hear Mathews' Imitations, at eight. He came to me accordingly, and I accompanied him into the pit of the Lyceum.

Mathews at home.

The entertainment consisted of a narrative (for the greater part) of a journey in a mail-coach, which gave occasion to songs, imitations, &c. The most pleasant representation was of a Frenchman. His broken English was very happy. And Mathews had caught the mind as well as the words of Monsieur. His imitation of French tragedians was also very happy. Talma was admirably exhibited.

A digression on lawyers was flat. I did not feel the ridicule, and I could not recognize either judge or barrister.

Mathews was not without humour in his representation of a French valet, attending his invalid master in bed; and his occasional bursts as master, and as the invisible cook and butler, were pleasant. He took a child, *i.e.* a doll, out of a box, and held a droll dialogue.

The best dramatic exhibition was a narrative as an old Scotchwoman. He put on a hood and tippet, screwed his mouth into a womanly shape, and, as if by magic, became another creature. It was really a treat. He concluded by reciting part of Hamlet's speech to the players, as Kemble, Kean, Cooke, Young, Bannister, Fawcett, and Munden, with great success.

April 24th.—I went to Westminster Hall as usual, but had a very unusual pleasure. I heard one of the very best forensic speeches ever delivered by Sir Samuel Romilly. He had to oppose, certainly, very moderate speeches from Gifford and Piggott, and a better one from Horne. It was in support of an application by Mrs. M. A. Taylor, that the Countess of Antrim should abstain from influencing her daughter, Lady Frances Vane Tempest, in favour of Lord Stewart, who had applied for a reference to the Master to fix the marriage settlements, which application Romilly resisted. His speech was eloquent without vehemence or seeming passion, and of Ulyssean subtlety. He had to address the Chancellor against the Regent's friend, the Ambassador at Vienna, and Lord Castlereagh's brother, and he continued to suggest, with as little offence as possible, whatever could serve his purpose as to the fortune, age, morals, &c., of his Lordship. He exposed with much humour and sarcasm the precipitation with which the marriage was urged, after a few weeks' acquaintance, two or three interviews, and a consent obtained at the first solicitation.

Sir S. Romilly.

April 30th.—I called on Lamb and accompanied him to Mr. Monkhouse, St. Anne Street East. Haydon and Allston,* painters, were there, and two other gentlemen

Allston.

* Washington Allston, distinguished as an historical painter of a very high class, was born in South Carolina, 1779. In England, 1803, he enjoyed the friendship of B. West and Fuseli. At Rome, he was known by the resident German artists as "*The American Titian.*" He there formed a lasting friendship with Coleridge and Washington Irving. He said of Coleridge, "To no other man whom I have ever known do I owe so much *intellectually.*" Allston's portrait of Coleridge, painted at Bristol in 1814 for Joshua Wade, is now in the National Portrait Gallery. His two best known pictures in this

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whose names I did not collect. The conversation was very lively and agreeable. Allston has a mild manner, a soft voice, and a sentimental air with him—not at all Yankeeish; but his conversation does not indicate the talent displayed in his paintings. There is a warmth and vigour about Haydon, indicating youthful confidence, often the concomitant of talents and genius, which he is said to possess. His conversation is certainly interesting. Monkhouse himself is a gentlemanly sensible man. Lamb, without talking much, talked his best. I enjoyed the evening.

Scott Waring.

May 4th.—At six I dined with Masquérier,* and met a singular party. The principal guest was the once

country are "Jacob's Dream," at Petworth, painted in 1817, and "Uriel in the Sun," at Trentham. He married a sister of the celebrated Dr. Channing. He died at Cambridge Port, near Boston in America, 1843.

* John James Masquérier, a portrait painter by profession. Without aspiring to academical rank, he attained an independence by his professional life of twenty-eight years. He was descended on both the father's and the mother's side from French Protestant refugees. Being sent to school in Paris, he witnessed some of the most thrilling scenes of the Revolution. Being again at Paris in 1800, he obtained permission to make a likeness of the First Consul without his being aware of what was going on. With this and other sketches he returned to England, and composed a picture of "Napoleon reviewing the Consular Guards in the Court of the Tuileries." It was the first genuine likeness of the famous man; and being exhibited in Piccadilly in 1801, produced to the young artist a profit of a thousand pounds. Beattie, in his Life of Thomas Campbell (Vol. I. p. 429), quotes a description of Masquérier by the poet as "a pleasant little fellow with French vivacity." In 1812 he married a Scotch lady, the widow of Scott, the Professor of Moral Philosophy at Aberdeen. This lady was by birth a Forbes, and related to the Frasers and Erskines. After Mr. Masquérier retired from his profession, he went to live at Brighton, where he was the respected associate of Copley Fielding, Horace Smith, and other artists and literary men. H. C. R. was his frequent guest, and on several occasions travelled with him. Mr. Masquérier died March 13th, 1855, in his 77th year.

Abridged from an obituary notice by H. C. R. in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, May, 1855.

famous Major Scott Waring,* he who, when censured by the Speaker, on Burke's saying that he hoped it would not occasion feelings too painful, started up and said he need not fear that: he had already forgotten it.

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The Major now exhibits rather the remains of a military courtier and gentleman of the old school than of a statesman, the political adversary of Burke. But good breeding is very marked in him.

COLERIDGE TO H. C. R.

May 3rd, 1818.

My dear Sir,

Coleridge on the employment of children in manufactories.

Ecce iterum Crispinus! Another mendicant letter from S. T. C.! But no, it is from the poor little children employed in the Cotton Factories, who would fain have you in the list of their friends and helpers; and entreat you to let *me* know for and in behalf of them, whether there is not some law prohibiting, or limiting, or regulating the employment either of children or adults, or of both, in the White Lead Manufactory? In the minutes of evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the state of children in the Cotton Factories, in 1816, the question is put to Mr. Astley Cooper, who replies, "I believe there is such a law." Now, can you help us to a more positive answer? Can you furnish us with any other instances in which the Legislature has directly, or by immediate consequence, interfered with what is ironically called "Free Labour?" (*i.e.* DARED to prohibit soul-murder and

* The friend and zealous supporter of Warren Hastings in his trial.—H. C. R. *Vide* Macaulay's "Essays," Vol. III. pp. 436, 442, &c.

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infanticide on the part of the rich, and self-slaughter on that of the poor!) or any dictum of our grave law authorities from Fortescue to Bacon, and from Bacon to Kenyon and Eldon: for from the borough in Hell I wish to have no representative, though on second thoughts I should have no objection to a good word in God's cause, though it should have slipped from the Devil's mouth. In short, my dear sir, the only objection likely to produce any hesitation in the House of Lords respecting Sir Robert Peel's Bill, which has just passed the House of Commons, will come from that Scottish ("der Teufel *scotch* man all for snakes!") plebeian earl, Lord L———, the dangerous precedent of legislative interference with free labour, of course implying that this bill will provide the first precedent. Though Heaven knows that I am seriously hurting myself by devoting my days daily in this my best harvest-tide as a lecture-monger, and that I am almost *disinterestedly* interested in the fate of the measure, yet interested I am. Good Mr. Clarkson could scarcely be more so! I should have bid farewell to all ease of conscience if I had returned an excuse to the request made for my humble assistance. But a little legal information from you would do more than twenty S. T. C.s, if there exists any law in point in that pithy little manual yclept the Statutes of Great Britain. I send herewith two of the circulars that I have written as the most to the point in respect of what I now solicit from you.* Be

* This Bill was by the *father* of the late Sir Robert Peel. (*See* an interesting reference in Yonge's "Life of Lord Liverpool," Vol. II. p. 367.) The Ten Hours Bill, restricting the hours of labour in factories for children and persons of tender years to ten hours, passed in 1844.

so good (if you have time to write at all, and see aught that can be of service) to direct to me, care of Nathaniel Gould, Esq., Spring Garden Coffee House. I need not add, that in the present case, Bis dat qui cito dat. For procrastination is a monopoly (in which you have no partnership) of your sincere, and with respectful esteem, affectionate friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

An evening at Covent Garden.

May 7th.—I lounged at the Surrey Institution till it was time to go to Covent Garden Theatre, where I went by appointment with Thomas Stansfeld. We heard "The Slave," and saw "The Sorrows of Werther." "The Slave" is a sentimental musical drama, which exhibits Macready to great advantage. He is an heroic, supergenerous, and noble African, who exercises every sort of virtue and self-denial, with no regard to propriety, but considerable stage effect. Miss Stephens' singing is as unlike an African as her fair complexion. She is very sweet in this character. Braham's voice was husky, and he hardly got as much applause as Sinclair. Liston as a booby cockney, come to see an old maiden aunt; Emery as his Yorkshire friend, who is to help him out of difficulties, are decently funny.

"The Sorrows of Werther" is a pleasant burlesque, and Liston infinitely comic. I cannot account for the caprice which made this piece so unpopular, in spite of Liston's capital acting. The great objection is that the satire is not felt. Werther's sentimentality is ridiculous enough, but who cares in England for foreign literature? Had we a party here who were bent on supporting, and another resolved to ruin, the German poet, there would

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be an interest. Besides, I am not sure that the sapient public knew what was meant for burlesque. Is it certain that the author knew?

The Royal Academy.

May 11th.—I lounged away this day entirely. I went first to the Exhibition. There I saw a number of gaudy portraits—and a few pictures, which at the end of a week I recollect with pleasure. A splendid land-

Turner's landscapes.

scape by Turner, "The Dort Packet Boat," has a richness of colouring unusual in water scenes, and perhaps not quite true to nature; but this picture delights me, notwithstanding. On the contrary, Turner's "Field of Waterloo" is a strange incomprehensible jumble. Lawrence's "Duke of Wellington" is a fine painting.

Flaxman.

I called on Miss Lamb, and so passed away the forenoon. I dined with the Colliers and took tea with the Flaxmans. Mr. Flaxman has more than sixty engravings by Piranesi, not better than mine, and only seventeen the same, though parts of the same series. Fraser says the collection amounts to 120.

Hamond.

May 24th.—This was an agreeable day. I rose early, and walked to Norwood. The weather as fit for walking as possible, and the book I lounged with very interesting. From half-past six to nine on the road. It was near ten before Hamond came down. I did not suffer him to be called. I found him in pleasantly situated small apartments, where he contrives to pass away his time with no other society than a little child, whom he teaches its letters, and a mouse, that feeds out of his hands. I was the first friend who called on him there. He writes for his amusement on whatever subject chances to engage his attention, but

with no purpose, I fear, literary or mercantile. Yet he says he suffers no ennui.

Mrs. Barbauld.

May 31st.—I wrote an opinion in the forenoon, on which I spoke with Manning. I walked then to Clapton, reading Lord Byron, but finding the Kents from home, I went to Mrs. Barbauld's, with whom I dined. Several people were there, and young Mr. Roscoe called. Mrs. Barbauld speaks contemptuously of Lord Byron's new poem,* as being without poetry, and in horrible versification. It may be so.

She Stoops to Conquer.

June 9th.—I took tea with the Miss Nashes, and accompanied them to Covent Garden, where we were very much amused by "She Stoops to Conquer." Liston's Tony Lumpkin is a delightful performance. The joyous folly, the booby imbecility, of Tony are given with exquisite humour and truth. And I was charmed by the beauty of Miss Brunton, though her acting is not very excellent. Charles Kemble overacted the sheepishness of the bashful rake, and underacted the rakishness—in both particulars wanting a just perception of the character. And Fawcett but poorly performed old Hardcastle. But the scenes are so comic that, in spite of moderate acting, I was gratified throughout.

Romilly and Hunt.

June 18th.—During the general election, nothing has hitherto much gratified me but the prospect of Sir Samuel Romilly's triumphant election for Westminster, and the contempt into which Hunt seems to have fallen, even with the mob he courts. His absence from the poll, the folly of his committee in joining with

* "Beppo," published in May, 1818.

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Kinnaird—and even the secession of the few who have split their votes for Cartwright and Hunt, will, I expect, in concurrence with the decided hostility of the Court, and the semi-opposition of the Whigs, fix Captain Maxwell as second to Romilly.

July 3rd.—I dined at the Colliers', and then walked to the hustings. The crowd was great. Burdett and Romilly are again higher on the poll than Captain Maxwell. I consider the election as decided.

July 4th.—I spent the forenoon at Guildhall, and took a cold dinner at the Colliers' early, being desirous to see something of the election at Covent Garden. It was too late, however, to get near the hustings, and suffered more annoyance from the crowd than sympathy with or observation of their feelings could compensate. The crowd was very great, and extended through the adjacent streets. There was not much tumult. The mob could not quite relish Sir Samuel Romilly being placed at the head of the poll, though, their hero being elected, they could not complain. All the Burdettites, therefore, acceded to the triumph of to-day, though a few deep-blue ribbons were mingled with the light blue and buff of the Whigs. Sir Samuel sat in a barouche with W. Smith, &c. Streamers, flags, and a sort of palanquin were prepared, to give this riding the air of a chairing. He looked rather pale, and as he passed through the Strand, and it appeared as if the mob would take off the horses, he manifested anxiety and apprehension.*

Romilly and Burdett elected for Westminster.

* A few weeks after this, in a fit of despair on the death of his wife, he destroyed himself,—an event which excited universal sorrow.—H. C. R.

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*Rem.**—Thirteen years had elapsed since I left Jena. I had kept up a correspondence, though not a close one, with two of my friends, and though I had ceased to devote myself to German literature, I felt a desire to renew my German acquaintance. I wished also to become better acquainted with the Rhine scenery, and with portions of the Netherlands yet unknown. I shall not dwell on places, but confine my reminiscences to persons.

Schlosser.

At Frankfort I saw my old friends, at least those of them who were not from home. I found that my Jena fellow-student, Frederick Schlosser, had been frightened into Romanism by ill-health and low spirits. These led, first to the fear of hell, and then to the Romish Church as an asylum. His brother was converted at Rome, and then made a proselyte of him. They were wrought on, too, by Werner, Frederick Schlegel, and the romantic school of poets and artists. Of Goethe, Schlosser said, "What a tragical old age his is! He is left alone. He opposes himself to the religious spirit that prevails among the young; therefore justice is not done him. But he is still our greatest man." He ought, perhaps, to have said also, "He is opposed to the democratic tendencies of the age."

Weimar.

On August 23rd I parted from Naylor, and accompanied a Mr. Passavant in his carriage to Weimar, which, after travelling all night, we reached the second evening, passing through Eisenach, Erfurth, &c.

Jena.

Knebel.

At Jena I found my friend Knebel† in a garden-house. I was not expected, but was soon recognized, and met

* Written in 1851.

† *See* Vol. I. pp. 195—199.

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with a reception which justified the long and fatiguing journey. My old friend was the same as ever—a little feebler, of course; but in character and habits the same affectionate, generous, high-minded, animated old man I knew years ago. With the same quick sensibility to everything good and beautiful, the same comical irritability without anger, and the same rough, passionate tone, which could not for a moment conceal the tenderness of his disposition. Mrs. Von Knebel I found the same hospitable and friendly person—attentive to her husband's guests, and most anxious to make me comfortable. There was a new member of the family—a boy, Bernard—a sweet child, delicately framed, who died young. The first affectionate greetings were scarcely over, and we were in the very act of projecting how I could be brought to see Charles, the Major's eldest son, who is a lieutenant in the Prussian service, when he suddenly entered the room. The parents were overjoyed at seeing him, and I was glad too. Thirteen years ago he was a boy, now he had become a fine young man, with as fierce an appearance as a uniform, whiskers, and moustache can give; but, in spite of these, a gentle creature, and full of affection towards his parents.

Weimar.

My visit to the Knebels was interrupted by an excursion of two days to Weimar, of which *dignitatis causâ* I must give an account. While at Knebel's, the Crown Prince of Weimar called on him, and was courteous to me, so that it was incumbent on me to call on him and accept an invitation to dine at Court, which I did twice. On the first occasion, I was recognized by the

The Crown Prince.

chamberlain, Count Einsiedel, who introduced me to the Grand Duchess. Einsiedel was an elegant courtier-poet, author of some comedies from Terence, acted in masks after the Roman fashion. Prince Paul, the second son of the King of Bavaria, was also a visitor. There might have been thirty at table, including Goethe's son. On our return to the drawing-room, I was introduced to the Crown Princess, and had rather a long conversation with her. She was somewhat deaf, and I took pains to be understood by her in German and English. I mentioned the familiarities of the English lower classes towards her brother, the Emperor Alexander, and expressed a fear lest such things should deter her from a visit to England. She said the Emperor was perfectly satisfied, and that, as to herself, she wished to see England: "*Es gehört zu den frommen Wünschen*" (It belongs to the pious wishes). We talked of languages. I said I hoped to see the dominion of the French language destroyed, as that of their arms had been. She smiled and said, "*Das wäre viel*" (That would be much).

Count Einsiedel.

Dinner at Court.

The Crown Princess.

I was called out of the circle by the Grand Duchess, and chatted a considerable time with her. I referred to the well-known interview between herself and Napoleon, after the battle of Jena, of which I said England was well-informed, (not adding, "through myself."*) She

Grand Duchess.

* The account alluded to was communicated by H. C. R. to the *Times*, December 26th, 1807, and republished in Mrs. Austin's "Characteristics of Goethe," Vol. III. p. 203. The following extracts will give the substance and result of this interesting interview:—

"When the fortunes of the day began to be decided (and that took place early in the morning), the Prussians retreating through the town were pursued by the French, and slaughtered in the streets. Some of the inhabitants were

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received my compliment favourably—said, as some one must stay in the house, she was the proper person ; that after the plundering was over, Buonaparte behaved civilly enough in his fashion.

murdered, and a general plunder began. In the evening, the conqueror approached and entered the palace of the Duke, now become his own by the *right* of conquest. It was then that the Duchess left her apartment, and seizing the moment of his entering the hall, placed herself on the top of the staircase, to greet him with the formality of a courtly reception. Napoleon started when he beheld her. 'Qui êtes vous?' he exclaimed, with his characteristic abruptness. 'Je suis la Duchesse de Weimar.'—'Je vous plains,' he retorted fiercely; 'j'écraserai votre mari.' He then added, 'I shall dine in my apartment,' and rushed by her.

"On his entrance next morning, he began instantly with an interrogative (his favourite figure). 'How could your husband, Madame, be so mad as to make war against me?' 'Your Majesty would have despised him if he had not,' was the dignified answer he received. 'How so?' he hastily rejoined. The Duchess slowly and deliberately rejoined, 'My husband has been in the service of the King of Prussia upwards of thirty years, and surely it was not at the moment that the King had so mighty an enemy as your Majesty to contend against that the Duke could abandon him.' A reply so admirable, which asserted so powerfully the honour of the speaker, and yet conciliated the vanity of the adversary, was irresistible. Buonaparte became at once more mild, and, without noticing the answer already received, continued his interrogatories. 'But how came the Duke to attach himself to the King of Prussia?'—'Your Majesty will, on inquiry, find that the Dukes of Saxony, the younger branches of the family, have always followed the example of the Electoral House; and your Majesty knows what motives of prudence and policy have led the Court of Dresden to attach itself to Prussia rather than Austria.' This was followed by further inquiries and further answers, so impressive, that in a few minutes Napoleon exclaimed with warmth, 'Madame, vous êtes la femme la plus respectable que j'ai jamais connue : vous avez sauvé votre mari.' Yet he could not confer favour unaccompanied with insult; for, reiterating his assurances of esteem, he added, 'Je le pardonne, mais c'est à cause de vous seulement ; car, pour lui, c'est un mauvais sujet.' The Duchess to this made no reply; but, seizing the happy moment, interceded successfully for her suffering people. Napoleon gave orders that the plundering should cease.

"When the treaty which secured the nominal independence of Weimar, and declared its territory to be a part of the Rhenish League, was brought from Buonaparte to the Duke by a French general, and presented to him, he refused to take it into his own hands, saying, with more than gallantry, 'Give it to my wife; the Emperor intended it for her.'"

Grand Princess.

The Grand Princess inquired whether I had heard the Russian service performed, and on my saying "No," she said she would give orders that I should be admitted the next day (Sunday). I accordingly went. The Russian language I thought very soft, and like Italian. But I was guilty of an oversight in not staying long, which the Princess noticed next day after dinner. She said she had ordered some music to be played on purpose for me. She seemed an intelligent woman—indeed, as all her children have been, she was *crammed* with knowledge.

Grand Duke.

To terminate at once my mention of the Court, I dined here a second time on Sunday, and was introduced to the Grand Duke. He talked freely and bluntly. He expressed his disapprobation of the English system of jurisprudence, which allowed lawyers to travel for months at a time. "We do not permit that." I said, "When the doctor is absent, the patient recovers." A bad joke was better than contradiction; besides, he was right.

The intimacy in which the Grand Duke had lived all his life with Goethe, and the great poet's testimony to his character—not ordinary eulogy—satisfy me that he must have been an extraordinary man. On the whole, this visit to Weimar did not add to my prepossessions in its favour. The absence of Goethe was a loss nothing could supply.

Weimar Theatre.

I went to the theatre—no longer what it was under the management of Goethe and Schiller. Jagermann, then the favourite of the Grand Duke, was at this time become fat; her face had lost all proportion, and was

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destitute of expression. She performed, without effect, the part of Sappho, in Grillparzer's disagreeable tragedy of that name. Mademoiselle Beck played the slave, and the scene in which she bewailed her forlorn state, and gained the love of Phaon, was the only one that affected me. I sat part of the evening with Mesdames Wolzogen and Schiller.

Tiefurth.

I went to Tiefurth, the former residence of the Dowager Duchess Amelia, where Sturm * has his establishment, and among the characters I called on was Herr von Einsiedel, the morose and cynical husband of my old acquaintance, Madame von Einsiedel.

Madame Griesbach's garden.

August 29th.—I accompanied Knebel to Madame Griesbach's garden, the most delightful spot in the neighbourhood of Jena. This has been bought for £1,000 by the Grand Duchess. Her children were there, and I was introduced to the Princesses—mere children yet; but it is surprising how soon they have acquired a sense of their dignity. These children are over-crammed; they learn all the sciences and languages, and are in danger of losing all personal character and power of thought in the profusion of knowledge they possess. This is now the fashion among the princes of Germany.

I saw Griesbach's widow. The old lady knew me in a moment, and instantly began joking—said she supposed I was come to pay a visit to E——'s † lecture-room.

* Professor Sturm taught at this establishment the economical sciences, *i.e.* all that pertains to agriculture and the useful arts.—H. C. R.

† The Professor with whom H. C. R. had a misunderstanding.—*See* Vol. I. p. 208.

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My last few days at Jena were spent almost alone with Knebel. He told me of Wieland's death, which was, he said, delightful. Wieland never lost his cheerfulness or good-humour; and, but a few hours before his death, having insisted on seeing his doctor's prescription, "I see," said he, "it is much the same with my life and the doctor's Latin, they are both at an end." He was ill but a week, and died of an indigestion.

Wieland.

My last day at Jena was spent not without pleasure. It was one of uninterrupted rain; I could not, therefore, take a walk with Fries, as I had intended, so I remained the whole day within doors, chatting with my friend Knebel. We looked over books and papers. Knebel sought for MSS. of the great poets, Goethe, Wieland, and Herder for me, and talked much about his early life, his opinions, &c. As *Andenken* (for remembrance) he gave me a ring with Raphael's head on it, given him by the Duchess Amelia, and four portraits in porcelain and iron of the four great German poets. In return, I gave him Wordsworth's poems, which had occupied so much of our attention.

Last day at Jena.

On the 9th of September, I left my friend Knebel with sorrow, for I could not expect to see him again, and I loved him above every German. His memory is dear to me. I sauntered, not in high spirits, to Weimar, where I slept, and on the 10th set out in a diligence towards Frankfort. I spent a little time with Knebel's son at Erfurth, where he is stationed. I had to spend three nights on the road, reaching Frankfort at 4 A.M., on the 13th. A more wearisome journey I never made.

Journey to Frankfort.

CHAP. III. 1818. *Frankfort.*

I spent my time at Frankfort almost entirely with my friends of the Aldebert connection, and the Brentano family and their friends.

Christian Brentano.

September 13th.—When I met Christian Brentano he embarrassed me by kissing me, with all outward marks of friendship. After being an *économe* for some years in Bohemia, after dabbling in philosophy and mathematics, and rejecting medicine and law, he is now about to become a priest. In a few words, he said that he had been, by God's providence, brought to see that religion alone can give comfort to man. "I was," said he, "first led to this by seeing what faith can do in making men good. I was led to know my own worthlessness. Nature opened to me somewhat of her relation to God. I saw wonderful phenomena—miracles!"—"Do you mean," said I, "such miracles as the Scriptures speak of?"—"Yes," said he, "of the same kind." I had not the assurance to ask him of what kind they were, but merely said, I had often wished in my youth to see a miracle, in order to put an end to all further doubt and speculation. Brentano then talked mystically. That he is a deceiver, or playing a part, I am far from suspecting. That he has a wrong head, with great powers of intellect, I have long known. But I was not prepared for such a change. In society he is, however, improved; he is now quiet, and rather solicitous to please than to shine; but his wild Italian face, with all its caricature ferocity, remains.

Savigny.

*Rem.**—The Brentano circle was extended by the presence of Savigny and his wife. He was already a great

* Written in 1851.

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man, though not arrived at the rank he afterwards attained. It is a remarkable circumstance, that when I lately introduced myself to him in Berlin—he being now an ex-Minister of Justice, fallen back on his literary pursuits, and retired from official life, which is not his especial province—both he and I had forgotten our few interviews in this year (1818), and had thought that we had not seen each other since I left Germany at the beginning of the century, that is, in 1805.

Baden-Baden.

My course led me to Baden-Baden. It is enough for me to say that I walked through the admirable Murg-Thal with great delight, and had for my book during the walk, "Scenes out of the World of Spirits," by Henry Stilling (or Jung). The theory of the spiritual world entertained by this pious enthusiast is founded on the assumption that every witch and ghost story is to be taken as indubitably true. He has many believers in England as elsewhere. Having been reproached as a fanatic, he desires all *unbelievers* to consider his tales as mere visions—these tales being narratives of sentences passed in heaven on great criminals, &c., by an eye-witness and auditor. In Goethe's Life is an interesting account of him.* Goethe protected him from persecution when a student at Strasburg, but became at last tired of him. Goethe corrected the first volume of his Autobiography by striking out all the trash. This I learned from Knebel. That volume, therefore, should be read by those who might find the subsequent volumes intolerable. Stilling was the *nom de guerre* of Jung.

Stilling.

Paris.

I spent six days at Paris, where were Miss Nash,

* *Vide* "Dichtung und Wahrheit," Books ix. and x.

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M. Andrews, &c. The only object of great interest was Mademoiselle Mars. "She a little resembles Miss Mellon* when she was young—*i.e.* Miss Mellon when she stood still, neither giggling nor fidgety." I did not foresee that I was writing of a future duchess.

Mademoiselle. Mars.

Thelwall.

November 30th.—Thelwall called. His visit gave me pain. He has purchased *The Champion*, and is about to take up the profession of politician, after so many years' pause. An old age of poverty will be his portion.

Wieland's bust.

December 3rd.—I bought at Dove Court, St. Martin's Lane, a marble bust of Wieland by Schadow, for ten guineas. Flaxman informed me of this bust being there. He says it is an excellent head, which he would have bought himself, had he had a room to put it in. I am delighted with my purchase. It is a very strong likeness, and in a style of great simplicity. The head is covered with a cap, which is only distinguished from the skull by two lines crossing the head; the hair curls round below the cap, and the head stoops a very little, with the sight rather downwards. The forehead and temples are exquisitely wrought, and the drapery is pleasingly folded. It is unwrought at the sides, in each of which is a square opening. Having this fine object constantly before me will generate a love for sculpture.†

December 4th.—I dined with John Collier, and in the evening, after taking tea with Miss Lamb, accompanied

* Afterwards Mrs. Coutts, and then Duchess of St. Albans.

† There will be further reference to this bust in the year 1829. It is a magnificent work of art. A cast of it is or was to be seen at the Crystal Palace.

her to Covent Garden. We saw "The Rivals," and Farren for the first time, the last theatrical tyro that has appeared. His Sir Anthony Absolute appeared to me delightful. He is a young man, I am told, yet he was so disguised by painted wrinkles, and a face and figure made up by art, that I could hardly credit the report. The consequence of a manufactured countenance and constrained unnatural attitudes is, that the actor has a hard and inflexible manner. Liston's Acres, however, gave me the greatest pleasure. It was infinitely comic and laughable, and none the worse for being even burlesque and farcical.

CHAP. III. 1818. *Farren.* *Liston.*

*Rem.**—My journal mentions Farren as an admirable comic actor, only twenty-five or twenty-six years old. This must be a mistake. He is now worn out, and apparently a very old man.

December 19th.—I dined with Serjeant Blossett. No one with him but Miss Peckwell and a nephew of the Serjeant's, a Mr. Grote, a merchant, who reads German, and appears to be an intelligent, sensible man, having a curiosity for German philosophy as well as German poetry. I read a number of things by Goethe and others to the Serjeant, who has already made great advances in the language, and can relish the best poetry. Grote has borrowed books of me.

Grote.

Rem.†—This year I became a "barrister of five years' standing," an expression that has become almost ridiculous, being the qualification required for many offices by acts of parliament, while it is notorious that many such barristers are ill-qualified for any office. I

A barrister of five years' standing.

* Written in 1851. † Written in 1851.

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was no exception, certainly, at any time of my life, being never a learned lawyer or a skilful advocate, and yet in this my fifth year I attained some reputation; and of this year I have some anecdotes to relate of myself and others not uninteresting to those who may care for me or for the profession.

Fees.

There was but an insignificant increase of fees, from £415 in 1817 to £488 during this year; but this little practice brought me into connection with superior men, and into superior courts.

Appeal to Privy Council.

Sir S. Romilly.

For instance, I had an appeal in the Council Chambers from Gibraltar with Sir Samuel Romilly. It was a case of mercantile guarantee. I have forgotten the facts, and I refer to the case merely because it shows Sir Samuel's practice. He read from the printed statement, in the most unimpressive manner, the simple facts, adding scarcely an observation of his own. I followed at some length, not comprehending the course taken by my excellent leader, and Hundleby,* my client, was satisfied with my argument. I pleaded before Sir W. Grant, Sir William Scott, &c. Hart, afterwards Chancellor of Ireland, and Lovett were for the respondents. Then Sir Samuel Romilly replied in a most masterly manner. I never heard a more luminous and powerful argument. He went over the ground I had trod, but I scarcely knew my own arguments, so improved were they. Judgment was ultimately given in our favour. I have since understood that it was Sir

* Hundleby was a solicitor, the partner of Alliston, who still lives. He married the daughter of Curtis, a wealthy man. He has been dead many years, and his widow is now the wife of Tite, the architect of the Royal Exchange.—H. C. R. 1851.

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Samuel's practice, when he had the reply, to open the case in this way, and not even to read the brief before he went to court, knowing that his junior and adversaries would give him time enough to become master of the facts and settle his argument.

A Qui tam usury case.

At the Spring Assizes, at Thetford, I made a speech which gained me more credit than any I ever made, either before or after, and established my character as a speaker: luckily it required no law. I thought of it afterwards with satisfaction, and I will give an account of the case here (it will be the only one in these Reminiscences), partly because it will involve some questions of speculative morality. It was a defence in a *Qui tam* action for penalties for usury to the amount of £2,640.* My attorney was a stranger. He had offered the brief to Jameson, who declined it from a consciousness of inability to speak, and recommended me. The plaintiff's witness had requested my client to lend him money, which, it is stated by the single witness, he consented to do on the payment of £20. A mortgage also was put in; and on this the case rested. The defence was a simple one. It could lie only in showing that the witness could not safely be relied on; and this I did in a way that produced applause from the audience, a compliment from the judge, and a verdict in my favour. Now, what I look back upon with pleasure is, that I gained this verdict very fairly and by no misstatement. I will put down some of the salient

* A *Qui tam* action is an action brought by an informer for penalties of which a half share is given to the informer by the statute. The suit would be by Moses, plaintiff, who sues "as well for himself" (*Qui tam*) as for our Lord the King.

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H. C. R.'s speech.

points of my speech, of which I have a distinct recollection.

I began—"Gentlemen, I have often thought that juries, as conscientious men, anxious to do justice, must be distressed by perceiving that they are called upon to decide a case on most imperfect evidence, where, from the nature of the case, they can only guess what the truth may be, hearing only one side. This is one of those cases. There can be no doubt that my client lent a sum of money to that man, his own attorney, whom you have seen in that box; and that man has thought proper to tell you that, in order to obtain that loan, he was forced to give £20. Now, this was a transaction between these persons, and I cannot possibly contradict him. For, were I to read you my brief, or tell you what my client says, of course denying all this, I should be reproved by his Lordship, and incur the ridicule of my learned friends around me; because, what the party in the cause says is not evidence.* This is a hardship, but it is the law; and I refer to it now, not to censure the law, which would be indecorous, but to draw your attention to this most important consequence, that since you are compelled to hear the witness—one party alone—and are not at liberty to hear the other party, in a transaction between them and none other, you have the duty imposed on you closely to examine what that witness has said, and ask yourselves this question, whether such a statement as he has thought proper to make, knowing that he may swear falsely with safety (for he can never be contradicted), *must* be credited by you.

* This law is now altered.

"Gentlemen, at the same time that I am not in a condition to deny what that man has said, I add, with the most entire confidence, that it is impossible for you, acting under those rules which good sense and conscience alike dictate, to do other than by your verdict declare that you cannot, in this essentially criminal case, convict the defendant on the uncorroborated testimony of that single witness."

I then pointedly stated that, though in form an action, this was in substance a criminal case, and to be tried by the rules observed in a criminal court; and that, unless they had a perfect conviction, they would not consign this old retired tradesman to a gaol or a workhouse for the rest of his days in order to enrich Mr. Moses (the common informer, who had luckily a Jew name) and the Treasury. And I pledged myself to show that in this case were combined all imaginable reasons for distrust, so as to render it morally impossible, whatever the fact might be, to give a verdict for the *Qui tam* plaintiff.

I then successively expatiated on the severa topics which the case supplied,—on the facts that the single witness was the plaintiff's own attorney—an uncertificated bankrupt who was within the rules of the King's Bench prison; that he came down that morning from London in the custody of a sheriff's officer, though, when asked where he came from, he at first said from home, having before said he was an attorney at Lynn. And I had laid a trap for him, and led him to say he expected no part of the penalty. This I represented to be incredible; and I urged with earnestness the danger to society if such a man were of necessity to be

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believed because he dared to take an oath for which he could not be called to account here. And I alluded to recent cases in which other King's Bench prisoners had been transported for perjury, and to the known cases of perjury for blood-money. As I have already said, I sat down with applause, which was renewed when the verdict for the defendant was pronounced. The man I had so exposed gave me something to do afterwards on his own account; and, more than once, attorneys, new clients, in bringing me a brief, alluded to this case. But the power of making such a speech does not require the talents most essential to the barrister—none of which did I, in fact, possess.

The counsellor's bag.

In the spring Term of this year, Gurney,* the King's Counsel's clerk, brought me a bag, for which I presented him with a guinea. This custom is now obsolete, and therefore I mention it. It was formerly the etiquette of the Bar that none but Serjeants and King's Counsel could carry a bag in Westminster Hall. Till some King's Counsel presents him with one, however large the junior (that is, stuff-gowned) barrister's business might be, he was forced to carry his papers in his hand. It was considered that he who carried a bag was a rising man.

H. C. R. has a chance to punish his old schoolmaster.

At the following Bury Assizes I was concerned in a case no otherwise worth noticing than as it gave occasion to good-natured joking. I defended Ridley, the tallow-chandler, in an action against him for a nuisance in building a chimney in Still Lane. The chief witness for plaintiff was Blomfield (father of the

* Afterwards Baron Gurney.

present Bishop of London).* He had said that he was a schoolmaster, and the plaintiff and defendant and defendant's counsel had all been his pupils. When I rose to cross-examine him, C. J. Dallas leaned over, and in an audible whisper said, "Now, Mr. Robinson, you may take your revenge." Good-natured sparring took place between Blomfield and myself, and I got a verdict in a very doubtful case,—insisting that, if a nuisance, it must be a general one, and so the subject of an indictment. Afterwards, on an indictment, I contended that the remedy was by action, if it were a grievance, and in this I failed.

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Before the Summer Assizes I dined with C. J. Gibbs. Others of the circuit were with me. Some parts of his conversation I thought worth putting down, though not very agreeable at the time, as it was manifestly didactic, and very like that of a tutor with his pupils. He spoke with great earnestness against the "Term Reports,"† which he considered as ruinous to the profession in the publication of hasty decisions, especially those at Nisi Prius, and urged the necessity of arguing every case on principle. On my remarking on the great fame acquired by men who were eminently deficient, he was malicious enough to ask for an instance. I named Erskine. He was not sorry to have an opportunity of expressing his opinion of Erskine, which could not be high. He remarked on Erskine's sudden fall in legal reputation, "Had he been well-grounded, he could not have fallen."

Chief Justice Gibbs.

* *See* Vol. I. p. 5.

† One of the earliest series of periodical law reports.

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This same day, on my speaking of the talents required in an opening and reply, he said that the Lord Chancellor (Eldon) reproached Sir James Mansfield with the practice I have noticed in Sir Samuel Romilly, of leaving his argument for the reply, which was ascribed to laziness. Gibbs praised Bell, the Chancery practitioner, as a man who was always in the right. "He always gave the most satisfactory answer to a question in the fewest words."

Lawyers' fees.

In the winter of this year I heard from Gurney some interesting facts about fees, which within about eleven or twelve years had risen much above what was formerly known. Kaye,* the solicitor, told Gurney once that he had that day carried the Attorney-General (Gibbs) 100 general retainers, that is 500 guineas. These were on the Baltic captures and insurance cases. Gibbs did not think that Erskine ever made more than 7,000 guineas, and Mingay confessed that he only once made 5,000 guineas. He observed that the great fortunes made in ancient times by lawyers must have been indirectly as the stewards of great men. Otherwise, they were unaccountable.

I must here add that all this is little compared with the enormous gains of my old fellow-circuiteer, Charles Austin, who is said to have made 40,000 guineas by pleading before Parliament in one session.

Judicial changes.

This year there were great changes in the law courts. Of the judicial promotions Jekyl said, being the professional wag, that they came by titles very different, viz.:—C. J. Abbott by *descent*, J. Best by *intrusion*, and

* Solicitor to the Bank of England, &c.

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1818.

Jekyll's joke thereon-

Richardson by the *operation of law.* The wit of the two first is pungent; the last, a deserved compliment. It was expected, said Jekyl, that Vaughan would come in by *prescription.* This was not so good. Sir Henry Halford,* the King's physician, was his brother.

Aldebert's prints.

I must not forget that, on Aldebert's death, his books were taken by a bookseller, but I was allowed to have what I liked at the bookseller's price. I laid out £40 in purchasing Piranesi's prints and other works of art, and had many calls from men of taste to see them.

The Colliers, with whom I used to dine, left London this year. Their place was to some extent supplied by John Payne Collier,† who took a house in Bouverie Street. It was not then foreseen that he would become a great Shakespearean critic, though he had already begun to be a writer.

* Sir Henry Halford was the son of Dr. Vaughan of Leicester, but changed his name in 1809, when he inherited a fortune from his mother's cousin, Sir Charles Halford.

† J. P. Collier wrote "History of English Dramatic Poetry to the Time of Shakespeare," 1831; "New Facts regarding the Life of Shakespeare," 1835; "Shakespeare Library; a Collection of the Romances, Novels, Poems, and Histories used by Shakespeare as the Foundation of his Dramas," 1843; and various other works.

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1819.

CHAPTER IV.

1819.

Clarkson and the Emperor Alexander.

January 4th.—(At Bury.) I walked early up town and left with Mr. Clarkson his MS. account of his interview with the Emperor of Russia, at Aix-la-Chapelle, on the subject of the slave-trade. This interview must receive its explanation from future events. The Emperor talked of the Quakers and Bible Societies, of the Society against War, of which he considered himself a member, and of the slave-trade, as one might have expected a religious clergyman would have done. Mr. Clarkson is a sincere believer in the Emperor's sincerity.

THOMAS R. TO HABAKKUK R.

Bury St. Edmunds, January 6th, 1819.

The Emperor on slavery.

. . . . . The Buck party were at my house last Friday, when we were entertained, and most highly interested, by Mr. Clarkson's account of his interview with the Emperor of Russia, at Aix-la-Chapelle. His reception by the most powerful potentate in the world was extremely gracious. The Emperor took him most cordially by both his hands, drew a chair for him and another for himself, when they sat down, in Mr. Clarkson's language, "knee to knee, and face to face." The principal subject of their conversation was, of course,

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the abolition of the slave-trade, in which the Emperor takes an extraordinary interest, and seems to be most earnestly anxious to use his powerful interest to induce the other Powers of Europe to concur in this measure. . . . . .

And on war.

The Emperor, at this meeting, professed likewise the most pacific sentiments, and spoke with great energy of the evil and sin of war, admitting that it was altogether contrary to the spirit of Christianity, and said that he desired to inculcate this sentiment in the minds of the different Powers, and should therefore propose frequent congresses to adjust disputes, without having recourse to the too common arbitration of the sword. You know, perhaps, that, for the purpose of eradicating the warlike spirit, *Peace Societies* have been formed both in this country and in America. (We have a small one in this town.) The Emperor assured Mr. Clarkson that he highly approved of them, and wished to be considered as belonging to them. And no longer ago than yesterday, Mr. Clarkson received a copy of a letter, written in English by the Emperor with his own hand, and addressed to Mr. Marsden, the Chairman of the London Peace Society, in which he repeats the same sentiments in favour of the principles of the Society. It is at any rate a curious phenomenon to find an advocate of such principles in such a person. There are those who doubt his sincerity, but where can be the motive to induce the *Autocrat of all the Russias* to flatter even such an individual, however excellent, as Mr. Clarkson, or Mr. Marsden, a stock-broker in London?

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B. Constant on Monarchy.

January 14th.—I spent the day partly in reading some very good political writings by Benjamin Constant—the first part of his first volume. His principles appear excellent, and there is to me originality in them. His treating the monarchical power as distinct from the executive pleases me much. He considers the essence of the monarch's office to lie in the superintending everything and doing nothing. He controls the legislature by convoking and dismissing their assemblies; and he even creates and annihilates the ministers. Being thus separated from the executive body—*that* may be attacked, and even destroyed (as is constantly done in England), without any detriment to the State.

Louis Philippe.

*Rem.**—Had Louis Philippe felt this, he might have retained his throne, but he would be an autocrat, which did not suit the French people.†

Kean in Brutus.

January 26th.—We saw "Brutus." This play has had great success, and with reason, for it exhibits Kean advantageously; but it seems utterly without literary merit, though the subject admitted of a great deal of passionate poetry. Kean's exhibition of the Idiot in the first act was more able than pleasing; when he assumed the hero, he strutted and swelled, to give himself an air he never can assume with grace. It was not till the close of the piece, when he had to pass sentence on his own son, that he really found his way to my heart through my imagination. His expression of feeling was deep

* Written in 1851.

† Added in the margin of the MS.:—"Palpable ignorance, this! At this hour a bold usurper and autocrat has succeeded, because he knew how to go to work. An accident may, indeed, any day destroy his power. April 17th, 1852. The date is material."

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and true, and the conflict of affection and principle well carried out. An awkward effect was produced by the attempt to blend too much in one play. The act by which Brutus overturned the Tarquins was not that of a man who had a son capable of treason against his country.

Lamb.

February 2nd.—Naylor took tea with me; and soon after, Charles and Mary Lamb came to look at my prints. And the looking them over afforded us pleasure. Lamb has great taste and feeling; his criticisms are instructive, and I find that enjoyment from works of art is heightened by sympathy. Talfourd came while we were thus engaged. He stayed with us, and afterwards joined us in a rubber, which occupied us till late. Talfourd stayed till near one, talking on personal matters.

The hustings at Covent Garden.

February 18th.—I lounged for half an hour before the Covent Garden hustings—a scene only ridiculous and disgusting. The vulgar abuse of the candidates from the vilest rabble ever beheld is not rendered endurable by either wit or good temper, or the belief of there being any integrity at the bottom. I just saw Hobhouse. His person did not please me; but Sir Richard Phillips, whom I met there, tells me I am like him, which I do not think to be the fact. Lamb* I could scarcely see, but his countenance is better. Orator Hunt was on the hustings, but he could not obtain a hearing from the mob; and this fact was the most consolatory part of the spectacle.

* The Honourable George Lamb, son of the first Lord Melbourne, and brother of William, who afterwards became Prime Minister.

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Curran.

Anecdote of Grattan.

February 28th.—After dining at Collier's I went to Godwin, with whom I drank tea. Curran was there, and I had a very agreeable chat with him; he is come to print his father's life, written by himself; and he projects an edition of his speeches. He related an affecting anecdote of Grattan in the House of Commons. He was speaking in a style that betrayed the decline of the faculties of a once great man; he was rambling and feeble, and being assailed by coughing, he stopped, paused, and said in an altered voice, "I believe they are right, Sir!" and sat down.

The Clarksons.

April 3rd.—By coach to Ipswich; then on foot in the dark to Playford (four miles). Mrs. Clarkson was in high health and spirits; Tom and Mr. Clarkson also well. I met with some visitors there, who rendered the visit peculiarly agreeable. Mr., Mrs., and Miss

Grahame.

Grahame, from Glasgow. He is a Writer to the Signet, a brother to the late James Grahame the poet; a most interesting man, having a fine handsome face and figure, resembling Wordsworth in his gait and general air, though not in his features, and being a first-rate talker, as far as sense and high moral feeling can render con-

Scotch law.

versation delightful. We talked, during the few days of my stay, about English and Scotch law. He complained

No Comitas gentium between England and Scotland.

that the *Comitas gentium* was not allowed to Scotchmen: that is, a lunatic having money in the funds, must be brought to England to have a commission issued here (though he is already found a lunatic in Scotland) before dividends can be paid, &c.; and bank powers of attorney must be executed according to English forms, even in Scotland. The first case is certainly a great

abuse. Mr. Grahame pleased me much, and I have already nearly decided on going to Scotland this summer. In politics he is very liberal, inclining to ultra principles. He was severe against Southey and Wordsworth for their supposed apostasy. He speaks highly of the Scotch law, and considers the administration of justice there much superior to ours. CHAP. IV. 1819.

April 28th.—My ride to-day was very agreeable; the weather was mild and fine, and I had no ennui. I travelled with the Rev. Mr. Godfrey, with whom I chatted occasionally, and I read three books of the "Odyssey," and several of Burke's speeches. Burke's quarrel with Fox does not do honour to Burke. I fear he was glad of an opportunity to break with his old friend; yet he appears to have been provoked. In the fourth volume of Burke's Speeches, there is the same wonderful difference between the reports of the newspapers and the publications of Burke himself. *Burke.*

His own notes of his speech on the *Unitarian Petition* are full of profundity and wisdom; his attack on the *Rights of Man* as an abstract principle is justified on his own representation. How true his axiom, "Crude and unconnected truths are in practice what falsehoods are in theory!" Strange, that he should have undergone so great obloquy because this wise remark has not been comprehended!

May 3rd.—I dined with Walter, Fraser, and Barnes. Fraser I attacked on a trimming article in yesterday's *Times* about Catholic Emancipation. And Barnes attacked me about "Peter Bell;" but this is a storm I must yield to. Wordsworth has set himself back ten *Catholic Emancipation.* *Peter Bell.*

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Tom Cribb's Memorial.

years by the publication of this work. I read also Tom Cribb's Memorial to the Congress—an amusing volume; but I would rather read than have written it. It is really surprising that a gentleman (for so Moore is in station and connections) should so descend as to exhibit the Prince Regent and the Emperor of Russia at a boxing-match, under the names of Porpus and Long Sandy. The boxing cant language does not amuse me, even in Moore's gravely burlesque lines.

Bonner's Fields.

May 23rd.—I spent several hours at home, looking over reports, &c., and then walked to Clapton. I had a fine walk home over Bethnal Green. Passing Bonner's Fields, a nice boy, who was my gossiping companion, pointed out to me the site of Bishop Bonner's house, where the Bishop sat and saw the *Papists* burnt: such is the accuracy of traditional tales. He further showed me some spots in which the ground is low: here the poor burnt creatures were buried, it seems; and though the ground has been filled up hundreds of times, it always sinks in again. "I do not suppose it is true," said the boy, "but I was afraid once to walk on the spot, and so are the little boys now." The feeling that Nature sympathizes with man in horror of great crimes, and bears testimony to the commission of them, is a very frequent superstition—perhaps the most universal.

June 4th.—My sister consulted Astley Cooper. She was delighted to find him far from unkind or harsh. He treated her with great gentleness, and very kindly warned her as much as possible to correct her irritability—not of temper, but of nerves.

June 10th.—Clemens Brentano is turned monk!

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June 14th.—Coming home, I found Hamond in town, and went with him to the Exhibition. I stayed a couple of hours, but had no great pleasure there. Scarcely a picture much pleased me. Turner has fewer attractions than he used to have, and Callcott's "Rotterdam" is gaudier than he used to be; he is aiming at a richer cast of colour, but is less beautiful as he deviates from the delicate greys of Cuyp. Cooper's "Marston Moor" did not interest me, though what I have heard since of the artist does. I am told he was lately a groom to Meux, the brewer, who, detecting him in the act of making portraits of his horses, would not keep him as a groom, but got him employment as a horse painter. He was before a rider at Astley's, it is said. He went into the Academy to learn to draw with the boys. Flaxman says he knew nothing of the mechanism of his art—he could not draw at all—but by dint of genius, without instruction (except, as he says, what he learned from a shilling book he bought in the Strand), he could paint very finely. He is already, says Flaxman, a great painter, and will probably become very eminent indeed. He is about thirty-five years of age, and is already an Associate. He paints horses and low life, but his "Marston Moor" is regarded as a fine composition. His appearance does not bespeak his origin. "I introduced him to Lord Grey," said Flaxman, "and as they stood talking together, I could not discern any difference between the peer and the painter."

Royal Academy.

Cooper.

June 16th.—I was much occupied by a scrape John Collier had got into. A few nights ago he reported that Mr. Hume had said in the House of Commons

John Collier's breach of privilege.

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that Canning had risen above the sufferings of others by laughing at them. Bell* being last night summoned before the House, John Collier gave himself as the author, and was in consequence committed to the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms. Mr. Wynn moved that he should be committed to Newgate, but this was withdrawn in consequence of Collier's manly and becoming conduct. I was exceedingly alarmed lest this might hurt Collier with Walter, but, to my satisfaction, I found that Collier had raised himself in Walter's opinion; for, by his gentlemanly behaviour, he raised the character of the reporters, and he completely relieved Walter from the imputation of having altered the article. I called on Collier in the House of Commons prison; he was in good spirits. Mrs. Collier was there, and Walter came too, with Barnes. I chatted with Walter about the propriety of petitioning. He wished Collier to lie in custody till the end of the session, but I differed in opinion, and corrected the petition, which was ultimately adopted. After a hasty dinner in Hall, I ran down to the House. Barnes procured me a place, and I stayed in the gallery till quite late. There was no opposition to Mr. W. Smith's motion for Collier's discharge. He was reprimanded by the Speaker in strong unmeaning words. W. Smith moved for the bill to relieve the Unitarians against the Marriage Act.†

Collier discharged from custody.

* The publisher of the *Times*.

† Mr. W. Smith's object was to obtain for Unitarians at their marriage the omission of all reference to the Trinity. He did not venture to propose the more rational and complete relief—which was after a time obtained—the marriage of Dissenters in their own places of worship. *Vide* May's Constitutional History, Vol. II. 384.

The speech had the merit of raising a feeling favourable to the speaker, and it was not so intelligible as to excite opposition. Lord Castlereagh did not pretend to understand it, and Mr. Wilberforce spoke guardedly and with favour of the projected measure. The rest of the speaking this evening was very poor indeed—much below my expectation. I was heartily tired before eleven o'clock. I then came home, and read a little of Homer in bed.

Walter's treatment of J. Collier.

June 23rd.—I called late on Mrs. John Collier. She informs me that Walter has been doing a very handsome thing by John Collier. He gave him a bank-note for £50, saying he need not return the surplus after paying the fees, and hoped that it would be some compensation for the inconvenience he had suffered by his imprisonment. Now, the fees amounted to not more than £14 or £15. This is very generous certainly.

Party at Godwin's.

July 6th.—I dined with Collier, and had a game of chess for an hour. I then looked over papers, &c., in chambers; and between seven and eight went to Godwin's by invitation. Charles and Mary Lamb were there, also Mr. Booth,—a singular character, not unlike Curran in person; a clever man, says Godwin, and in his exterior very like the Grub Street poet of the last century. I had several rubbers of whist. Charles Lamb's good-humour and playfulness made the evening agreeable, which would otherwise have been made uncomfortable by the painful anxiety visible in Mrs. Godwin, and suspected in Godwin. I came home late.

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Thomas Belsham.

July 7th.—I dined by invitation with Mr. Belsham. T. Stansfeld had written to me by Mr. Kenrick (a nephew of Mr. Belsham),* requesting me to give Mr. Kenrick letters of introduction to Germany. Kenrick left me the letter with an invitation from Belsham. I had an agreeable visit: a small party—Mr. and Miss Belsham, Spurrell, Senr., Martineau, Jardine,† a Mr. Reid, and Mr. Kenrick. We kept up a conversation with very little disputation. Belsham (and I joined him) defended Church Establishments, which he thought better than leaving religion to make its way alone.‡ He said, I think *my* Church ought to be established; but as that cannot be, I would rather the Anglican Church should be maintained, with all its errors and superstitions, than that the unlearned should be left at large, each man spreading abroad his own follies and absurdities.§ Kenrick opposed him, and had on some points the best of the argument. Jardine, and indeed all the party, were against Mr. Belsham and myself. We talked of animal magnetism, and told ghost stories, and ghosts seemed on the whole to be in credit.

Value of an Established Church.

John Kenrick.

July 8th.—Mr. Kenrick breakfasted with me. I was much pleased with him; he has been, and indeed still is, tutor at the Manchester New College, York, and is

* There was no actual relationship between Mr. Kenrick and Mr. Belsham; Mr. Kenrick's father married, as his second wife, the sister of Mr. Belsham.

† The Barrister, afterwards a Police Magistrate.

‡ Written in 1851.

§ Mr. Belsham's views on this subject were published in three sermons, entitled "Christianity pleading for the Patronage of the Civil Power, but protesting against the Aid of Penal Laws." Hunter, St. Paul's Churchyard, 1820.

going for a trip to Germany to improve in philological studies. He is a stanch Unitarian, with a deal of zeal, but is mild in his manners, a tenacious disputant, but courteous—a very promising young man.*

Memory and responsibility.

July 12th.—(At Bury.) I had an agreeable walk with Mrs. Kent over the skirts of Hardwick Heath—rather, enclosure—and home by the West Gate Street. Mrs. Kent was gradually brought to recollect scenes familiar to her in childhood, but I could recall few. How little do I recollect of my past life! and the idea often recurs to me that it seems difficult to reconcile responsibility with utter oblivion. Coleridge has the striking thought that possibly the punishment of a future life may consist in bringing back the consciousness of the past.

July 21st.—Mrs. Kent had left us in the morning. I therefore thought it right to dine with the magistrates; and I am glad I did so, as I had a pleasing day. We discussed the question, how far a barrister may lawfully try to persuade the Bench to a decision which he himself knows to be wrong. I endeavoured to establish this distinction, that an advocate may practise sophistry, though he may not misstate a case or a fact.

Casuistry of the Bar.

Anecdote of Goldsmith.

July 25th.—I breakfasted with Basil Montagu, and had an hour's pleasant chat with him. He related that Dr. Scott informed him that he waited on Oliver Goldsmith, with another gentleman, to make a proposal, on

* He is now the most learned of the English Unitarians, and has taken the lead in the free investigation of the Old Testament, presuming to apply to it, notwithstanding its sacred character, the rules of profane criticism. He has lately retired from presiding over the Manchester College.—H. C. R. 1851. H. C. R. had especially in view Mr. Kenrick's work on Primeval History.

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the part of Lord North, that Goldsmith should write on behalf of the Ministry. They found him in chambers in the Temple. He was offered any compensation he might desire. He said he could earn from the booksellers as much as his necessities required, and he would rather live without being obliged to any one. Scott told this story as a proof of Goldsmith's ignorance of the world.

Bull-baiting.

August 7th.—This was a morning of disappointment. I had intended to do my best in defending some Lavenham rioters for bull-baiting, but Burr cut the matter short by asserting that, though bull-baiting is a lawful sport, in an enclosure of private property, it could not be tolerated in the market-place of a town, over which there is a right of way. I endeavoured to contend that, if the bull-baiting had lasted from time immemorial, that fact must modify the right of way. I consented that a verdict of Guilty should be entered, on an engagement that no one should be brought up for judgment, even if the riot should be renewed next 5th November.

Increase of fees.

August 10th.—On the evening of my arrival at Norwich I was even alarmed at the quantity of business there. It exceeded, in fact, anything I ever had before. I had during these assizes seventeen briefs, of which *thirteen* were in *causes.** The produce, seventy-five guineas, including retainers, exclusive of the fee of an arbitration. This raises my fees on the circuit to *one hundred and thirty-four* guineas, a sum exceeding by twenty-nine guineas the utmost I ever before received. Of these causes I shall

* That is, not criminal cases.

mention three or four afterwards. I had one consultation this evening at Serjeant Blossett's, and I was engaged the rest of the time till late reading briefs.

Benecke.

*August 29th, Rem.**—This day commenced a valuable acquaintance with Mr. Benecke, of whom I think very highly, as among the most remarkable Germans I have ever known. I had received a letter from Poel of Altona, introducing to me a Miss Reinhardt, who wished to establish herself in England as a teacher of music. She was on a visit at the Beneckes'. I called on her, and was invited to dine with them soon after, and my acquaintance ripened into intimacy. Benecke was a man of great ability in various departments; he was a chemist, and in that science he had a manufactory, by which he lived. He had been engaged as the conductor of an Insurance Office at Hamburg, and wrote an elaborate work on the law of insurance in German, which in Germany is the great authority on the subject. This induced him, after our acquaintance, to write a small volume on the law of insurance in English, which I saw through the press. There was absolutely nothing to correct in the language. The book did not sell, but Lord Tenterden spoke well of it as a work of principle, and allowed it to be dedicated to him. But these were merely works and pursuits of necessity. He was a philosopher, and of the most religious character: he professed orthodoxy, but he would not have been tolerated by our high-and-dry orthodox. He had a scheme of his own, of which the foundation was—the belief in the pre-existence of every human being. His

Benecke's religious opinions.

* Written in 1851.

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Mankind were fallen angels.

speculation was, that every one had taken part in the great rebellion in a former state, and that we were all ultimately to be restored to the Divine favour. This doctrine of final restoration was the redeeming article of his creed. He professed to believe in the divinity of Christ, and when I put the question to him, he said, that he considered that doctrine as the most essential truth of religion; that God alone without Christ would be nothing to us; Christ is the *copula* by means of whom man is brought to God. Otherwise, the idea of God would be what the Epicureans deem it—a mere idle and empty notion. I believe Benecke was first led to think well of me by hearing me observe, what I said without any notion of his opinions, that an immortality *à parte post* supposed a like immortality *à parte ante;* and that I could not conceive of the creation in time of an imperishable immortal being.

Deity of Christ.

Immortality à parte ante.

Old times compared with the present.

September 13th.—I rode to London. During the ride I was strikingly reminded of the great improvement of the country within thirty or forty years. An old man, on the box, pointed out to me a spot near a bridge on the road, where about forty years ago the stage was turned over and seven people drowned; and he assured me that, when he was a boy, the road beyond Hounslow was literally lined with gibbets, on which were, in irons, the carcases of malefactors blackening in the sun. I found London all full of people, collected to receive Hunt* in triumph, and accompany him to the Crown and Anchor to a dinner,—a mere rabble, certainly, but it is a great and alarming evil that the

* "Orator" Hunt, the Radical, afterwards M.P. for Preston.

rabble should be the leaders in anything. I hear that when, in the evening, Hunt came, the crowds were immense, and flags were waved over him with "*Liberty or Death*" inscribed.

September 22nd.—I called on Talfourd for a short time. I dined with Collier and then hastened to Flaxman's. I had a very pleasant chat with him and Miss Denman.* He related an interesting anecdote of Canova. He had breakfasted with Canova at, I believe, Mr. Hope's, and then examined with him the marbles and antiques. Among them was a beautiful bust of Antoninus Pius. Flaxman pointed it out to Canova, on which Canova, without answering him, muttered to himself, with gesticulations of impatience, "I told him so,—I told him so,—but he would never take counsel." This was repeated several times in a fit of absence. At length Flaxman tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Whom did you tell so?" Of course, the conversation was in Italian. Receiving no reply, Flaxman pressed the question. "Why, Buonaparte," said he. "I observed to him repeatedly that the busts of Antoninus Pius were to be seen everywhere; they were to be found in every part of Italy in great abundance, he had made himself so beloved. But he would take no advice."—"And did you expect him to take any?" said Flaxman. Canova could not say that he did, but stated that the courtiers of Buonaparte were often astonished at the freedoms he took.

Canova.

Canova and Buonaparte.

Rem.†—Flaxman always spoke of Canova as a man

Flaxman on Canova.

* Miss Denman was Mrs. Flaxman's sister, and Flaxman's adopted daughter, by whom the Flaxman Gallery at University College was founded.

† Written in 1851.

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of great moral qualities, of which I believe he thought more highly than of his character as an artist.

October 2nd.—Colonel D'Arcy was at Masquérier's this evening—a very agreeable man, who has been some years in Persia. He explained to us the meaning of the signets so often mentioned in the Bible and Oriental writings. In Persia every man has three seals; a large one, with which he testifies his messages to an inferior; a small one, sent to a superior; and a middle-sized, for an equal. Every man has about him an Indian-ink preparation, and instead of signing his name, he sends an impression of his seal, as a proof that the messenger comes from him. Colonel D'Arcy speaks Persian fluently. He says it is a simple and easy language, as spoken, but the written language is blended with the Arabic, and is made complex and difficult.

Seals used in Persia.

October 12th.—I took an early breakfast, and a little after nine was in the King's Bench, Guildhall. There was a vast crowd already assembled to hear the trial of Carlile for blasphemy, which had attracted my curiosity also. The prosecution was for republishing Paine's "Age of Reason." The Attorney-General opened the case in an ordinary way. His pathos did not seem to flow from him, and his remarks were neither striking nor original. Carlile is a pale-faced, flat-nosed man, not unlike Schelling, but having no intellectual resemblance; though he has shown astonishing powers of voice, and a faculty of enduring fatigue that is far more wonderful than enviable. He does not appear in any respect a man of mind or originality. His exordium was an hour long, and was a mere rhapsodical defence.

Carlile tried for blasphemy.

His chief argument was derived from the late Trinity Bill,* which, said he, authorizes any one to attack the Trinity; and there being no statute law to declare what may *not* be attacked, anything may. He attacked the Attorney-General† as an ex-Unitarian, and was both pert and insolent in the matter, though not in the manner. He then set about reading the "Age of Reason" through, and therefore I left him.

October 13th.—I lounged for half an hour into Guildhall. I found Carlile on his legs: he had been speaking without interruption from half-past nine, and I heard him at half-past six, with no apparent diminution of force; but he merely read from paper, and what he said seemed very little to the purpose. He attempted a parallel between his case and Luther's, and asserted the right to preach Deism. I see no reason why he should not go on for a month in the same style.

October 14th.—I would have walked with H—— to hear some part of Carlile's trial, but it was just over. The man had been speaking for near three days, and this will be regarded by many people, I have no doubt, as a proof of great talent. He was, however, convicted, to my great satisfaction.

October 24th.—(At Bury.) I heard Mr. Fenner preach in the forenoon to about twenty persons. How our sensations influence our thoughts! The meeting-house striking my eye, and the voice of my old preceptor striking my ear, I was made serious, and almost melancholy.

* "An Act to relieve Persons who impugn the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity from certain Penalties." This was commonly called Mr. William Smith's Act.

† Gifford. *See* p. 49.

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New chambers.

November 10th.—I went early to Serjeant Frere's chambers, 3, King's Bench Walk, and agreed for a fourteen years' lease of them from next midsummer, at seventy-five guineas per annum. These chambers consist of one tolerably-sized room; a second, which by pulling down a partition may be made into a very comfortable room; and a third small room, which may be used by a clerk: three fireplaces. Between the two larger rooms is a small room, large enough to place a bed in, and convenient for that purpose: there is also a dark place, in which a bed has been placed for Frere's clerk and his wife, besides one or two lock-up places. The chambers, without being excellent, are yet good for their price, and I am pleased at the idea of occupying them. They are quite light, and look into a garden, and the staircase is handsome, compared with my present one.

Flaxman.

December 7th.—I dined at the Colliers', and then took tea with Flaxman tête-à-tête. He makes religion most amiable and respectable at the same time. A childlike faith is delightful in a man of distinguished genius. He spoke of his fortune, and without ostentation he said he had by God's providence prospered; but he must add (what he would say to few but me), that no man who had worked for him had been in want, when sick or dying.

His piety and contentment.

*Rem.**—When Flaxman died, his effects were sworn to be worth under £4,000; and I have been in the habit of citing his comparative poverty as a disgrace to the country; for while he died worth £4,000, Chantrey

* Written in 1851.

died worth above £150,000. Such is the different reward for genius and useful talent!

The Reform question.

December 9th.—The bills now passing through Parliament will be, I fear, sad monuments of the intemperance of the Government and people. Reformers and Ministry alike exaggerate the alarm justly to be feared from the excesses of their adversary, and in so doing furnish a reasonable ground for a moderated apprehension. There are a few seditious spirits in the country who would raise a rebellion if they could, but they cannot; and there are some among the Ministry, perhaps, who would not scruple to give the Crown powers fatal to the liberties of the people. But neither the courts of law nor the people (who as jurymen concur in the administration of the law) would assist in a project destructive of liberty; nor would the Ministry themselves dare make a violent attempt. At the same time, the "Six Acts" are objectionable.*

* "Papers were laid before Parliament containing evidence of the state of the country, which were immediately followed by the introduction of further measures of repression—then designated, and since familiarly known as, the 'Six Acts.' The first deprived defendants, in cases of misdemeanour, of the right of traversing: to which Lord Holland induced the Chancellor to add a clause, obliging the Attorney-General to bring defendants to trial within twelve months. By a second it was proposed to enable the court, on the conviction of a publisher of a seditious libel, to order the seizure of all copies of the libel in his possession; and to punish him, on a second conviction, with fine, imprisonment, banishment, or transportation. By a third, the newspaper stamp duty was imposed upon pamphlets and other papers containing news, or observations on public affairs; and recognizances were required from the publishers of newspapers and pamphlets for the payment of any penalty. By a fourth, no meeting of more than fifty persons was permitted to be held without six days' notice being given by seven householders to a resident justice of the peace; and all but freeholders or inhabitants of the county, parish, or township, were prohibited from attending, under penalty of fine and imprisonment. The justice could change the proposed time and place of meeting: but no meeting

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A libel by H. C. R. in the Times.

December 15th.—I spent this forenoon, like too many of the preceding, loungingly. I called on Walter, after being at the Book Auction. He informed me of what I never knew before, that the *Times* was prosecuted once for a libel of my writing; but the prosecution was dropped. He did not inform me of the circumstance at the time, thinking, probably, the intelligence would pain me. I do not know whether I am to consider this an honour or not, as I am ignorant whether the libel was an observation on, or the misstatement of, a fact.

Covent Garden.

December 18th.—I dined at Collier's, and then went to Covent Garden. I had rather more pleasure than usual. The "Comedy of Errors" is better to see than read: besides, a number of good songs by Miss Stephens* and others are introduced. The two Dromios, Liston and Farren, though not sufficiently alike (nor did they strive to be so, for neither would adopt the other's peculiarities), afforded amusement, and the incidents, barring the improbability, pass off pleasantly enough. Some fine scenery is introduced, though out of character

Miss Stephens, Liston, and Farren.

was permitted to adjourn itself. Every meeting tending to incite the people to hatred and contempt of the King's person or the government and constitution of the realm was declared an unlawful assembly; and extraordinary powers were given to justices for the dispersion of such meetings and the capture of persons addressing them. If any person should be killed or injured in the dispersion of an unlawful meeting, the justice was indemnified. Attending a meeting with arms, or with flags, banners, or other ensigns or emblems, was an offence punishable with two years' imprisonment. Lecture and debating rooms were to be licensed, and open to inspection. By a fifth, the training of persons in the use of arms was prohibited; and by a sixth, the magistrates in the disturbed counties were empowered to search for and seize arms."—MAY'S *Constitutional History*, Vol. II. 199, 200.

* Afterwards Countess of Essex.

and costume. The scene is in Ephesus, and yet one of the paintings is the Piazza of Venice, &c.

Chambers and books.

December 25th.—Christmas Day. I spent this festival not in feasting, but very agreeably, for, like a child, I was delighted in contemplating my new toy. I was the whole forenoon occupied, after writing some of the preceding Mems., in collecting books, &c., in my old, and in arranging them in my new, chambers. The putting in order is a delightful occupation, and is at least analogous to a virtue. Virtue is the love of moral order; and taste, and cleanliness, and method are all connected with the satisfaction we have in seeing and putting things where they ought to be.

Trial of Sir Thomas More.

December 26th.—I read the trial of Sir Thomas More. It is quite astonishing that the understanding and the courage of men could be so debased as they appear to have been in the reign of Henry VIII. I doubt whether the legislation of any other country has an instance of an enormity so gross and absurd as that of rendering it a capital offence to refuse answering a question: yet for this offence the Lord Chancellor was put to death,—a man of incorruptible integrity,—a martyr. Yet he was himself a persecutor, having superintended the infliction of torture.

New chambers.

I am at length settled in my new chambers, and though my books are not yet put in order, I have a comfortable fire, and a far more pleasing scene from my window and within my room than I had in my former apartments.

A retrospect.

December 28th.—The satisfaction I have in changing my residence is accompanied by the serious reflection that I cannot reasonably expect so much enjoyment, and

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such uninterrupted ease, as I enjoyed in Essex Court. During my six years' residence there I have not once been kept awake at night by pain of mind or body, nor have I ever sat down to a meal without an appetite. My income is now much larger than it was when I entered those chambers, and my health is apparently as firm. I have lost no one source of felicity. I have made accessions to my stock of agreeable companions, if not friends. I have risen in respectability, by having succeeded to a certain extent in my profession, though perhaps not so greatly as some of my friends expected. But then I have grown six years older, and human life is so short, that this is a large portion. This reflection, I say, is a serious one, but it does not sadden me.

*Rem.**—Let me add merely this—that I believe I could have written the same in 1829.† We shall see, if I go so far in these Reminiscences. This year I took no journey.

* Written in 1851.

† The first year after H. C. R.'s retirement from the Bar.

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—
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CHAPTER V.

ON ELTON HAMOND [WITH NOTE].

1820.

January 1st.—No New Year ever opened to me with an event so tragical as that which occurred this morning. Nor indeed has my journal contained any incident so melancholy.

Death of Hamond.

I had scarcely begun my breakfast, when two men, plain in dress but respectable in appearance, called on me, and one of them said, in a very solemn tone, "Pray, sir, do you know a Mr. Elton Hamond?"—"Yes, very well."—"Was he a particular friend of yours?" My answer was, "He has destroyed himself."

Hamond's early life.

*Rem.**—I have heretofore omitted to write of Hamond, postponing till this awful catastrophe all I have to say of him. He was born in 1786, and was the eldest of two sons of a tea-dealer, who lived in the City. He had also sisters. His father died in 1807, leaving him sole executor; and being the eldest,—at least of the sons,—and a man of imposing and ingratiating manners, he was looked up to by his family. I became acquainted with him through the Aikins—I cannot say precisely *when*, but soon after my return from Germany. His elder sister lived many years with Mrs. Barbauld.

* Written in 1851.

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H. C. R.'s acquaintance with Hamond.

When I first visited him he lived in Milk Street, where his father had carried on the business. Some time afterwards Hamond told me that in order to set an example to the world of how a business should be carried on, and that he might not be interfered with in his plans, he turned off the clerks and every servant in the establishment, including the porter, and I rather think the cook. There could be but one result. The business soon had to be given up. His perfect integrity no one doubted. Indeed, his character may be regarded as almost faultless, with the exception of those extravagances which may not unreasonably be set down to the account of insanity. When he was satisfied that he was right, he had such an overweening sense of his own judgment, that he expected every one to submit to his decision; and when this did not take place, he was apt to consider the disobedience as criminal. On this account he broke off acquaintance with his family and nearly all his friends.

Hamond's character.

Hamond's belief that he was to be the greatest of men.

I have only to relate some illustrations, which will be found curious, of this unhappy state of mind. When he was about eleven years old, he said to his sister, "Sister Harriet, who is the greatest man that ever lived?" She said, "Jesus Christ." He replied, "No bad answer,—but I shall be greater than Jesus Christ." His after-misery lay in this, that while he had a conviction that he was to have been, and ought to have been, the greatest of men, he was conscious that in fact he was not. And the reason assigned by him for putting an end to his life was, that he could not condescend to live without fulfilling his proper vocation.

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His malady lay in a diseased endeavour to obey the injunction, "Nosce teipsum." He was for ever writing about himself. Hundreds of quarto pages do I possess, all full of himself and of his judgment respecting his friends. And he felt it to be his duty to make his unfavourable opinion known to the friends themselves, in a way which, save for the knowledge of his infirmity, would have been very offensive.*

Jeremy Bentham, &c.

In the anxious pursuit of self-improvement, he sought the acquaintance of eminent men, among whom were Jeremy Bentham and his brother, General Bentham, James Mill, the historian of India, and Sir Stamford Raffles, governor of Java. On Sir Stamford he made a demand of the most ridiculous kind, maintaining that as Sir Stamford owed everything to his father, he, Sir Stamford was morally bound to give Hamond one-half of what he acquired in his office as Governor. Sir Stamford gave him an order on his banker for £1,000, which Hamond disdained to take. He went to Scotland and made the acquaintance of Dugald Stewart. The eminent philosopher and professor wisely advised him

Dugald Stewart.

* As an instance of the sort of authority he assumed over his friends, I may mention that, when the reduction of the 5 per cent. stock to 4½ was in contemplation, I had entertained an opinion in favour of the reduction, on which we had some discussion. In a few days he wrote me a letter, saying that he deemed my opinion so mischievous, that, if I gave any publicity to it, he should be obliged to renounce my further acquaintance. I replied that I honoured the firmness with which on all occasions he did what he deemed right, regardless of all consequences to himself, but that he must allow me to follow his example, and act on *my own* sense of right—not his; and that, in consequence, I had that morning sent a letter to the *Times* in support of my opinion. Whether the letter appeared I do not know; but, at all events, what I wrote to Hamond had its just weight. He took no offence at my resistance. Nor was he offended at the course I took on account of my suspicion of his intention to destroy himself.

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to think nothing about himself, which poor Elton most characteristically misinterpreted. He wrote in his diary: "I do think nothing of myself—I know that I am nothing." That this was his sincere opinion is shown in a letter, in which, recommending his own papers to Southey's careful perusal, with a view to publication, he says, "You will see in them the writings of a man who was in fact nothing, but who was near becoming the greatest that ever lived." This was the mad thought that haunted him. After he left Milk Street, he took a house at Hampstead, where his younger sister lived with him.

The Chief Baron Pollock.

At the time of my first acquaintance, or growing intimacy with Hamond, Frederick Pollock, now the Lord Chief Baron, was his friend. There was no jealousy in Hamond's nature, and he loved Pollock the more as he rose in reputation. He wrote in his journal: "How my heart burned when I read of the high degree taken by Pollock at Cambridge!"*

In 1818 I visited him at Norwood, where I found him lodging in a cottage, and with no other occupation than the dangerous one of meditation on himself. He journalized his food, his sleep, his dreams. His society consisted of little children, whom he was fond of talking to. From a suspicion that had forced itself on my mind, I gave him notice that if he destroyed himself, I should consider myself released from my undertaking to act as his trustee. I think it probable that this caused him to live longer than he would otherwise have done. It also occasioned his application to Southey to take

* He was Senior Wrangler.

charge of his papers. One of Southey's letters to him was printed in the poet's life; unfortunately, I cannot find the other.* To Anthony Robinson, to whom I had introduced him, Hamond said that he was on the point of making a discovery, which would put an end to physical and moral evil in the world.

Hamond's conduct and character.

In justice to his memory, and that no one who reads this may misapprehend his character, I ought not to omit adding, that his overweening sense of his own powers had not the effect which might have been expected on his demeanour to the world at large. He was habitually humble and shy, towards inferiors especially. He quarrelled once with a friend (Pollock)† for not being willing to join him in carrying a heavy box through the streets of London for a poor woman. His generous offer of an annuity to W. Taylor,‡ when he was reduced in circumstances, has been made known in the Life of Taylor. Reference has already been made (p. 42, Vol. II.) to his refusal of a private secretaryship to a

* The other has been found among H. C. R.'s papers; and both are contained in the Note to this chapter.

† The name has been given by Sir Frederick Pollock himself, who has kindly looked through this chapter in proof, and stated some details. The woman's burden was a large tray to be carried from Blackfriars' Bridge to the Obelisk. "It was on a Sunday, I think, just after morning church. I offered to join in "paying one or two porters to help the woman, but what he insisted on was "that we should *ourselves* do it." Sir Frederick adds: "Hamond had in the "highest degree *one* mark of insanity, *viz.* an utter disregard of the opinion "of all the rest of the world on any point on which he had made up his own "mind. He was once on the Grand Jury at the Old Bailey, and presented *as* "*from himself alone* (all the rest of the jury dissenting) the manner in which "the witnesses were sworn. I was present, and became from that moment "satisfied that he was insane." "Hamond's case is worth recording; it was "not a commonplace malady."

‡ Of Norwich. *Vide* "Memoir of William Taylor of Norwich," Vol. II. p. 357.

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colonial chief justice, on the ground of the obligation involved to tell a lie and write a lie every day, subscribing himself the humble servant of people he did not serve, and towards whom he felt no humility. Various eligible offers were made to him, but rejected for reasons which made it too probable that he could be brought to consent to nothing. The impractical notions he had of veracity are shown in an inscription written by him for his father's tombstone. He objected to the date 18—, because, unless it was added, *of the Christian era*, no one could know in which era his father had lived. His grossest absurdities, however, had often a basis of truth, which it was not difficult to detect. I conclude, for the present, with a sentiment that leaves an impression of kindness mingled with pity:—"Had I two thousand a year, I would give one half for birds and flowers."

The inquest.

On the 4th of January the coroner's inquest was held; Pollock and I attended. We did not, however, offer ourselves as witnesses, not being so ready as others were to declare our conviction that Elton Hamond was insane. To those who *think*, this is always a difficult question, and that because the question of sane or insane must always be considered with a special reference to the relation in which the character, as well as the act, is viewed.

The neighbours very sincerely declared their belief in Hamond's insanity, and related anecdotes of absurdities that would not have weighed with wise men. We did not fear the result, and were surprised when the coroner came to us and said, "The jury say they have

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no doubt this poor gentleman was insane, but they have heard there was a letter addressed to them, and they insist on seeing it." On this I went into the room, and told the jury that I had removed the letter, in order that they should not see it. This at first seemed to offend them, but I further said that I had done this without having read the letter. It had been sealed and given to relations, who would certainly destroy it rather than allow it to be made public. I informed them of the fact that a sister of Mr. Hamond had died in an asylum, and mentioned that his insanity manifested itself in a morbid hostility towards some of his relations. I reminded them of the probability that any letter of the kind, if read in public, would be soon in the papers; and I put it to them, as a serious question, what their feelings would be if in a few days they heard of another act of suicide. The words were scarcely out of my mouth before there was a cry from several of the jury, "We do not wish to see it." And ultimately the verdict of insanity was recorded. The coroner supported me in my refusal to produce the letter.

Cast of Hamond's face.

Gooch directed a cast of Hamond's face to be taken. It was one of the handsomest faces I ever saw in a cast. Afterwards it was given to me, and I gave it to Hamond's sister, Harriet. The same man who took this mask, an Italian, Gravelli, took a mask of a living friend, who complained of it as unsatisfactory. It was, in truth, not prepossessing. The Italian pettishly said, "You should be dead!—you should be dead!"

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SOUTHEY TO H. C. R.

My dear Sir,

I shall not easily get your letter out of my thought. Some years ago I dined with E. H. at Gooch's, and perfectly remember his quiet melancholy and meditative manner. The two letters which he addressed to me respecting his papers were very ably written, and excited in me a strong interest. Of course, I had no suspicion who the writer could be; but if I had endeavoured to trace him (which probably would have been done had I been in town), Gooch is the person whom I should have thought most likely to have helped me in the inquiry.

The school which you indicate is an unhappy one. I remember seeing a purblind man at Yarmouth two-and-twenty years ago, who seemed to carry with him a contagion of such opinions wherever he went. Perhaps you may have known him. The morbific matter was continually oozing out of him, and where it passes off in this way, or can be exploded in paradoxes and freaks of intellect, as by William Taylor, the destructive effect upon the heart is lessened or postponed. But when it meets with strong feeling, and an introspective introactive mind, the Aqua Toffana is not more deadly.

Respecting the papers, I can only say, at present, that I will do nothing with them that can be injurious either to the dead or the living. When I receive any application upon the subject, I shall desire them to be deposited at my brother's, to await my arrival in town, where I expect to be early in March, and to continue about two months, some ten days excepted; and it is

better that they should be in London, where I can consult with you. You will see by the letter to me (which I will take with me to town) what his wishes were. Consistently with these wishes, with his honour, and with the feelings of his friends, I hope it may be possible to record this melancholy case for wholesome instruction. He says to me,—"You may perhaps find an interest in making a fair statement of opinions which you condemn, when quite at liberty, as you would be in this case, to controvert them in the same page. I desire no gilt frame for my picture, and if by the side of it you like to draw another, and call mine a Satyr and your own Hyperion, you are welcome. A *true* light is all that I require—a *strong* light all that I wish."

Having no suspicion of his intentions, I supposed him to be in the last stage of some incurable disease, and addressed him as one upon the brink of the grave. If one of the pencil readings which you have transcribed were written since February last, it would show that my last letter had made some impression upon him, for I had assured him of my belief in ghosts, and rested upon it as one proof of a future state. There was not the slightest indication of insanity in his annunciation to me, and there was an expression of humility, under which I should never have suspected that so very different a feeling was concealed. God help us! frail creatures that we are.

As my second letter was not noticed by him, I had supposed that it was received with displeasure, and perhaps with contempt. It rather surprises me, therefore, that he should have retained the intention of com-

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mitting his papers to my disposal, little desirous as I was of the charge. Nevertheless, I will execute it faithfully; and the best proof that I can give of a proper feeling upon the subject, is to do nothing without consulting you.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours with much esteem,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Keswick, January 20.

Southey and Hamond's papers.

Southey came to me in the March of this year, when he visited London. I soon satisfied him that the MSS. had no literary value, and he willingly resigned them to me.* In May of this year I wrote: "The more I read, the more I am convinced that they contain nothing which can benefit the world. They are not valuable either as works of art or as discoveries of truth.† They are merely manifestations of an individual mind, revealing its weaknesses." Yet I must qualify this by saying that Hamond wrote with feeling, and, being in earnest, there was an attractive grace in his style. But it raised an expectation which he could not fulfil. Southey appears to have formed a high opinion of him; he was, however, not aware that, though Hamond could write a beautiful sentence, he was incapable of continuous thought. Some extracts from Hamond's letters and papers I mean to annex to these Reminiscences as *pièces justificatives.*

* These MSS. are now in the hands of H. C. R.'s executors. An account of them, and some extracts, will be found in a Note to this chapter.

† The scheme for the reformation of the world seems to consist in a number of moral precepts, and has in it no originality.

NOTE.

The papers now in the hands of the executors consist of—(A), "Life. Personal Anecdotes. Indications of Character." (B), "Letters of Farewell." (C), "Miscellaneous Extracts." (D), "Extracts from Journal, &c." (E), "Extracts. Scheme of Reforming the World, &c." (F), "On Education, Character, &c." (G), "Ethics." Also various letters by E. H. and others. Those by himself include the long one, finished only a few minutes before his death. Among the letters from others to him, are several by Jeremy Bentham on business matters—(1809—1819), and a larger number by Maria Edgeworth, on matters of personal interest—(1808—1811). As Mr. Robinson did not make the extracts he proposed, the following are given as among the most interesting :—

When I was about eight or ten I promised marriage to a wrinkled cook we had, aged about sixty-five. I was convinced of the insignificance of beauty, but really felt some considerable ease at hearing of her death about four years after, when I began to repent my vow.

I always said that I would do anything to make another happy, and told a boy I would give him a shilling if it would make him happy; he said it would, so I gave it him. It is not to be wondered at that I had plenty of such applications, and soon emptied my purse. It is true I rather grudged the money, because the boys laughed rather more than I wished them. But it would have been inconsistent to have appeared dissatisfied. Some of them were generous enough to return the money, and I was prudent enough to take it, though I declared that if it would make them happy I should be sorry to have it back again.

At the age of eighteen I used to amuse myself with thinking on how many followers I could muster on a state emergency. I reckoned Abbot, Charles, Edward Deacon, Charles Mills, H. Jeffreys, and the Millers. I was then profuse of my presents, and indifferent to my comforts. I was shabby in my appearance, loved to mix with the lowest mob, and was sometimes impatiently desirous of wealth and influence. I remembered that Cæsar walked carelessly and part drunken along the streets, and I felt myself a future Cæsar. The decencies of life I laughed at. I was proud to recollect that I had always expected to be great since I was twelve years old.

I cannot remain in society without injuring a man by the tricks of commerce, or the force which the laws of honour sometimes require. I must quit it. I would rather undergo twice the danger from beasts and ten times the danger from rocks. It is not pain, it is not death, that I dread—it is the hatred of a man; there is something in it so shocking that I would rather submit to any

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injury than incur or increase the hatred of a man by revenging it; and indeed I think this principle is pretty general, and that, as Mr. Reynolds says, "No, I don't want to fight, but it is to please Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Tomkins that I must fight."

To H. C. ROBINSON.

Silver Street,
20 *Oct.* 1813.

My dear Robinson,

I leave you all my papers, with entire liberty to preserve, destroy, lend, or publish all or any of them as you please; you will, I know, take care that no one suffers unjustly or improperly by anything that I have written about him. There are passages in some of my early journals which might, I think, be injurious to my brother in a manner that he never at all merited. Any expressions injurious to ——— I have no wish that you should conceal: in general, I may say that I should like everybody of whom I have expressed any opinion to be acquainted with it. The chief philosophical value of my papers (most of them utterly worthless in every other respect) I conceive to be that they record something of a mind that was very near taking a station far above all that have hitherto appeared in the world. Rely upon this, I am quite certain of it, that nothing but my sister Harriet's confidence and sympathy,* and such things as are easily procured, was wanting to enable me to fulfil my early and frequent vow to be the greatest man that had ever lived. I never till last May saw my course clearly, and then all that I wanted to qualify me for it I was refused. I leave my skull to any craniologist that you can prevail upon to keep it. Farewell! my dear friend; you have thought more justly of me than anybody has; maintain your sentiments; once more, farewell! I embrace you with all my heart.

E. HAMOND.

June 29th, 1817.—It is provoking that the secret of rendering man perfect in wisdom, power, virtue, and happiness should die with me. I never till this moment doubted that some other person would discover it, but I now recollect that, when I have relied on others, I have always been disappointed. Perhaps none may ever discover it, and the human race has lost its only chance of eternal happiness.

Another sufficient reason for suicide is, that I was this morning out of temper with Mrs. Douglas (for no fault of hers). I did not betray myself in the least,

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* She would have been willing to devote her life to him, but he required that she should implicitly adopt his opinions.—H. C. R.

but I reflected that to be exposed to the possibility of such an event once a year was evil enough to render life intolerable. The disgrace of using an impatient word is to me overpowering.

A most sufficient reason for dying is, that if I had to write to Sir John Lubbock or Mr. Davey, I should be obliged to begin "Dear Sir," or else be very uncomfortable about the consequences. I am obliged to compromise with vice. At present (this is another matter), I must either become less sensible to the odiousness of vice, or be entirely unfit for all the active duties of life. Religion does but imperfectly help a man out of this dilemma.

SOUTHEY TO ELTON HAMOND.

Sir, *Keswick*, 5 *Febry.* 1819.

I lose no time in replying to your extraordinary letter. If, as you say, the language of your papers would require to be recast, it is altogether impossible for me to afford time for such an undertaking. But the style of your letter leads me to distrust your opinion upon this point; and if the papers are written with equal perspicuity, any change which they might undergo from another hand would be to their injury. It appears, therefore, to me that they would only require selection and arrangement.

Now, sir, it so happens that I have works in preparation of great magnitude, and (unless I deceive myself) of proportionate importance. And there must be many persons capable of preparing your manuscripts for the press, who have time to spare, and would be happy in obtaining such an employment. There may possibly also be another reason why another person may better be applied to on this occasion. The difference between your opinions and mine might be so great, that I could not with satisfaction or propriety become the means of introducing yours to the public. This would be the case if your reasonings tended to confound the distinctions between right and wrong, or to shake the foundations of religious belief. And yet I think that if there had been a great gulph between us you would hardly have thought of making me your editor. Indeed, if there had not been something in your letter which seems to make it probable that I should feel a lively interest in the transcript of your thoughts and feelings, my answer would have been brief and decisive.

I should like to see a specimen of the papers, such as might enable me to form a judgment of them; more than this I cannot say at present. I cannot but admire the temper of your letter. You are looking wisely and calmly toward the grave; allow me to add a fervent hope that you may also be looking with confidence and joy beyond it.

Believe me, Sir,

Yours with respect,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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SOUTHEY TO ELTON HAMOND.

Keswick, 2 March, 1819.

Your letter, my dear sir, affects me greatly. It represents a state of mind into which I also should have fallen had it not been for that support which you are not disposed to think necessary for the soul of man. I, too, identified my own hopes with hopes for mankind, and at the price of any self-sacrifice would have promoted the good of my fellow-creatures. I, too, have been disappointed, in being undeceived; but having learnt to temper hope with patience, and when I lift up my spirit to its Creator and Redeemer, to say, not with the lips alone but with the heart, Thy will be done, I feel that whatever afflictions I have endured have been dispensed to me in mercy, and am deeply and devoutly thankful for what I am, and what I am to be when I shall burst my shell.

O sir! religion is the one thing needful—without it no one can be truly happy (do you not *feel* this?): with it no one can be entirely miserable. Without it, this world would be a mystery too dreadful to be borne, our best affections and our noblest desires a mere juggle and a curse, and it were better, indeed, to be nothing than the things we are. I am no bigot. I believe that men will be judged by their actions and intentions, not their creeds. I am a Christian, and so will Turk, Jew and Gentile be in Heaven, if they have lived well according to the light which was vouchsafed them. I do not fear that there will be a great gulph between you and me in the world which we must both enter; but if I could persuade you to look on towards that world with the eyes of faith, a change would be operated in all your views and feelings, and hope and joy and love would be with you to your last breath—universal love—love for mankind, and for the Universal Father into whose hands you are about to render up your spirit.

That the natural world by its perfect order displays evident marks of design, I think you would readily admit; for it is so palpable, that it can only be disputed from perverseness or affectation. Is it not reasonable to suppose that the moral order of things should in like manner be coherent and harmonious? It is so, if there be a state of retribution after death. If that be granted, every thing becomes intelligible, just, beautiful, and good. Would you not, from the sense of fitness and of justice, wish that it should be so? And is there not enough of wisdom and of power apparent in the creation to authorize us in inferring, that whatever upon the grand scale would be best, therefore must be? Pursue this feeling, and it will lead you to the Cross of Christ.

I never fear to avow my belief that warnings from the other world are sometimes communicated to us in this, and that absurd as the stories of apparitions generally are, they are not always false, but that the spirits of the dead have sometimes been permitted to appear. I believe this because I cannot refuse my assent to the evidence which exists of such things, and to the universal consent of all men who have not *learnt* to think otherwise. Perhaps you will not despise this as a mere superstition when I say that Kant, the profoundest

thinker of modern ages, came by the severest reasoning to the same conclusion. But if these things are, there is a state after death;—and if there be a state after death, it is reasonable to presume that such things should be.

You will receive this as it is meant. It is hastily and earnestly written—in perfect sincerity—in the fulness of my heart. Would to God that it might find the way to yours! In case of your recovery, it would reconcile you to life, and open to you sources of happiness to which you are a stranger.

But whether your lot be for life or death—dear sir,—

God bless you!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To JOSEPH ———.

Norwood, 31st December, 7 o'clock, 1819.

My dear Joseph,

I fear that my late letters have offended and perplexed you; but I am convinced you will forgive all that you have thought amiss in them, and in the author of them, when you are told that he is—don't be shock'd, my dear Joseph—*no more.* I am somewhat disturbed, while I think of the pain which this may give you, as I shed tears over my poverty when I saw Pollock cry about it, although it was not, neither is the present moment, painful to me. I have enjoyed my dinner, and been saying "good-bye" to my poor acquaintance as I met them, and running along by moonlight to put a letter in the Post-office, and shall be comfortable—not to say merry—to the last, if I don't oppress myself with farewell letters, of which I have several still to write. I have much indeed to be grateful to you for, but I dare not give way to tender feelings.

Your letters, as you know, will be offered to Southey, with all my other papers, to do the best he can and chooses with. . . . . .

Good-bye to you!

E. H.

TO H. C. R. UNDER THE NAME OF ROVISO.

Norwood, 31 *Dec.* 1819.

(8 *o'clock in the evening.*)

Dear Roviso,

I am stupified with writing, and yet I cannot go my long journey without taking leave of one from whom I have received so much kindness, and from whose society so much delight. My place is booked for a passage in Charon's boat to-night at twelve. Diana kindly consents to be of the party. This is handsome of her. She was not looked for on my part. Perhaps she is willing to acknowledge my obedience to her laws by a genteel compliment. Good. The gods, then, are grateful. Let me imitate their example, and thank you for the long, long list of kind actions that I know of, and many more which I don't know of, but believe without knowing.

Go on—be as merry as you can. If you can be religious, good; but don't

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sink the man in the Christian. Bear in mind what you know to be the just rights of a fellow-creature, and don't play the courtier by sacrificing your fellow-subjects to the imaginary King of heaven and earth. I say imaginary—because he is known only by the imagination. He may have a real existence. I would rather he had. I have very little hopes of my own future fate, but I have less fear. In truth, I give myself no concern about it—why should I? why fumble all through the dictionary for a word that is not there?

But I have some more good-byes to say.

I have left a speech for the gentlemen of the inquest. Perhaps the driver of the coach may be able to tell you what is going on. On Monday my landlord, Mr. Williams, of the Secretary's Office, E. I. House, will probably be in town at a little after nine. Mind you don't get yourself into a scrape by making an over-zealous speech if you attend as my counsel. You may say throughout, "The culprit's defence is this." Bear in mind, that I had rather be thrown in a ditch than have a disingenuous defence made.

I take the liberty of troubling you with the enclosed. The request it contains is the last trouble I shall ask of you. Once more, good-bye!

Yours gratefully and affectionately,

ELTON HAMOND.

TO THE CORONER AND THE GENTLEMEN WHO WILL SIT ON MY BODY.

Norwood, 31st Decr. 1819.

Gentlemen,

To the charge of self-murder I plead not guilty. For there is no guilt in what I have done. Self-murder is a contradiction in terms. If the King who retires from his throne is guilty of high treason; if the man who takes money out of his own coffers and spends it is a thief; if he who burns his own hayrick is guilty of arson; or he who scourges himself of assault and battery, then he who throws up his own life may be guilty of murder,—if not, not.

If anything is a man's own, it is surely his life. Far, however, be it from me to say that a man may do as he pleases with his own. Of all that he has he is a steward. Kingdoms, money, harvests, are held in trust, and so, but I think less strictly, is life itself. Life is rather the stewardship than the talent. The King who resigns his crown to one less fit to rule is guilty, though not of high treason; the spendthrift is guilty, though not of theft; the wanton burner of his hayrick is guilty, though not of arson; the suicide who could have performed the duties of his station is perhaps guilty, though not of murder, not of felony. They are all guilty of neglect of duty, and all, except the suicide, of breach of trust. But I cannot perform the duties of my station. He who wastes his life in idleness is guilty of a breach of trust; he who puts an end to it resigns his trust,—a trust that was forced upon him,—a trust which I never accepted, and probably never would have accepted. Is this

felony? I smile at the ridiculous supposition. How we came by the foolish law which considers suicide as felony I don't know; I find no warrant for it in Philosophy or Scripture. It is worthy of the times when heresy and apostacy were capital offences; when offences were tried by battle, ordeal, or expurgation; when the fine for slaying a man was so many shillings, and that for slaying an ass a few more or less.

Every old institution will find its vindicators while it remains in practice. I am an enemy to all hasty reform, but so foolish a law as this should be put an end to. Does it become a jury to disregard it? For juries to disregard their oaths for the sake of justice is, as you probably know, a frequent practice. The law places them sometimes in the cruel predicament of having to choose between perjury and injustice: whether they do right to prefer perjury, as the less evil, I am not sure. I would rather be thrown naked into a hole in the road than that you should act against your consciences. But if you wish to acquit me, I cannot see that your calling my death accidental, or the effect of insanity, would be less criminal than a jury's finding a £10 Bank-of-England note worth thirty-nine shillings, or premeditated slaying in a duel simple manslaughter, both of which have been done. But should you think this too bold a course, is it less bold to find me guilty of being *felo de se* when I am not guilty at all, as there is no guilt in what I have done? I disdain to take advantage of my situation as culprit to mislead your understandings, but if you, in your consciences, think premeditated suicide no felony, will you, upon your oaths, convict me of felony? Let me suggest the following verdict, as combining liberal truth with justice:—"Died by his own hand, but not feloniously." If I have offended God, it is for God, not you, to enquire. Especial public duties I have none. If I have deserted any engagement in society, let the parties aggrieved consign my name to obloquy. I have for nearly seven years been disentangling myself from all my engagements, that I might at last be free to retire from life. I am free to-day, and avail myself of my liberty. I cannot be a good man, and prefer death to being a bad one—as bad as I have been and as others are.

I take my leave of you and of my country condemning you all, yet with true honest love. What man, alive to virtue, can bear the ways of the best of you? Not I, you are wrong altogether. If a new and better light appears, seek it; in the meantime, look out for it. God bless you all!

ELTON HAMOND.

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CHAPTER VI.

Death of Mrs. Flaxman.

February 6th.—Mrs. Flaxman died. A woman of great merit, and an irreparable loss to her husband. He, a genius of the first rank, is a very child in the concerns of life. She was a woman of strong sense, and a woman of business too—the very wife for an artist. Without her, he would not have been able to manage his household affairs early in life. *Now*, his sister and the youngest sister of his wife will do this for him.

February 19th.—Went to Drury Lane for the first time this season. I was better pleased than usual. Though Braham is growing old, he has lost none of his fascination in singing two or three magnificent songs in "The Siege of Belgrade." But he shared my admiration with a new actress, or rather singer, who will become, I have no doubt, a great favourite with the public—a Madame Vestris. She is by birth English, and her articulation is not that of a foreigner; but her looks, walk, and gesticulations are so very French, that I almost thought myself in some Parisian theatre. She has great feeling and naïveté in her acting, and I am told is a capital singer. I know that she delighted me.

Madame Vestris.

Flaxman.

March 4th.—Took tea at Flaxman's. I had not seen him since his loss. There was an unusual tenderness in

his manner. He insisted on making me a present of several books, Dante's Penitential Psalms and [a blank in the Diary], both in Italian, and Erasmus's Dialogues, as if he thought he might be suddenly taken away, and wished me to have some memorial of him. The visit, on the whole, was a comfortable one. I then sat an hour with Miss Vardill, who related an interesting anecdote of Madame de Staël. A country girl, the daughter of a clergyman, had accidentally met with an English translation of "Delphine" and "Corinne," which so powerfully affected her in her secluded life, as quite to turn her brain. And hearing that Madame de Staël was in London, she wrote to her, offering to become her attendant or amanuensis. Madame de Staël's secretary, in a formal answer, declined the proposal. But her admirer was so intent on being in her service in some way, that she came up to London, and stayed a few days with a friend, who took her to the great novelist, and, speaking in French, gave a hint of the young girl's mind. Madame de Staël, with great promptitude and kindness, administered the only remedy that was likely to be effectual. The girl almost threw herself at her feet, and earnestly begged to be received by her. The Baroness very kindly, but decidedly, remonstrated with her on the folly of her desire. "You may think," she said, "it is an enviable lot to travel over Europe, and see all that is most beautiful and distinguished in the world; but the joys of home are more solid; domestic life affords more permanent happiness than any that fame can give. You have a father—I have none. You have a home—I

Madame de Staël.

Anecdote.

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was led to travel because I was driven from mine. Be content with your lot; if you knew mine, you would not desire it." With such admonitions she dismissed the petitioner. The cure was complete. The young woman returned to her father, became more steadily industrious, and without ever speaking of her adventure with Madame de Staël, silently profited by it. She is now living a life of great respectability, and her friends consider that her cure was wrought by the only hand by which it could have been effected.

Judge Buller.

March 7th.—Dined with the Judge (Graham). Among the most eminent judges of the last generation was Mr. Justice Buller. He and Baron Graham were of the same standing at College. Graham said to-day, that though Buller was a great lawyer, he was ignorant on every subject but law. He actually believed in the obsolete theory that our earth is the centre of the universe.

Gibbon and Schlegel compared.

April 7th.—Arrived at Bury before tea. My brother and sister were going to hear an astronomical lecture. I stayed alone and read a chapter in Gibbon on the early history of the Germans. Having previously read the first two lectures of Schlegel, I had the pleasure of comparison, and I found much in Gibbon that I had thought original in Schlegel. Their views differ slightly; for the most part in the higher character given by Schlegel to the Germans, the correctness of which I had doubted. It seems absurd to ascribe great effects to the enthusiastic love of nature by a people otherwise so low in civilization. But probably he is justified in the opinion that the Goths were to no great

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degree the bringers of barbarism. He considers them the great agents in the renovation of society.

Kean as Lear.

April 26th.—An invitation from Aders to join him in one of the orchestra private boxes at Drury Lane. There was novelty in the situation. The ease and comfort of being able to stand, sit, or loll, have rather the effect of indisposing the mind to that close attention to the performance which is necessary to full enjoyment. Kean delighted me much in Lear, though the critics are not satisfied with him. His representation of imbecile age was admirable. In the famous imprecation scene he produced astonishing effect by his manner of bringing out the words with the effort of a man nearly exhausted and breathless, rather *spelling* his syllables than forming them into words. "How sharp-er-than-a-serp-ent's-tooth-it-is," &c., &c. His exhibition of madness was always exquisite. Kean's defects are lost in this character, and become almost virtues. He does not need vigour or grace as Lear, but passion—and this never fails him. The play was tolerably cast. Mrs. W. West is an interesting Cordelia, though a moderate actress. And Rae is a respectable Edgar. I alone remained of the party to see "The King and the Miller (of Mansfield)." But I heard scarcely any part, for the health of the King being drunk, a fellow cried out from the shilling gallery—"The Queen!" The allusion was caught up, and not a word was heard afterwards. The cries for the health of the Queen were uttered from all quarters, and as this demand could not be complied with, not a syllable more of the farce was audible.

Popular feeling respecting the Queen of George IV.

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Wordsworth and C. Lamb.

June 2nd.—At nine I went to Lamb's, where I found Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth. Lamb was in a good humour. He read some recent compositions, which Wordsworth cordially praised. Wordsworth seemed to enjoy Lamb's society. Not much was said about his own new volume of poems. He himself spoke of "The Brownie's Cell"* as his favourite. It appears that he had heard of a recluse living on the island when there himself, and afterwards of his being gone, no one knew whither, and that this is the fact on which the poem is founded.

Peter Bell.

June 11th.—Breakfasted with Monkhouse. Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth there. He has resolved to make some concessions to public taste in "Peter Bell." Several offensive passages will be struck out, such as, "Is it a party in a parlour," &c., which I implored him to omit before the book first appeared. Also the over-coarse expressions, "But I will bang your bones," &c. I never before saw him so ready to yield to the opinion of others. He is improved not a little by this in my mind. We talked of Haydon. Wordsworth wants to have a large sum raised to enable Haydon to continue in his profession. He wants £2,000 for his great picture. The gross produce of the exhibition is £1,200.†

Haydon.

* Vol. III. p. 44. Edition 1857.

† Haydon exhibited his great picture of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem" at the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly. It was opened to the public March 27th. Wordsworth's face was introduced, "A Bowing Head;" also "Newton's Face of Belief," and "Voltaire's Sneer." The exhibition continued open till November, by which time £1,547 8*s.* had been received in shillings at the doors, and £212 19*s.* 6*d.* paid for sixpenny catalogues. The picture is now in America. During the exhibition in London a gentleman asked if £1,000 would buy it, and was told, "No."—*Autobiography of Haydon*, Vol. I. p. 337.

Exhibition of English portraits.

June 19th.—Went to the British Gallery, where a collection of English portraits was exhibited.* Very interesting, both as works of art and as memorials of eminent persons. Certainly such a gallery is calculated to raise a passion for biography, though some of the portraits rather tend to produce historical scepticism, than to confirm the impressions which have been handed down to us. I was really displeased to see the name of the hated Jeffreys put to a dignified and sweet countenance, that might have conferred new grace on some delightful character. This, however, was the most offensive violation of probability.

Wordsworth.

June 21st.—After taking tea at home I called at Monkhouse's, and spent an agreeable evening. Wordsworth was very pleasant. Indeed he is uniformly so now. And there is absolutely no pretence for what was

* This very interesting exhibition, and the first of its kind, was opened in May of this year at the British Institution, Pall Mall. It comprised 183 portraits of the most eminent historical characters, almost entirely British, and the catalogue, with a well-considered preface, contained biographical accounts of the persons represented. In the year 1846 another portrait exhibition was held at the same institution, but not with commensurate success. The pictures then amounted to 215 in number, and the catalogue was destitute of biographical notices. A more extensive and extremely well-organized collection of national portraits formed part of the great Art-Treasures Exhibition at Manchester, in 1857. These, exclusive of many choice portraits in other departments of the Exhibition, amounted to 386. Many of these paintings were of considerable size. These portrait gatherings have, however, been far distanced by the successive exhibitions of national portraits, under Government auspices, at South Kensington, which extended over the last three years, and combined in the aggregate no fewer than 2,846 pictures. The greater part of these portraits were of the highest authenticity, and the catalogues were remarkable both for the conciseness and comprehensiveness of the information which they afforded. Mr. Robinson's words in the text above have been signally verified. The portrait of Lord Chancellor Jeffreys was painted by Riley, and contributed by the Earl of Winchelsea. That of John, Duke of Marlborough, was by Kneller, and contributed by the Marquis of Stafford.

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always an exaggerated charge against him, that he could talk only of his own poetry, and loves only his own works. He is more indulgent than he used to be of the works of others, even contemporaries and rivals, and is more open to arguments in favour of changes in his own poems. Lamb was in excellent spirits. Talfourd came in late, and we stayed till past twelve. Lamb was at last rather overcome, though it produced nothing but humorous expressions of his desire to go on the Continent. I should delight to accompany him.

June 24th.—Took Miss Wordsworth to the British Gallery. A second contemplation of these historic portraits certainly adds to their effect. To-day there was an incident which somewhat gratified me. The Duke of Wellington was there, and I saw him looking at the portrait of the Duke of Marlborough. A lady was by his side. She pointed to the picture, and he smiled. Whether the compliment was to his person or to his military glory I cannot tell. Though Marlborough has the reputation of having been as distinguished in the ball-room as in the field of battle, the portrait is neither beautiful nor interesting. The Duke of Wellington's face is not flexible or subtle, but it is martial, that is, sturdy and firm. I liked him in dishabille better than in his robes at the chapel of his palace in the Rue St. Honoré.

Wellington and Marlborough.

June 27th.—Went to Lamb's, found the Wordsworths there, and having walked with them to Westminster Bridge, returned to Lamb's, and sat an hour with Macready, a very pleasing man, gentlemanly in his manners, and sensible and well informed.

Macready in society.

July 8th.—I rode early (from Hadleigh) to Needham in a post-chaise, to be taken on by the Ipswich coach to Bury. I had an agreeable ride, and was amused by perusing Gray's letters on the Continent, published by Mason.* His familiar epistolary style is quite delightful, and his taste delicate without being fastidious. I should gladly follow him anywhere, for the sake of remarking the objects he was struck by, but I fear I shall not have it in my power this year.

Gray's letters.

July 18th.—(At Cambridge on circuit.) After a day's work at Huntingdon, I had just settled for the evening, when I was agreeably surprised by a call from Miss Lamb. I was heartily glad to see her, and accompanying her to her brother's lodgings, I had a very pleasant rubber of whist with them and a Mrs. Smith. An acceptable relief from circuit society.

Miss Lamb.

July 20th.—I had nothing to do to-day, and therefore had leisure to accompany Lamb and his sister on a walk behind the colleges. All Lamb's enjoyments are so pure and so hearty, that it is an enjoyment to see him enjoy. We walked about the exquisite chapel and the gardens of Trinity.

C. Lamb at Cambridge.

July 31st, August 1st.—It is now broad daylight, and I have not been to bed. I recollected Lord Bacon's recommendation of occasional deviation from regular habits, and though I feel myself very tired (after making preparations for my journey on the Continent), and even sleepy at half-past four, yet I shall recover, I trust, in the course of the day.

Lord Bacon.

* "Works, containing his Poems and Correspondence. To which are added, Memoirs of his Life and Writings, by W. Mason, M.A." London, 1807. A new edition in 1820.

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SWISS TOUR WITH THE WORDSWORTHS.

*Rem.**—This account of my first tour in Switzerland may not improperly be compared to the often-cited performance of "Hamlet," with the character of Hamlet left out. The fact being that every place in Switzerland is known to every one, or may be, from the innumerable books that have been published, the names are sufficient, and I shall therefore content myself with relating the few personal incidents of the journey, and a very few particulars about places. What I have to say will probably disappoint the reader, who may be aware that the journey was made in the company of no less a person than the poet Wordsworth. [If there are fewer of Wordsworth's observations than might be expected, the clue may perhaps be in the fact stated elsewhere, that "he was *a still man when he enjoyed himself*."—ED.]

He came to London with Mrs. and Miss Wordsworth in the month of June, partly to be present at the marriage of Mrs. Wordsworth's kinsman, Mr. Monkhouse, with Miss Horrocks, of Preston, in Lancashire, and to accompany them in a marriage tour. I was very much gratified by a proposal to be their companion on as much of the journey as my circuit would permit. It was a part of their plan to go by way of the Rhine, and it was calculated (justly, as the event showed) that I might, by hastening through France, reach them in time to see with them a large portion of the beauties of Switzerland.

Mr. Wordsworth published on his return a small volume, entitled, "Memorials of a Tour on the Con-

* Written in 1851.

tinent," one of the least popular of his works. Had it appeared twenty years afterwards, when his fame was established, the reception would have been very different.

Walduck the Quaker.

I left London on the 1st of August, and reached Lyons on the 9th. On the journey I had an agreeable companion in a young Quaker, Walduck, then in the employ of the great Quaker chemist, Bell, of Oxford Street. It was his first journey out of England. He had a pleasing physiognomy, and was stanch to his principles, but discriminating. Walking together in one of the principal streets of Lyons, we met the *Host*, with an accompanying crowd. "You must pull off your hat, Walduck."—"I will die first!" he exclaimed. As I saw some low fellows scowling, and did not wish to behold an act of martyrdom, *I* pulled off his hat.

Quaker scruples.

Afterwards, passing by the cathedral, I said to him, "I must leave you here, for I won't go in to be insulted." He followed me with his hat off. "I thought you would die first!"—"Oh, no; here I have no business or right to be. If the owners of this building choose to make a foolish rule that no one shall enter with his hat, they do what they have a legal right to do, and I must submit to their terms. Not so in the broad highway." The reasoning was not good, but one is not critical when the conclusion is the right one practically. Passing the night of the 10th on the road, we reached Geneva late on the 11th. On the 13th we went to Lausanne, where Walduck left me. On the 14th I went to Berne. I rose before five, and saw the greater part of the town before breakfast. It is one of the most singular places

Berne.

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I ever saw. It stands on a sort of peninsular elevation formed by the River Aare, and consists of two or three long streets, with a few others intersecting them. The houses are of freestone, and are built in part on arches, under which there is a broad passage, with shops within. No place, therefore, can be cooler in summer or warmer in winter. In the middle of the streets there is a channel with a rapid stream of water.

About the town there are fountains in abundance, crowned with statues of armed men, Swiss heroes. And there are gross and whimsical representations of bears* on several of the public buildings. Two living bears are kept in a part of the fosse of the town. I walked to the Enge Terrace, from which the view of the Bernese Alps is particularly fine. The people are as picturesque as the place. The women wear black caps, fitting the head closely, with prodigious black gauze wings: Miss Wordsworth calls it the butterfly cap. In general, I experienced civility enough from the people I spoke to, but one woman, carrying a burthen on her head, said sharply, on my asking the way, "Ich kann kein Welsch" (I can't speak any foreign language). And on my pressing the question, being curious to see more of her, and at last saying, "Sie ist dumm" (she is stupid), she screamed out, "Fort, fort" (go along).

Goddard.

On the 15th I went to Solothurn, and an acquaintance began out of which a catastrophe sprang. In the stage between Berne and Solothurn, which takes a circuit through an unpicturesque, flat country, were two very interesting young men, who I soon learned

* The arms of the town.

were residing with a Protestant clergyman at Geneva, and completing their education. The elder was an American, aged twenty-one, named Goddard. He had a sickly air, but was intelligent, and not ill-read in English poetry. The other was a fine handsome lad, aged sixteen, of the name of Trotter, son of the then, or late, Secretary to the Admiralty. He was of Scotch descent. They were both genteel and well-behaved young men, with the grace communicated by living in good company. We became at once acquainted,—I being then, as now, *young* in the facility of forming acquaintance. We spent a very agreeable day and evening together, partly in a walk to a hermitage in the neighbourhood, and took leave of each other at night,—I being bound for Lucerne, they for Zürich. But in the morning I saw, to my surprise, my young friends with their knapsacks in their hands ready to accompany me. Goddard said, with a very amiable modesty, "If you will permit us, we wish to go with you. I am an admirer of Wordsworth's poems, and I should be delighted merely to see him. Of course I expect no more." I was gratified by this proposal, and we had a second day of enjoyment, and this through a very beautiful country. My expectations were not disappointed. I had heard of the Wordsworth party from travellers with whom we met. I found my friends at the Cheval Blanc. From them I had a most cordial reception, and I was myself in high spirits. Mrs. Wordsworth wrote in her journal: "H. C. R. was drunk with pleasure, and made us drunk too." My companions also were kindly received.

The Wordsworths.

I found that there was especial good luck attending

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The extortionate guide.

my arrival. Wordsworth had met with an impudent fellow, a guide, who, because he would not submit to extortion, had gone off with the ladies' cloaks to Sarnen. Now it so happened that one of our fellow-travellers this day was the Statthalter of Sarnen. I spoke to him before we went to bed, and we arranged to go to Sarnen the next day. We rose at four o'clock, had a delightful walk to Winkel, embarked there on the lake, sailed to Alpnach, and then proceeded on foot. The judge was not betrayed into any impropriety. He had heard Mr. Wordsworth's story, and on going to the inn, he, without suffering Mr. Wordsworth to say a word, most judiciously interrogated the landlord, who was present when the bargain was made. He confirmed every part of Mr. Wordsworth's statement. On this, the Statthalter said, "I hear the man has not returned, a fact which shows that he is in the wrong. I know him to be a bad fellow. He will be home this evening, you may rely on it, and you shall have the cloaks to-morrow." Next day the man came, and was very humble.

Wooden bridges at Lucerne.

Wordsworth and I returned to dinner, and found my young friends already in great favour with the ladies. After dinner we walked through the town, which has no other remarkable feature than the body of water flowing through it, and the several covered wooden bridges. In the angles of the roof of these bridges there are paintings on historical and allegorical subjects. One series from the Bible, another from the Swiss war against Austria, a third called the Dance of Death. The last is improperly called, for Death does not force his

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partner to an involuntary waltz, as in the famous designs which go by Holbein's name, but appears in all the pictures an unwelcome visitor. There are feeling and truth in many of the conceptions, but the expression is too often ludicrous, and too often coarsely didactic.*

Travelling plans.

August 18th.—Proceeded on our journey. I purchased a knapsack, and sent my portmanteau to Geneva. All the party were, in like manner, put on short commons as to luggage, and our plan of travelling was this: in the plains and level valleys we had a char-à-banc, and we *walked* up and down the mountains. Once only we hired mules, and these the guides only used. Our luggage was so small, even for five (Mrs. Monkhouse and Miss Horrocks did not travel about with the rest of the party), that a single guide could carry the whole.

The Rigi.

We sailed on the lake as far as Küsnacht, the two young men being still our companions; and between two and three we began to ascend the Rigi, an indispensable achievement in a Swiss tour. We engaged beds at the Staffel, and went on to see the sun set, but we were not fortunate in the weather. Once or twice there were gleams of light on some of the lakes, but there was little charm of colouring. After an early and comfortable supper we enjoyed the distant lightning; but it soon became very severe, and some of the rooms of the hotel were flooded with rain. Our rest was

* The XXXVIII. Poem of the "Memorials" was written while the work was in the press, and at H. C. R.'s suggestion that Mr. Wordsworth should write on the bridges at Lucerne. This will appear in a letter by Miss Wordsworth in 1822.

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disturbed by a noisy party, who, unable to obtain beds for themselves, resolved that no one else should enjoy his. The whole night was spent by them in an incessant din of laughing, singing, and shouting. We were called up between three and four A.M., but had a very imperfect view from this "dread summit of the Queen of Mountains"—Regina montium. The most beautiful part of the scene was that which arose from the clouds below us. They rose in succession, sometimes concealing the country, and then opening to our view dark lakes, and gleams of very brilliant green. They sometimes descended as if into an abyss beneath us. We saw a few of the snow-mountains illuminated by the first rays of the sun.

My journal simply says: "After breakfast our young gentlemen left us." I afterwards wrote, "We separated at a spot well suited to the parting of those who were to meet no more. Our party descended through the valley of our 'Lady of the Snow,' and our late companions went to Arth. We hoped to meet in a few weeks at Geneva."

Accident to Goddard.

I will leave the order of time, and relate now all that appertains to this sad history. The young men gave us their address, and we promised to inform them when we should be at Geneva, on our return. But on that return we found that poor Goddard had perished in the lake of Zürich, on the third day after our leave-taking on the Rigi.

I heard the story from Trotter on the 23rd of September. They had put themselves in a crazy boat; and a storm arising, the boat overset. It righted itself,

but to no purpose. Trotter swam to the shore, but Goddard was not seen again. Trotter was most hospitably received by a Mr. Keller, near whose house the catastrophe took place. The body was cast ashore next day, and afterwards interred in the neighbouring churchyard of Küsnacht. An inscription was placed near the spot where the body was found, and a mural monument erected in the church. At the funeral a pathetic address was delivered by the Protestant clergyman, which I read in the Zürich paper. We were all deeply impressed by the event. Wordsworth, I knew, was not fond of drawing the subjects of his poems from occurrences in themselves interesting, and therefore, though I urged him to write on this tragic incident, I little expected he would. There is, however, a beautiful elegiac poem by him on the subject.* [To the later editions there is prefixed a prose introduction. This I wrote. Mr. Wordsworth wrote to me for information, and I drew up the account in the first person.]

Wordsworth's elegiac poem on Goddard.

"And we were gay, our hearts at ease;
With pleasure dancing through the frame
We journeyed; all we knew of care—
Our path that straggled here and there;
Of trouble—but the fluttering breeze;
Of Winter—but a name.
If foresight could have rent the veil
Of three short days—but hush—no more!
Calm is the grave, and calmer none
Than that to which thy cares are gone,
Thou victim of the stormy gale;
Asleep on Zürich's shore.
Oh, Goddard!—what art thou?—a name—
A sunbeam follow'd by a shade."

Goddard's sister.

In a subsequent visit to Switzerland I called at

* Poems of the Imagination, Vol. III. p. 169, Poem XXXIII.

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Mr. Keller's, and saw some of the ladies of the house, who gave me full particulars. I afterwards became acquainted, in Italy, with Goddard's nearest surviving relative, a sister, then married to a Mr. ———. The winter preceding I was at Rome, when a Mrs. Kirkman, the wife of an American gentleman, once Principal of Harvard College, asked me whether I had ever known a Mr. Goddard, her countryman. On my answering in the affirmative, she said, "I am sorry to hear it, for there has been a lady here in search of you. However, she will be here again on her return from Naples." And in a few months I did see her. It was Goddard's sister. She informed me that Wordsworth's poem had afforded her mother great comfort, and that she had come to Europe mainly to collect all information still to be had about her poor brother; that she had seen the Kellers, with whom she was pleased, and that she had taken notes of all the circumstances of her brother's fate; that she had seen Trotter, had been to Rydal Mount, and learned from Wordsworth of my being in Italy. She was a woman of taste, and of some literary pretensions.

Trotter.

On my return to England, I was very desirous to renew my acquaintance with Trotter, but I inquired after him in vain. After a time, when I had relaxed my inquiries, I heard of him accidentally—that he was a stock-broker, and had married a Miss Otter, daughter of the Bishop of Chichester. I had learned this just before one of the balloting evenings at the Athenæum —when, seeing Strutt there, and beginning my inquiries about his brother-in-law, he stopped them by saying,

"You may ask himself, for there he is. He has been a member of the Athenæum these twelve years!" He called to Trotter, "Here is a gentleman who wants to speak with you."—"Do you recollect me?"—"No, I do not."—"Do you recollect poor Goddard?"—"You can be no one but Mr. Robinson." We were glad to see each other, and our acquaintance was renewed. The fine youth is now the intelligent man of business. He has written a pamphlet on the American State Stocks. Many years ago he came up from the country, travelling fifty miles to have the pleasure of breakfasting with Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth at my apartments.

Our Lady of the Snow.

To go back to the 19th of August, after parting from our young companions we proceeded down the valley in which is the chapel dedicated to our Lady of the Snow, the subject of Wordsworth's nineteenth poem. The preceding eighteen have to do with objects which had been seen before I joined the party. The elegiac stanzas are placed near the end of the collection, I know not for what reason. The stanzas on the chapel express poetically the thoughts which a prosaic mind like mine might receive from the numerous votive offerings hung on the walls. There are pictures representing accidents,—such as drowning, falling from a horse, and the Mother and the Child are in the clouds,—it being understood that the escape proceeded from her aid. Some crutches with painted inscriptions bear witness to the miracles wrought on the lame.

> "To thee, in this aërial cleft,
> As to a common centre, tend
> All sufferers that no more rely
> On mortal succour—all who sigh

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And pine, of human hope bereft,
Nor wish for earthly friend.
* * * * * *
Thy very name, O Lady! flings
O'er blooming fields and gushing springs
A tender sense of shadowy fear,
And chastening sympathies!"

Goldau. We passed the same day through Goldau, a desolate spot, once a populous village, overwhelmed by the slip from the Rossberg.

Schwyz. On the 20th at Schwyz, which Wordsworth calls the "heart" of Switzerland, as Berne is the "head."* Passing through Brunnen, we reached Altorf on the 21st, the spot which suggested Wordsworth's twentieth effusion.† My prose remark on the people shows the sad difference between observation and fancy. I wrote: "These patriotic recollections are delightful when genuine, but the physiognomy of the people does not speak in favour of their ancestors. The natives of the district have a feeble and melancholy character. The women are afflicted by goître. The children beg, as in other Catholic cantons. The little children, with cross-bows in their hands, sing unintelligible songs. Probably Wilhelm Tell serves, like Henri Quatre, as a name to beg by." But what says the poet?—

"Thrice happy burghers, peasants, warriors old,
Infants in arms, and ye, that as ye go
Home-ward or school-ward, ape what ye behold;
Heroes before your time, in frolic fancy bold!"

"And when that calm Spectatress from on high
Looks down—the bright and solitary moon,

* Poem XXI. of the "Memorials."

† "Effusion in Presence of the Painted Tower of Tell at Altorf."

Who never gazes but to beautify;
And snow-fed torrents, which the blaze of noon
Roused into fury, murmur a soft tune
That fosters peace, and gentleness recalls;
Then might the passing monk receive a boon
Of saintly pleasure from these pictured walls,
While, on the warlike groups, the mellowing lustre falls."

St. Gotthard.

We next crossed the St. Gotthard. Wordsworth thinks this pass more beautiful than the more celebrated [a blank here]. We slept successively at Amsteg on the 22nd, Hospenthal on the 23rd, and Airolo on the 24th.

Student. Ranz des Vaches.

On the way we were overtaken by a pedestrian, a young Swiss, who had studied at Heidelberg, and was going to Rome. He had his flute, and played the Ranz des Vaches. Wordsworth begged me to ask him to do this, which I did on condition that he wrote a sonnet on it. It is XXII. of the collection. The young man was intelligent, and expressed pleasure in our company. We were sorry when he took French leave. We were English, and I have no doubt he feared the expense of having such costly companions. He gave a sad account of the German Universities, and said that Sand, the murderer of Kotzebue, had many apologists among the students.

We then proceeded on our half-walk and half-drive, and slept on the 25th at Bellinzona, the first decidedly Italian town. We walked to Locarno, where we resisted the first, and indeed almost the only, attempt at extortion by an innkeeper on our journey. Our landlord demanded twenty-five francs for a luncheon, the worth of which could scarcely be three. I tendered a ducat (twelve francs), and we carried away our luggage. We had the good fortune to find quarters in a new house,

Extortion.

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the master of which had not been spoiled by receiving English guests.

Lake of Lugano.

On the 27th we had a row to Luino, on the Lago Maggiore, a walk to Ponte Tresa, and then a row to Lugano, where we went to an excellent hotel, kept by a man of the name of Rossi, a respectable man.

Our apartments consisted of one handsome and spacious room, in which were Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth, (this room fronted the beautiful lake); a small back room, occupied by Miss Wordsworth, with a window looking into a dirty yard, and having an internal communication with a two-bedded room, in which Monkhouse and I slept. I had a very free conversation with Rossi about the Queen, who had been some time in his house. It is worth relating here, and might have been worth making known in England, had the trial then going on had another issue. He told me, but not emphatically, that when the Queen came, she first slept in the large room, but not liking that, she removed to the back room. "And Bergami," said Rossi, "had the room in which you and the other gentleman sleep." —"And was there," I asked, "the same communication then that there is now between the two rooms?"—"Of course," he replied. "It was in the power, certainly, of the Queen and Bergami to open the door: whether it was opened or not, no one can say." He added, "I know nothing; none of my servants know anything." The most favourable circumstance related by Rossi was, that Bergami's brother did not fear to strike off much from the bill. He added, too, that the Queen was surrounded by *cattiva gente.*

Queen Caroline.

San Salvador.

On the 28th we took an early walk up the mountain San Salvador, which produced No. XXIV. of Wordsworth's Memorial Poems.* Though the weather was by no means favourable, we enjoyed a much finer view than from the Rigi. The mountains in the neighbourhood are beautiful, but the charm of the prospect lies in a glimpse of distant mountains. We saw a most elegant pyramid, literally in the sky, partly black, and partly shining like silver. It was the Simplon. Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa were seen in parts. Clouds concealed the bases, and too soon also the summits. This splendid vision lasted but a few minutes. The plains of Piedmont were hardly visible, owing to the black clouds which covered this part of the horizon. We could, however, see in the midst of a dark surface a narrow ribbon of white, which we were told was the Po. We were told the direction in which Milan lay, but could not see the cathedral.

Lake Como.

The same day we went on to Menaggio, on the Lake Como. This, in Wordsworth's estimation, is the most beautiful of the lakes. On the 29th and 30th we slept at Cadenabbia, and "fed our eyes"—

> "in paths sun-proof
> With purple of the trellis roof,
> That through the jealous leaves escapes
> From Cadenabbia's pendent grapes." †

The beds in which Monkhouse and I slept at Menaggio were intolerable, but we forgot the sufferings of

* Wordsworth speaks of the "prospect" as "more diversified by magnificence, beauty, and sublimity than perhaps any other point in Europe, of so inconsiderable an elevation (2,000 feet), commands."—*Introduction to Poem XXIV.*

† *Vide* Poem XXV. of the "Memorials."

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the night in the enjoyment of the morning. I wrote in my journal: "This day has been spent on the lake, and so much exquisite pleasure I never had on water. The tour, or rather excursion, we have been making surpasses in scenery all that I have ever made; and Wordsworth asserts the same. I write now from an inn where we have been served with all the promptitude of an English hotel, and with a neatness equal to that of Holland. But the pleasure can hardly be recorded. It consists in the contemplation of scenes absolutely indescribable by words, and in sensations for which no words have been even invented. We were lucky in meeting two honest fellows of watermen, who have been attentive and not extortionate. I will not enumerate the points of view and villas we visited. We saw nothing the guide-books do not speak of."

Milan.

On the 31st we slept at Como, and next day went to Milan, where we took up our abode at Reichardt's Swiss Hotel. We were, however, sent to an adjacent hotel to sleep, there being no bed unoccupied at Reichardt's. We arrived just before dinner, and were placed at the upper end of a table reserved for the English, of whom there were five or six present, besides ourselves. Here we made an acquaintance with a character of whom I have something to say.

A travelling acquaintance.

A knot of young persons were listening to the animated conversation of a handsome young man, who was rattling away on the topics of the day with great vivacity. Praising highly the German poets Goethe, Schiller, &c., he said, "Compared with these, we have not a poet worth naming." I sat opposite him, and

said, "Die gegenwärtige Gesellschaft ausgenommen" (the present company excepted). Now, whether he heard or understood me I cannot possibly say. If so, the rapidity with which he recovered himself was admirable, for he instantly went on—"When I say no one, I always except Wordsworth, who is the greatest poet England has had for generations." The effect was ludicrous. Mrs. Wordsworth gave me a nudge, and said, "He knows that's William." And Wordsworth, being taken by surprise, said, "That's a most ridiculous remark for you to make. My name is Wordsworth." On this the stranger threw himself into an attitude of astonishment—well acted at all events—and apologized for the liberty he had taken. After dinner he came to us, and said he had been some weeks at Milan, and should be proud to be our cicerone. We thought the offer too advantageous to be rejected, and he went round with us to the sights of this famous city. But though I was for a short time taken in by him, I soon had my misgivings; and coming home the first evening, Wordsworth said, "This Mr. ——— is an amusing man, but there is something about him I don't like." And I discovered him to be a mere pretender in German literature,—he knew merely the names of Goethe and Schiller. He made free with the names of our English literary notabilities, such as Shelley, Byron, Lamb, Leigh Hunt; but I remarked that of those I knew he took care to say no more. One day he went to Mrs. Wordsworth with a long face, and said he had lost his purse. But she was not caught. Some one else must have paid the piper. At Paris we met

Suspicions about the new acquaintance.

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the same gentleman again, and he begged me to lend him £15, as he had been robbed of all his money. I was enabled to tell him that I had that very morning borrowed £10. He was, however, more successful in an application to Monkhouse, who said, "I would rather lose the money than ever see that fellow again." It is needless to say he "lost his money and his friend," but did not, in the words of the song, "place great store on both." As usually happens in such cases, we learnt almost immediately after the money had been advanced, that Mr. ——— was a universal borrower. His history became known by degrees. He was an American by birth, and being forced to fly to England, he became secretary to a Scotchman, who left him money, that he might study the law. This money he spent or lost abroad, and it was at this stage that we fell in with him. He afterwards committed what was then a capital forgery, but made his escape. These circumstances being told in the presence of the manager of a New York theatre, he said, "Then I am at liberty to speak. I knew that fellow in America, and saw him with an iron collar on his neck, a convict for forgery. He had respectable friends, and obtained his pardon on condition that he should leave the country. Being one day in a box at Covent Garden, I saw him. Perceiving that I knew him, he came to me, and most pathetically implored me not to expose him. 'I am a reformed man,' said he; 'I have friends, and have a prospect of redeeming myself. I am at your mercy.' His appearance was not inconsistent with this account. I therefore said, 'I hope you are speaking the truth. I

A universal borrower.

Further intelligence of the universal borrower.

cannot be acquainted with you, but unless I hear of misconduct on your part in this country, I will keep your secret.'"

And his end.

Some time afterwards we heard that this reckless adventurer had died on a bed of honour—that is, was killed in a duel.

Milan.

I remained a week at Milan, where I fell in with Mrs. Aldebert, and renewed my acquaintance with her excellent brother, Mr. Mylius, who is highly honoured in very old age. Milan furnished Wordsworth with matter for three poems, on Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," "The Eclipse of the Sun" (which Monkhouse and I saw on our journey from Milan), and "The Column," a memorial of Buonaparte's defeated ambition.* I have very little to say, as I abstain from a description of the usual sights. I may, however, remark, that at the picture gallery at the Brera, three pictures made an impression on me, which was renewed on every subsequent visit:—Guercino's "Abraham and Hagar," Raphael's "Marriage of the Virgin," and Albani's "Oak Tree and Cupids."

Petrarch's copy of Virgil and its seizure by Napoleon.

At the Ambrosian Library we inspected the famous copy of Virgil which belonged to Petrarch. It has in the poet's own handwriting a note, stating when and where he first saw Laura. Wordsworth was deeply interested in this entry, and would certainly have requested a copy, if he had not been satisfied that he should find it in print. The *custos* told us that when Buonaparte came here first, and the book was

* Poems XXVI., XXVII., and XXIX. of the "Memorials."

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Leonardo da Vinci.

shown him, he seized it, exclaiming, "This is mine." He had it bound, and his own *N.* marked on it. It came back when the other plunder was restored. Another curiosity was a large book by Leonardo da Vinci, full of mechanical studies. Wordsworth was much struck with the fact that a man who had produced works of so great beauty and sublimity, had prepared himself by intense and laborious study of scientific and mathematical details. It was not till late that he ventured on beauty as exhibited in the human form.

Objects of interest at Milan.

Other objects of interest at Milan, which I never forgot, were the antique columns before the Church of St. Laurent; the exhibition of a grand spectacle, the siege of Troy, in the Amphitheatre, capable of holding 30,000 persons, which enabled me to imagine what Roman shows probably were; and the exquisite scenery of the Scala Theatre.

The celebrated picture of Leonardo da Vinci.

But the great attraction of this neighbourhood is the celebrated picture of Leonardo da Vinci in the refectory of the Convent of Maria della Grazia. After sustaining every injury from Italian monks, French soldiers, wet, and the appropriation of the building to secular purposes, this picture is now protected by the public sense of its excellence from further injury. And more remains of the original than from Goethe's dissertation I expected to see. The face of our Saviour appears to have suffered less than any other part. And the countenance has in it exquisite feeling; it is all sweetness and dignity. Wordsworth says—

"Tho' searching damps; and many an envious flaw,
Have marr'd this work; the calm ethereal grace,
The love deep-seated in the Saviour's face,
The mercy, goodness, have not fail'd to awe
The elements; as they do melt and thaw
The heart of the beholder."*

Some of the apostles have a somewhat caricature expression, which has been far better preserved in the several copies existing, as well as in the engraving of Raphael Morgen. There is a sort of mawkish sentimentality in the copies of St. John, which always offended me. There is less of it in the original. That and St. Andrew are the best preserved, next to the face of Christ.

On the 5th of September the Wordsworths went back to the lake of Como, in order to gratify Miss Wordsworth, who wished to see every spot which her brother saw in his first journey,—a journey made when he was young.

Varese.

On the 7th, Monkhouse and I went to Varese. As we approached the town we drew nigh the mountains. Varese is most delightfully situated. There is on a mountain, 2,000 feet high, a church with fifteen appendant chapels. To this we found peasants were flocking in great numbers, it being the eve of the birthday of the Virgin. We resolved to witness this scene of devotion, and our walk afforded me more delight than any single excursion I have yet made. For two miles the mountain is very steep. The fifteen chapels are towards the top, and beautiful, containing representations of the Passion of Christ in carved and painted

Festival on the eve of the Virgin's birthday.

* Poem XXVI. of the "Memorials."

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wood. The figures are as large as life, and at least very expressive. Though so closely resembling wax figures, they excited no disgust. On the contrary, I was highly pleased with the talent of the artists. The dragging of the cross, and the crucifixion, are deeply affecting. The spectator looks through iron grates, the apertures of which are purposely small. My view was imperfect, on account of the number of pious worshippers. Towards the top the crowd was immense. We sometimes had to jump over the bodies of men and women. The church I could scarcely enter. Hundreds of women were lying about with their provisions in baskets. The hats of the peasantry were covered with holy gingerbread mingled with bits of glass. Bands of people came up chanting after a sort of leader. This scene of devotion would have compensated for the walk; but we had, in addition, a very fine prospect. On one side the plains of Lombardy, studded with churches and villages, on another five or six pieces of water. In another direction we saw a mass of Alpine hills and valleys, glens, rocks, and precipices. A part of the lake of Lugano was prominently visible. To enjoy this view I had to ascend an eminence beyond the church. Our walk home, Monkhouse thought, was hardly less than six miles. We found our inn rather uncomfortable from the number of guests, and from the singing in the streets.

We rejoined the Wordsworths at Baveno on the 8th. Then we crossed the Simplon, resting successively on the 9th at Domo d'Ossola, 10th Simplon, 11th Turtman, and the 12th and 13th at the baths of Leuk.

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The pass of the Gemmi.

From this place we walked up the Gemmi, by far the most wonderful of all the passes of Switzerland I had ever, or have now ever, crossed. The most striking part is a mountain wall 1,600 feet in perpendicular height, and having up it a zigzag path broad enough to enable a horse to ascend. The road is hardly visible from below. A parapet in the more dangerous parts renders it safe. Here my journal mentions our seeing men employed in picking up bees in a torpid state from the cold. The bees had swarmed four days before. It does not mention what I well recollect, and Wordsworth has made the subject of a sonnet, the continued barking of a dog *irritated by the echo of his own voice.* In human life this is perpetually occurring. It is said that a dog has been known to contract an illness by the continued labour of barking at his own echo. In the present instance the barking lasted while we were on the spot.

"A solitary wolf-dog, ranging on
Through the bleak concave, wakes this wondrous chime
Of aëry voices lock'd in unison,—
Faint—far off—near—deep—solemn and sublime!—
So from the body of one guilty deed
A thousand ghostly fears and haunting thoughts proceed!" *

The Rhône valley.

On the 14th we slept at Martigny, having passed through the most dismal of all the valleys in Switzerland—the valley of the Rhône, and Sion,† the most ugly of all the towns. A barren country, and a town of large and frightful edifices. An episcopal town too. It looked poverty-struck.

I say nothing of Chamouni, where we slept two

* No. XXXI. of the "Memorials," "Echo upon the Gemmi."

† The painters, however, think it full of picturesque subjects.

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nights, the 15th and 16th; nor of the roads to it, but that the Tête Noire, by which we returned, is still more interesting than the Col de Balme, by which we went. Again at Martigny on the 17th. I should not have omitted to mention that, to add to the sadness produced by the Valais, Wordsworth remarked that there the Alps themselves were in a state of decay—crumbling to pieces. His is the line:—

"The human soul craves something that endures."

On the 18th we were at Villeneuve, and on the 19th and 20th at Lausanne. In the latter place I saw some relations of Mrs. H. Mylius, the Minnets, an agreeable family.

At Geneva I became acquainted with a Scotch M.D., a Dr. Chisholm, a very estimable man, with four very agreeable daughters. The mother an English lady in the best sense of the word. At Dr. Chisholm's house I met the celebrated historian Sismondi, who reminded me of Rogers, the poet. On the 23rd I sought out Mr. Pictet, to make what could not but be a melancholy call. I met Trotter on the road. He was affected when he saw me. We walked together to the city, and he gave me those details which I have already written. We had all been sincerely afflicted at Goddard's death. He was an amiable and interesting young man; and we could not help recollecting that it was his rencontre with me, and his desire to see Wordsworth, which occasioned his being at the lake of Zürich when the storm took place.

Sismondi.

In the afternoon I called on Mrs. Reeve.* She, too,

* The widow of Dr. Reeve, of Norwich, and mother of Mr. Henry Reeve, the translator of De Tocqueville.

had a sad tale to tell. She witnessed the departure of the party for Mont Blanc, among whom were the three guides who perished.*

September 24th.—In the morning much time lost in running about. After dinner we went to a delightful spot at Petit-Saconnex, where Geneva, the lake, Mont Blanc, were all seen illuminated by the setting sun. A very magnificent scene, which we all enjoyed.

The residence of Buffon.

On the 25th we left Geneva. On our way to Paris we visited Montbar, the residence of Buffon, a man of sufficient fame to render one curious to see the seat of his long retirement and study. We did not see the dwelling-house within, it being out of order, and his library and its furniture are dispersed; but we walked in the garden, and ascended a tower of considerable height as well as antiquity. This belonged to the royal family, and was purchased by the celebrated Buffon, who had changed the military castle into a modern château. The garden is of small extent, and consists of several broad terraces with very fine trees in them. The prospect is not particularly fine. The view embraces several valleys, but the surrounding hills are all of one height, and the valleys are cold and somewhat barren. Near the tower there is a small column, which the son of Buffon raised to his father's memory. The inscription was torn off during the Revolution. I thought more of the unfortunate son than of the father, for the son left this retreat (which his father preferred to the court), to perish on the scaffold at Paris. The heroism with which he died, saying only to the people

* In Dr. Hamel's well-known attempt to ascend Mont Blanc.

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"Je m'appelle Buffon," bespeaks an intense sense of his father's worth, and interests me more than the talents which gave the father celebrity.

Fontainebleau.

We passed through the forest of Fontainebleau. The part through which we rode is in no way remarkable—a mere collection of trees with avenues. No variety of surface. We alighted at the Ville de Lyon, where we were in all respects well satisfied with our entertainment. The château is a vast hunting-palace, built by a succession of French kings from Saint Louis downwards. Francis I. and Henry IV. are spoken of as having built the more prominent parts. It has no pretension to architectural beauty whatever. The apartments are curious—some from their antiquity, with painted roofs exhibiting the taste of ancient times—others from their splendour, with the usual decorations of satin hangings, gilt thrones, china tables, &c., &c. In a little plain room there is exhibited a table, which must be an object of great curiosity to those who are fond of associating the recollection of celebrated events with sensible objects. I have this feeling but feebly. Nevertheless I saw with interest the table on which Buonaparte signed his abdication in the year 1814. We were also shown the apartments in which the Pope was kept a prisoner for twenty months, for refusing to yield to Napoleon; from which apartments, the *concierge* assured us, he never descended. After an excellent dinner, we were shown some pleasing English gardens, laid out by Josephine.

The château at Fontainebleau.

A beggar.

On nearing Paris I answered the solicitations of a beggar by the gift of a most wretched pair of pantaloons.

He clutched them, and ran on begging, which showed a mastery of the craft. When he could get no more from the second carriage, he sent after me kisses of amusing vivacity. Our merriment was checked by the information of the postilion that this beggar was an *ancien curé*. We came to another sight not to be found in England—a man and woman actually yoked together, and harrowing. The sight was doubly offensive on Sunday, the day of rest, when we witnessed it. We cannot expect to make political economists of the peasantry, but professed thinkers ought to know that were the seventh day opened universally to labour, this would but lessen the value of the poor man's capital—his limbs.

Sunday labour.

At Fontainebleau we were awakened by the firing of cannon. The waiter burst into our room—"Voilà un Prince!" It was the birth of the now Duc de Bordeaux—perhaps one day the King of France.

Birth of a prince.

At Paris I renewed my old acquaintance, and saw the old sights. On the 8th I left the Wordsworths, who were intending to prolong their stay. On the 9th I slept at Amiens; on the 10th was on the road; on the 11th reached Dover; and on the 12th of October slept in my own chambers.

"And so," my journal says, "I concluded my tour in excellent health and spirits, having travelled farther, and seen a greater number and a greater variety of sublime and beautiful objects, and in company better calculated to make me feel the worth of these objects, than any it has been my good fortune to enjoy." Of that journal I must now say that it is the most meagre

End of the journey with the Wordsworths.

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and defective I ever wrote—perhaps from want of time. The most interesting details, and not the least true, have been written from memory, the journal giving me only the outlines. The fidelity of what I have written from recollection might be doubted; but that would be unjust.

The Indicator.

October 29th.—I was employed looking over law papers all the forenoon; I then walked in the rain to Clapton, reading by the way the *Indicator.** There is a spirit of enjoyment in this little work which gives a charm to it. Leigh Hunt seems the very opposite of Hazlitt. He loves everything, he catches the sunny side of everything, and, excepting that he has a few polemical antipathies, finds everything beautiful.

Dinner at H. Mylius'.

November 8th.—Spent the afternoon with H. Mylius, and dined there with a large party—English and foreign. Mr. and Mrs. Blunt, friends of Monkhouse, were there—she a sensible lively woman, though she ventured to ridicule the great poet. I suspect she has quarrelled with Monkhouse about him; for she says, "All Wordsworth's friends quarrel with those who do not like him." Is this so? And what does it prove?

Wordsworth.

November 9th.—In the afternoon called on Wordsworth. He arrived yesterday night in town after a perilous journey. He was detained nine days at Boulogne by bad weather, and on setting off from the port was wrecked. He gave himself up for lost, and

* A weekly publication edited by Leigh Hunt. It consists of a hundred numbers, and forms two vols. London, 1819-21.

had taken off his coat to make an attempt at swimming; but the vessel struck *within* the bar, and the water retired so fast that, when the packet fell in pieces, the passengers were left on land. They were taken ashore in carts.

H. C. R. hustled and robbed in the Strand.

November 13th.—In the evening I set out on a walk which proved an unlucky one. As I passed in the narrow part of the Strand, near Thelwall's, I entered incautiously into a crowd. I soon found myself unable to proceed, and felt that I was pressed on all sides. I had buttoned my greatcoat. On a sudden I felt a hand at my fob. I instantly pressed my hands down, recollecting I had Mrs. Wordsworth's watch in my pocket. I feared making any motion with my hands, and merely pressed my waistband. Before I could make any cry, I was thrown down (how, I cannot say). I rose instantly. A fellow called out, "Sir, you struck me!" I answered, "I am sorry for it,—I'm robbed, and that is worse." I was uncertain whether I had lost anything, but it at once occurred to me that this was a sort of protecting exclamation. I ran into the street, and then remarked, for the first time, that I had lost my best umbrella. I felt my watch, but my gold chain and seals were gone. The prime cost of what was taken was about eight guineas. On the whole, I escaped very well, considering all circumstances. Many persons have been robbed on this very spot, and several have been beaten and ill-treated in the heart of the City—and in the daytime. Such is the state of our police! My watch-chain was taken from me, not with the violence of robbery, or the secrecy of theft, but with a sort

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of ease and boldness that made me for a moment not know what the fellow meant. He seemed to be decently dressed, and had on a white waistcoat.

I called at Lamb's, where the Wordsworths were. I was in good spirits telling my tale. It is not my habit to fret about what happens to me through no fault of my own. I did not reproach myself on this occasion; and as the loss was not a serious inconvenience, it did not give me a moment's uneasiness.

Party at Masquerier's.

I then went to a large party at Masquerier's. There were whist-tables, dancing, beautiful drawings by Lewis, made on Masquerier's late journey, and some interesting people there. I saw, but had no conversation with, Lawrence, whose medical lectures have excited much obloquy on account of the Materialism obtruded in them.*

Dinner at Mr. Monkhouse's.

November 18th.—The afternoon was agreeable. I dined with the Wordsworths, and Lambs, and Mr. Kenyon, at Monkhouse's. It was an agreeable company and a good dinner, though I could not help sleeping. Wordsworth and Monkhouse either followed my example, or set me one, and Lamb talked as if he were asleep. Wordsworth was in excellent mood. His improved and improving mildness and tolerance must very much conciliate all who know him.

Wordsworth.

November 20th.—I was glad to accompany the Wordsworths to the British Museum. I had to wait for them in the anteroom, and we had at last but a

* Lectures on Physiology, Zoology, and the Natural History of Man. By William Lawrence. London: John Callord. 1819. The author recalled and suppressed this edition; but the work has since been repeatedly reprinted.

hurried survey of the antiquities. I did not perceive that Wordsworth much enjoyed the Elgin Marbles; but he is a still man when he does enjoy himself, and by no means ready to talk of his pleasure, except to his sister. We could hardly see the statues. The Memnon,* however, seemed to interest him very much. Took tea with the Lambs. I accompanied Mrs. and Miss Wordsworth home, and afterwards sat late with Wordsworth at Lamb's.

At Lamb's.

November 21st.—I went late to Lamb's, and stayed an hour there very pleasantly. The Wordsworths were there, and Dr. Stoddart. The Doctor was very civil. Politics were hardly touched on, for Miss Kelly† stepped in, thus drawing our attention to a far more agreeable subject. She pleased me much. She is neither young nor handsome, but very agreeable; her voice and manner those of a person who knows her own worth, but is at the same time not desirous to assume upon it. She talks like a sensible woman. Barry Cornwall, too, came in. Talfourd also there.

Miss Kelly.

November 29th.—Being engaged all day in court, I

* This formed no part of the Elgin Collection. It is the colossal Egyptian head of Rameses II., supposed to be identical with the Sesostris of the Greeks, and was known when first brought to the British Museum as the Memnon. This head, one of the finest examples of Egyptian art in Europe, was removed by Belzoni in 1815, and presented to the Museum by Messrs. H. Salt and Burckhardt, in 1817.

† Miss Kelly, born at Brighton in 1790, attained great popularity as an actress in performing characters of a domestic kind. She was twice shot at on the stage. Charles Lamb, in 1818, addressed her in the lines beginning:

"You are not Kelly of the common strain."

One of her best performances was in the melodrama of "The Maid and the Magpie," subsequently referred to. Miss Kelly built the small theatre in Dean Street, Soho, and latterly devoted her time to preparing pupils for the stage.

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Queen Caroline's visit to St. Paul's.

saw nothing of the show of the day—the Queen's visit to St. Paul's. A great crowd were assembled, which the *Times* represents as an effusion of public feeling, echoed by the whole nation in favour of injured innocence. The same thing was represented by the Ministerial papers as a mere rabble. I think the Government journals on this occasion are nearer the truth than their adversaries; for though the popular delusion has spread widely, embracing all the lowest classes, and a large proportion of the middling orders, yet the great majority of the educated, and nearly all the impartial, keep aloof.

Coleridge on the Queen's trial.

*Rem.**—The disgraceful end of the disgraceful process against the Queen took place while the Wordsworths were in town. Whilst the trial was going on, and the issue still uncertain, I met Coleridge, who said, "Well, Robinson, you are a Queenite, I hope?"—"Indeed I am not."—"How is that possible?"—"I am only an anti-Kingite."—"That's just what I mean."

Sieveking.

On the 3rd of December I dined with the Beneckes, and made an acquaintance, which still continues, with Mr. and Mrs. Sieveking.† He is a merchant of great respectability, and related to my Hamburg acquaintance. A man of sense, though not a writer; he is highly religious, a believer in mesmerism, and with an inclination to all mystical doctrines. His eldest son is now a young M.D.,‡ and a very amiable young man. He was

* Written in 1851.

† Resident for many years at Stamford Hill. Mr. Sieveking died, at his son's residence in Manchester Square, Nov. 29th, 1868, aged 79.

‡ Now Physician in Ordinary to the Prince of Wales. He attended H. C. R. in his last illness.

educated partly at our University College, and I can cite him as a testimony in its favour. After spending several years at Paris, Berlin, and at Edinburgh, where he took his degree, he gave his decided opinion that the medical school of our University College was the best in Europe.

Keats.

December 8th.—I read a little of Keats's poems to the Aders',—the beginning of "Hyperion,"—really a piece of great promise. There are a force, wildness, and originality in the works of this young poet which, if his perilous journey to Italy does not destroy him, promise to place him at the head of the next generation of poets. Lamb places him next to Wordsworth—not meaning any comparison, for they are dissimilar.

Drury Lane.

December 14th.—On my return from court, where I had gained a cause for H. Stansfeld, I met Esther Nash and walked with her. After dining at Collier's, I accompanied her to Drury Lane. "The English Fleet," a very stupid opera, but Braham's singing was delightful. Madame Vestris, though rather too impudent, is a charming creature, and Munden, as the drunken sailor, was absolutely perfect. Afterwards a melodrama ("The Maid and the Magpie"), in which the theft of a magpie gives occasion to a number of affecting scenes, was rendered painfully affecting by Miss Kelly's acting. The plan well laid and neatly executed.

Keats.

December 15th.—I spent the forenoon at home reading law, and went late to the Aders', where I read Keats's "Pot of Basil," a pathetic tale, delightfully told. I afterwards read the story in Boccaccio—each in its way excellent. I am greatly mistaken if Keats do

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not very soon take a high place among our poets. Great feeling and a powerful imagination are shown in this little volume.

Flaxman at Mr. Aders'.

December 20th.—Another forenoon spent at home over law-books. The evening I spent at Aders'. The Flaxmans there. They seemed to enjoy the evening much. Aders produced his treasures of engraving as well as his paintings, and Flaxman could appreciate the old masters. He did not appear much to relish Thorwaldsen's designs, and some anecdotes he related made us suppose that he was indisposed to relish Thorwaldsen's works of art. Flaxman greatly admired the head of Mrs. Aders' father,* and declared it to be one of the best of Chantrey's works. We supped, and Flaxman was in his best humour. I was not aware how much he loved music. He was more than gratified—he was deeply affected by Mrs. Aders' singing. It was apparent that he thought of his wife, but he was warm in his praises and admiration of Mrs. Aders'.

At Flaxman's

December 26th.—After dining at Collier's, I went to Flaxman—took tea and had several interesting hours' chat with him. I read some of Wordsworth's poems and Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes." I was, however, so drowsy that I read this poem without comprehending it. It quite affects me to remark the early decay of my faculties. I am so lethargic that I shall soon be unable to discharge the ordinary business of life; and as to all pretensions to literary taste, this I must lay aside entirely. How wretched is that state, at least how low

Self-dissatisfaction.

* John Raphael Smith, the eminent engraver, who died in London, 1811. He was appointed engraver to the Prince of Wales.

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is it, when a man is content to renounce all claim to respect, and endeavours only to enjoy himself! Yet I am reduced to this. When my vivacity is checked by age, and I have lost my companionable qualities, I shall then have nothing left but a little good-nature to make me tolerable, even to my old acquaintances.*

Monkhouse.

December 31*st.*—Bischoff told me that when, some years back, T——, the common friend of himself and Monkhouse, was in difficulties, Bischoff communicated the fact to Monkhouse, who seemed strongly affected. He said nothing to Mr. Bischoff, but went instantly to T—— and offered him £10,000, if that could save him from failure. It could not, and T—— rejected the offer.

At Mr. Edgar Taylor's.

After dining with W. Collier alone, and sitting in chambers over a book, I went to Edgar Taylor's,† having refused to dine with him. He had a party, and I stayed there till the old year had passed. There were Richard and Arthur Taylor, E. Taylor's partner, Roscoe,‡ and a younger Roscoe § (a handsome and promising young man, who is with Pattison the pleader,‖ and is to be called to the Bar), and Bowring, the traveller. His person

Sir John Bowring.

* Written between forty-six and forty-seven years before H. C. R. died.

† Mr. Edgar Taylor was a very eminent solicitor, and an accomplished man. He translated the French metrical chronicle, by Wace, entitled, "Roman de Rou." He also wrote a "History of the German Minnesingers," with translated specimens; and prepared a version of some of the admirable fairy stories of the brothers Grimm: illustrated by George Cruikshank. And it is well known that he was the "Layman" whose revised translation of the New Testament was published by Pickering in 1840, shortly after his death. This work was almost entirely prepared by him during a long and painful illness.

‡ Robert Roscoe. Like almost all William Roscoe's sons, an author and poet. He died in 1850.

§ Henry Roscoe, author of "The Lives of Eminent Lawyers," &c. &c. He died in 1836.

‖ Afterwards a Judge.

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is mild and amiable, and his tone of conversation agreeable. He is in correspondence with the Spanish patriots, and is an enthusiast in their cause.

End of the year.

So passed away the last hours of the year—a year which I have enjoyed as I have the former years of my life, but which has given me a deeper conviction than I ever had of the insignificance of my own character.

CHAPTER VII.

1821.

Macready.

January 1st.—I dined at Collier's, and then went to Covent Garden, where I saw "Virginius." Macready very much pleased me. The truth of his performance is admirable. His rich mellow tones are delightful, and did he combine the expressive face of Kean with his own voice, he would far surpass Kean, for in judgment I think him equal. The scene in which he betroths his daughter is delightfully tender, but the catastrophe is too long delayed and wants effect, and the last act is an excrescence.

Mrs. Barbauld.

January 21st.—I looked over papers, and at twelve o'clock walked out. I called on the Colliers, and then went to Mrs. Barbauld's. She was in good spirits, but she is now the confirmed old lady. Independently of her fine understanding and literary reputation, she would be interesting. Her white locks, fair and unwrinkled skin, brilliant starched linen, and rich silk gown, make her a fit object for a painter. Her conversation is lively, her remarks judicious, and always pertinent.

Kemble's sale.

January 30th.—This day being a holiday, I went to Kemble's sale. I met Amyot there, and we had a

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pleasant lounge together. Mr. and Mrs. Masquerier and Lewis took tea with me, and stayed several hours looking over my prints, and I enjoyed their pleasure. Is it vanity, sympathy, or good-nature, or a compound of all these feelings, which makes the owner of works of art enjoy the exhibition? Besides this, he learns the just appreciation of works of art, which is a positive gain, if anything appertaining to taste may be called so.

Works of art.

Talfourd's call to the Bar.

February 10th.—The evening was devoted to Talfourd's call to the Bar, which was made more amusing by the contemporaneous call of the Irish orator, Phillips.* Talfourd had a numerous dinner-party, at which I was the senior barrister. We were so much more numerous than the other parties—there being three besides Phillips's—that we took the head-table and the lead in the business of the evening. Soon after we were settled, with the dessert on the table, I gave Talfourd's health. He, after returning thanks, gave as a toast the Irish Bar, and in allusion to Phillips's call, said that what had just taken place was a great gain to England, and a loss to Ireland. This compliment called up the orator, and he spoke in a subdued tone and with a slowness that surprised me. I left the Hall for an hour and a half to take tea with Manning. When I returned Phillips was again on his legs, and using a great deal of declamation. He spoke five times in the course of the evening. Monkhouse came to the Hall, and at about twelve we adjourned to Talfourd's chambers, where an elegant supper was set out. In bed at half-past two.

* Afterwards Commissioner of the Insolvent Court.

Flaxman.

March 10th.—I took tea at Flaxman's; and enjoyed the two hours I stayed there very much. Of all the religious men I ever saw, he is the most amiable. The utter absence of all polemical feeling—the disclaiming of all speculative opinion as an essential to salvation—the reference of faith to the affections, not the understanding, are points in which I most cordially concur with him; earnestly wishing at the same time that I was in all respects like him.

WORDSWORTH TO H. C. R.

12th March, 1821.

My dear Friend,

You were very good in writing me so long a letter, and kind, in your own Robinsonian way. Your determination to withdraw from your profession in sufficient time for an autumnal harvest of leisure, is of a piece with the rest of your consistent resolves and practices. Consistent I have said, and why not *rational?* The word would surely have been added, had not I felt that it was awkwardly loading the sentence, and so truth would have been sacrificed to a point of taste, but for this compunction. Full surely you will do well; but take time; it would be ungrateful to quit in haste a profession that has used you so civilly. Would that I could encourage the hope of passing a winter with you in Rome, about the time you mention, which is just the period I should myself select! . . . . . As to poetry, I am sick of it; it overruns the country in all the shapes of the Plagues of Egypt—frog-poets (the Croakers), mice-poets (the Nibblers), a class which Gray,

Renouncing your profession.

Poetry an epidemic.

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in his dignified way, calls flies, the "insect youth,"—a term wonderfully applicable upon this occasion. But let us desist, or we shall be accused of envying the rising generation. Mary and I passed some days at Cambridge, where, what with the company of my dear brother*—our stately apartments, with all the venerable portraits there, that awe one into humility—old friends, new acquaintance, and a hundred familiar remembrances, and freshly conjured up recollections, I enjoyed myself not a little. I should like to lend you a sonnet, composed at Cambridge; but it is reserved for cogent reasons, to be imparted in due time. Farewell! happy shall we be to see you.

Academic shades.

WM. WORDSWORTH.

At Witham.

April 16th.—(On a visit to the Pattissons at Witham.) I walked to Hatfield† with William. Looked into the church—the Vicar, Bennet, was our cicerone. He spoke of Goldsmith as a man he had seen. Goldsmith had lodged at Springfield, with some farmers. He spent his forenoons in his room, writing, and breakfasted off water-gruel, without bread. In his manners he was a bear.—"A tame one," I observed, and it was assented to. He dressed shabbily, and was an odd man. No further particulars could I get, except that while Goldsmith was there, a gentleman took down some cottages, which Bennet supposes gave rise to the "Deserted Village." Bennet pointed out to us the antiquities of his church; among them a recumbent statue, which

Goldsmith.

Ancient statue.

* Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

† Hatfield Peverel, two miles from Witham.

every one believed was a woman, till Flaxman came and satisfied him that it was a priest.

Hayter.

April 17th.—Hayter, a painter in crayons,* dined with us. He is taking a likeness of Mr. Pattisson, and is certainly successful as a portrait painter. In other respects he is a *character*. He is self-educated, but is a sensible man, and blends humour with all he says. And his affection for his children, one of whom is already a promising young artist, gives a kind of dignity to his character.

Liston.

June 12th.—I accompanied my brother and sister to Covent Garden. We had a crowding to get there. It was Liston's benefit. He played delightfully Sam Swipes in "Exchange no Robbery," his knavish father passing him off as the foster-son of a gentleman who had run away after entrusting him with the child. The supposed father was admirably represented by Farren. And these two performers afforded me more pleasure than the theatre often gives me.

Business.

July 7th.—I was busied about many things this forenoon. I went for a short time to the King's Bench. Then looked over Hamond's papers, and went to Saunders' sale. Dined hastily in Coleman Street, and then went to Mrs. Barbauld's, where I was soon joined by Charles and Mary Lamb. This was a meeting I had brought about to gratify mutual curiosity. The Lambs are pleased

Mrs. Barbauld and the Lambs.

* Mr. Charles Hayter, author of "A Treatise on Perspective," published in 1825, and generally considered successful in taking likenesses. He was the father of the present Sir George Hayter and Mr. John Hayter, both distinguished portrait painters, still living. Charles Hayter lodged at Witham many months during 1821. His price for such crayon drawings was ten guineas. The picture above referred to is still in possession of the family.

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with Mrs. Barbauld, and therefore it is probable that they have pleased her. Mrs. C. Aikin was there, and Miss Lawrence. Lamb was chatty, and suited his conversation to his company, except that, speaking of Gilbert Wakefield, he said he had a peevish face. When he was told Mrs. Aikin was Gilbert Wakefield's daughter, he was vexed, but got out of the scrape tolerably well. I walked with the Lambs by the turnpike, and then came home, not to go to bed, but to sit up till the Norwich coach should call for me. I had several letters to write, which with packing, drinking chocolate, &c., fully occupied my time, so that I had no ennui, though I was unable to read.

*Rem.**—One evening, when I was at the Aikins', Charles Lamb told a droll story of an India-house clerk accused of eating man's flesh, and remarked that among cannibals those who rejected the favourite dish would be called *misanthropists*.

Dr. Johnson.

July 23rd.—Finished Johnson's "Hebrides." I feel ashamed of the delight it once afforded me. The style is so pompous, the thoughts so ordinary, with so little feeling, or imagination, or knowledge. Yet I once admired it. What assurance have I that I may not hereafter think as meanly of the books I now admire?

Bury gaol.

August 12th.—(Bury.) I went with Pryme† to see the gaol, which, notwithstanding its celebrity, I had not visited. There I saw neither a filthy assemblage of wretches brought together to be instructed for future

* Written in 1849.

† A fellow-circuiteer of H. C. R.'s, long M.P. for Cambridge. He died Dec. 19th, 1868.

crimes rather than punished for past, nor a place of ease and comfort, inviting rather than deterring to the criminal. The garden, yards, and buildings have an air of great neatness; but this can hardly be a recommendation to the prisoners. They are separated by many subdivisions, and constantly exposed to inspection. In the day they work at a mill, and at night all are secluded. Each has his little cell. The all-important thing is to avoid letting criminals be together in idleness. To a spectator there is nothing offensive in this prison. And certainly if its arrangements were followed universally, much misery would be prevented and good service rendered to morality.

[In the autumn of this year Mr. Robinson made a tour to Scotland of a little over a month. The chief personal recollections are all that will be given here.—ED.]

Lord Buchan.

August 29th.—Visited Dryburgh Abbey. A day of interest, apart from the beauties of my walk. Mrs. Masquerier had given me a letter of introduction to the well-known Earl of Buchan—a character. He married her aunt, who was a Forbes. Lord Buchan, who was advanced in years, had, by a life of sparing, restored in a great measure the family from its sunken state; but, in doing this, he had to endure the reproach of penurious habits, while his two younger brothers acquired a brilliant reputation: one was Lord Erskine, the most perfect of *nisi prius* orators, and one of the poorest of English Chancellors,—the other, Henry Erskine, the elder brother, enjoyed a higher reputation among friends, but, in the inferior sphere of the Scotch courts, could not attain to an equally wide-spread celebrity. Lord Buchan had

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been a *dilettante* in letters. He had written a life of Thomson the poet, and of the patriotic orator, Fletcher of Saltoun, the great opponent of the Scottish union.

Before I was introduced to the Earl, I saw in the grounds ample monuments of his taste and character. He received me cordially. Being from home when I called, I left my letter, and walked in the grounds. On my return, he himself opened the door for me, and said to the servant, "Show Mr. Robinson into his bedroom. You will spend the day here."

He was manifestly proud of his alliance with the royal house of the Stuarts, but was not offended with the free manner in which I spoke of the contemptible pedant James I. of England. He exhibited many relics of the unfortunate Mary; and (says my journal) enumerated to me many of his ancestors, "whom my imperfect recollections would have designated rather as infamous than illustrious." But no man of family ever heartily despised birth. He was a stanch Whig, but had long retired from politics. He was proud of his brother, the great English orator, but lamented his acceptance of the Chancellorship. "I wrote him a letter," said the Earl, "offering, if he would decline the office, to settle my estate on his eldest son. Unluckily, he did not receive my letter until it was too late, or he might have accepted my offer; his mind was so confused when he announced the fact of the appointment, that he signed his letter 'Buchan.'"

Lord Erskine's acceptance of the Chancellorship.

Letters of introduction.

The next day I left Dryburgh, furnished with a useful letter to the Scotch antiquary and bookseller, David Laing, who rendered me obliging offices at

Edinburgh. I had also a letter to the famous Sir James Sinclair, the agriculturist, which I was not anxious to deliver, as in it I was foolishly characterized as a "really learned person," this being proveably false. "The praises," says my journal, "usually contained in letters of the kind one may swallow, because they never mean more than that the writer likes the object of them." Lord Buchan offered me a letter to Sir Walter Scott, which I declined. I found that he had no liking for Sir Walter, and I was therefore sure that Sir Walter had no liking for him; and it is bad policy to deliver such letters. I regretted much that a letter from Wordsworth to Scott reached me too late; *that* I should have rejoiced to deliver.

Anthony Robinson, Junr.

My first concern at Edinburgh was to see Anthony Robinson, Junr. He showed me such of the curiosities of the place as were known to him. In his sitting-room I complained of an offensive smell, which he explained by opening a closet-door, and producing some human limbs. He had bought these of the resurrection men. He afterwards disappeared; and on his father's death, a commission was sent to Scotland to collect evidence respecting Anthony Robinson, Junr., from which it was ascertained that he had not been heard of for years. He had left his clothes, &c., at Perth, and had gone to Edinburgh to continue his studies; and it was at Edinburgh that he was last heard of. This being just before the dreadful exposure took place of the murders effected by *burking*, my speculation was that poor Anthony was one of the victims.

Burking.

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Laing.

Andrew Thomson.

2nd September (Sunday).—Mr. David Laing took me to hear Dr. Thomson, a very eminent Scotch preacher, who had at Edinburgh the like pre-eminence which Dr. Chalmers had at Glasgow. But he appeared to me to be a mere orator, profiting by a sonorous voice and a commanding countenance. This, however, may be an erroneous judgment.

James Grahame.

This same day originated an acquaintance of which I will now relate the beginning and the end. Walking with Laing, he pointed out to me a young man. "That," said he, "is James Grahame, nephew of the poet of 'The Sabbath.'" I begged Laing to introduce me. His father's acquaintance I had made at Mr. Clarkson's. This produced a very cordial reception, and after spending a day (the 3rd) in a walk to Roslin and Hawthornden (of which, if I said anything on such subjects, I should have much to say), I went to an evening party at Mr. Grahame's. Laing was there, and my journal mentions a Sir W. Hamilton, the same man, I have no doubt, who has lately been involved in a controversy with our (University College) Professor De Morgan on logic. My journal speaks of him as, according to Laing, a young lawyer of brilliant talents, a profound thinker, and conversant with German philosophy and literature.

On the 9th of September an incident occurred especially amusing in connection with what took place immediately afterwards. I rose very early to see a new place, and (it was between six and seven) seeing a large building, I asked a man, who looked like a journeyman weaver, what it was. He told me a

grammar-school. "But, sir," he added, "I think it would become you better on the Lord's Day morning to be reading your Bible at home, than asking about public buildings." I very quickly answered, "My friend, you have given me a piece of very good advice; let me give you one, and we may both profit by our meeting. Beware of spiritual pride." The man scowled with a Scotch surliness, and, apparently, did not take my counsel with as much good-humour as I did his.

CHAP. VII. 1821. *The Sabbath.*

It was after this that I heard Dr. Chalmers preach. In the forenoon it was a plain discourse to plain people, in a sort of school. In the afternoon it was a splendid discourse, in the Tron Church, against the Judaical observance of the Sabbath, which he termed "an expedient for pacifying the jealousies of a God of vengeance,"—reprobating the operose drudgery of such Sabbaths. He represented the whole value of Sabbath observance to lie in its being a *free* and *willing* service —a foretaste of heaven. "If you cannot breathe in comfort here, you cannot breathe in heaven hereafter." Many years afterwards, I mentioned this to Irving, who was then the colleague of Chalmers, and already spoken of as his rival in eloquence, and he told me that the Deacons waited on the Doctor to remonstrate with him on the occasion of this sermon.

Dr. Chalmers as a preacher.

That I may conclude with Dr. Chalmers now, let me here say, that I was as much gratified with him as I was dissatisfied with Andrew Thomson; that he appeared absorbed in his subject, utterly free from ostentation, and forgetful of himself. I admired him highly, ranking him with Robert Hall; but I heard

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him once too often. On my return from the Highlands, I heard him on the 30th of September, in the morning, on the sin against the Holy Ghost, which he declared to be no particular sin, but a general indisposition to the Gospel. "It can't be forgiven," he said, "because the sinner can't comply with the condition—desire to be forgiven." But it was the evening sermon which left a painful impression on my mind. He affirmed the doctrine of original sin in its most offensive form. He declined to explain it.

Tom Grahame.

The elder Mr. Grahame was one of the leading members of the Doctor's congregation. He is very much like his son, only milder, because older. He had another son, still living, and whom I saw now and then. This was Tom Grahame, an incarnation of the old Covenanter, a fierce radical and ultra-Calvinist, who has a warm-hearted, free way, which softens his otherwise bitter religious spirit.

Wordsworth's Brownie.

On September 16th I had a little adventure. Being on the western side of Loch Lomond, opposite the Mill, at Inversnaid, some women kindled a fire, the smoke of which was to be a signal for a ferry-boat. No ferryman came; and a feeble old man offering himself as a boatman, I entrusted myself to him. I asked the women who he was. They said, "That's old Andrew." According to their account, he lived a hermit's life in a lone island on the lake; the poor peasantry giving him meal and what he wanted, and he picking up pence. On my asking him whether he would take me across the lake, he said, "I wull, if you'll gi'e me saxpence." So I consented. But before I was half

over, I repented of my rashness, for I feared the oars would fall out of his hands. A breath of wind would have rendered half the voyage too much for him. There was some cunning mixed up with the fellow's seeming imbecility, for when his strength was failing he rested, and entered into talk, manifestly to amuse me. He said he could see things before they happened. *Second sight.* He saw the Radicals before they came, &c. He had picked up a few words of Spanish and German, which he uttered ridiculously, and laughed. But when I put troublesome questions, he affected not to understand me; and was quite astonished, as well as delighted, when I gave him two sixpences instead of the one he had bargained for. The simple-minded women, who affected to look down on him, seemed, however, to stand in awe of him, and no wonder. On my telling Wordsworth this history, he exclaimed, "That's my 'Brownie.'" His "Brownie's Cell"* is by no means one of my favourite poems. My sight of old Andrew showed me the stuff out of which a poetical mind can weave such a web.

After visiting Stirling and Perth, I went to Crieff. *Scotch girl.* On my way I met a little Scotch girl, who exhibited a favourable specimen of the national character. I asked the name of the gentleman whose house I had passed, and put it down in my pocket-book. "And do you go about putting people's names in your book?"—"Yes."—"And what's the use of it?" Now this was not said in an impertinent tone, as if she thought I

* *See* Wordsworth's "Memorials of a Tour in Scotland in 1814," Vol. III., p. 44.

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was doing a silly act, but in the real spirit of naïf inquiry.

On Saturday, the 22nd of September, I went by Comrie to Loch Earn head. On Sunday, the 23rd, by Killin to Kenmore. I put down names of places which I would gladly see again in my old age. This day I witnessed a scene which still rests on my eye and ear. I will abridge from my journal:—"It was in the forenoon, a few miles from Kenmore, when, on the high road, I was startled by a screaming noise, which I at first mistook for quarrelling; till, coming to a hedge, which I overlooked, I beheld a scene which the greatest of landscape painters in the historic line might have delighted to represent. The sombre hue cast over the field reminded me of Salvator Rosa. I looked down into a meadow, at the bottom of which ran a brook; and in the background there was a dark mountain frowning over a lake somewhat rippled by wind. Against a tree on the river's bank was placed a sort of box, and in this was a preacher, declaiming in the Gaelic tongue to an audience full of admiration. On the rising hill before him were some 200 or 300 listeners. Far the greater number were lying in groups, but some standing. Among those present were ladies genteelly dressed. In the harsh sounds which grated on my ear I could not distinguish a word, except a few proper names of Hebrew persons."

Open-air preaching.

On September the 29th, from Lanark, I visited the Duke of Hamilton's palace, and had unusual pleasure in the paintings to be seen there. I venture to copy my remarks on the famous Rubens' "Daniel in the Lion's

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Rubens' Daniel in the Lion's Den.

Den:"—"The variety of character in the lions is admirable. Here is indignation at the unintelligible power which restrains them; there reverence towards the being whom they dare not touch. One of them is consoled by the contemplation of the last skull he has been picking; one is anticipating his next meal; two are debating the subject together. But the Prophet, with a face resembling Curran's (foreshortened* so as to lose its best expression), has all the muscles of his countenance strained from extreme terror. He is without joy or hope; and though his doom is postponed, he has no faith in the miracle which is to reward his integrity. It is a painting rather to astonish than delight."

Kirkconnel Lea.

On the *1st of October* I passed a place the name of which I could not have recollected twelve hours but for the charm of verse:

"I wish I were where Ellen lies,
By fair Kirkconnel Lea."

On returning to England, a stout old lady, our coach companion, rejoiced heartily that she was again in *old* England, a mean rivulet being the insignificant boundary. This feeling she persisted in retaining,

* Daniel's head is thrown back, and he looks upwards with an earnest expression and clasped hands, as if vehemently supplicating. The picture formerly belonged to King Charles I. It was at that time entered as follows in the Catalogue of the Royal Pictures:—"A piece of Daniel in the Lion's Den with lions about him, given by the deceased Lord Dorchester to the King, being so big as the life. Done by Sir Peter Paul Rubens." Dr. Waagen very justly observes that, upon the whole, the figure of Daniel is only an accessory employed by the great master to introduce, in the most perfect form, nine figures of lions and lionesses the size of life. Rubens, in a letter to Sir Dudley Carleton (who presented the picture to the King), dated April 28th, 1618, expressly states that it was wholly his own workmanship. The price was 600 florins. Engraved in mezzotint by W. Ward, 1789.

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though an act of disobedience to the law which annihilated England as a state, and though our supper was worse than any lately partaken of by any of us in Scotland.

Ambleside.

October 4th.—I went to Ambleside, and for four days I was either there or at Rydal Mount. My last year's journey in Switzerland had improved my acquaintance with the Wordsworth family, and raised it to friendship. But my time was short, and I have nothing to record beyond this fact, that Mrs. Wordsworth was then in attendance upon a lady in a fever, consequent on lying in,—Mrs. Quillinan, a lady I never saw, a daughter of Sir Egerton Brydges.

The first Mrs. Quillinan.

De Quincey.

October 7th.—My journal mentions (what does not belong to my recollections, but to my obliviscences) an able pamphlet by Mr. De Quincey against Brougham, written during the late election, entitled, "Close Comments on a Straggling Speech"—a capital title, at all events. All that De Quincey wrote, or writes, is curious, if not valuable; commencing with his best-known "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," and ending with his scandalous but painfully interesting "Autobiography," in *Tait's Magazine.*

October 23rd.—To London on the Bury coach, and enjoyed the ride. Storks, Dover, Rolfe, and Andrews were inside playing whist. I was outside reading.

Don Juan.

I read Cantos III., IV., and V. of "Don Juan." I was amused by parts. There is a gaiety which is agreeable enough when it is playful and ironical, and here it is less malignant than it is in some of Byron's writings. The gross violations of decorum and

morality one is used to. I felt no resentment at the lines—

> "A drowsy, frowsy poem call'd 'The Excursion,'
> Writ in a manner which is my aversion." *

nor at the affected contempt throughout towards Wordsworth. There are powerful descriptions, and there is a beautiful Hymn to Greece. I began Madame de Staël's "Ten Years' Exile." She writes with eloquence of Buonaparte, and her egotism is by no means offensive.

October 26th.—Met Charles Aikin. I saw he had a hatband, and he shocked me by the intelligence of his wife's death. I saw her a few days before I set off on my journey. She then appeared to be in her usual health. The conversation between us was not remarkable; but I never saw her without pleasure, or left her without a hope I should see her again. She was a very amiable woman. She brought to the family a valuable accession of feeling. To her I owe my introduction to Mrs. Barbauld. I have been acquainted with her, though without great intimacy, twenty-four years. She was Gilbert Wakefield's eldest daughter, and not much younger than myself.

Mrs. C. Aikin.

November 2nd.—Finished Madame de Staël's "Ten Years' Exile." A very interesting book in itself, and to me especially interesting on account of my acquaintance with the author. Her sketches of Russian manners and society are very spirited, and her representation of her own sufferings under Buonaparte's persecutions is as eloquent as her novels. The style is animated,

Madame de Staël's "Ten Years' Exile."

* "Don Juan," Canto III., v. 94.

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and her declamations against Napoleon are in her best manner.

De Quincey.

November 7th.—Called on De Quincey to speak about the *Classical Journal.* I have recommended him to Valpy, who will be glad of his assistance. De Quincey speaks highly of the liberality of Taylor and Hessey, who gave him forty guineas for his "Opium Eater."

Lord Mayor's dinner.

November 9th.—Dined at Guildhall. About 500 persons present, perhaps 600. The tables were in five lines down the hall. Gas illumination. The company all well dressed at least. The ornaments of the hustings, with the cleaned statues, &c., rendered the scene an imposing one. I dined in the King's Bench, a quiet place, and fitter for a substantial meal than the great hall. I was placed next to Croly (newspaper writer and poet), and near several persons of whom I knew something, so that I did not want for society. Our dinner was good, but ill-served and scanty. As soon as we had finished a hasty dessert, I went into the great hall, where I was amused by walking about. I ascended a small gallery at the top of the hall, whence the view below was very fine; and I afterwards chatted with Firth, &c. Some dozen judges and serjeants were really ludicrous objects in their full-bottomed wigs and scarlet robes. The Dukes of York and Wellington, and several Ministers of State, gave éclat to the occasion.

The Lambs.

November 18th.—I stepped into the Lambs' cottage at Dalston. Mary, pale and thin, just recovered from one of her attacks. They have lost their brother John, and feel their loss. They seemed softened by affliction, and to wish for society.

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Poor old Captain Burney died on Saturday. The rank Captain had become a misnomer, but I cannot call him otherwise. He was made Admiral a few weeks ago. He was a fine old man.* His whist parties were a great enjoyment to me.

Admiral Burney.

December 11*th.*—Dined with Monkhouse. Tom Clarkson went with me. The interest of the evening arose from MSS. of poems by Wordsworth, on the subject of our journey. After waiting so long without writing anything—so at least I understood when in Cumberland—the fit has come on him, and within a short time he has composed a number of delightful little poems; and Miss Hutchinson writes to Mr. Monkhouse that he goes on writing with great activity.†

Wordsworth.

December 31*st.*—At Flaxman's, where I spent several hours very pleasantly. We talked of animal magnetism. Flaxman declared he believed it to be fraud and imposition, an opinion I was not prepared for from him. But the conversation led to some very singular observations on his part, which show a state of mind by no means unfit for the reception of the new doctrine. He spoke of his dog's habit of fixing her eye upon him when she wanted food, &c., so that he could not endure the sight, and was forced to drive her away: this he called an *animal* power; and he intimated also a belief in demoniacal influence; so that it was not clear to

Flaxman on animal magnetism.

* The circumnavigator of the world with Captain Cook, and historian of circumnavigation. A humorous old man, friend of Charles Lamb, son of Dr. Burney, and brother of Madame d'Arblay. Martin Burney was his son.—H. C. R.

† These poems have been referred to in connection with the tour which suggested them.

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me that he did not think that animal magnetism was somewhat criminal, allowing its pretensions to be well-founded, rather than supposing them to be vain. There is frequently an earnestness that becomes uncomfortable to listen to when Flaxman talks with religious feeling.

John Wood.

*Rem.**—My Diary mentions "John Wood, a lively genteel young man!" Now he is a man of importance in the State, being the Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue. He was previously the head of the Stamp Office and Chairman of Excise. In the latter capacity he lately effected great economical reforms. He is a rare example of independence and courage, not renouncing the profession of his unpopular religious opinions.

Professional income.

My practice this year was as insignificant as ever, even falling off in the amount it produced; the fees being 572½ guineas, whereas in 1820 they were 663.

* Written in 1851.

CHAPTER VIII.

1822.

January 10th. — At twelve Monkhouse called. I walked with him and had a high treat in a call at Chantrey's, having to speak with him about Wordsworth's bust. What a contrast to Flaxman! A sturdy, florid-looking man, with a general resemblance in character to Sir Astley Cooper, both looking more like men of business and the world than artists or students. Chantrey talks with the ease of one who is familiar with good company, and with the confidence of one who is conscious of his fame. His study is rich in works of art. His busts are admirable. His compositions do not in general please me. He has in hand a fine monument of Ellenborough. A good likeness too.* *Chantrey.*

January 22nd.—I went into court on account of a

* Chantrey was an excellent bust-maker, and he executed ably. He wanted poetry and imagination. The Children in Litchfield Cathedral, which might have given him reputation with posterity, were the design of Stothard. It is to Chantrey's high honour that he left a large portion of his ample fortune, after the death of his widow, for the encouragement of fine art, and made for that purpose wise arrangements. Lady Chantrey gave all his casts, &c., to Oxford University, where they constitute a gallery. Asking Rogers its value lately, he said, "As a collection of historical portraits, they are of great value; as works of art, *that*," snapping his fingers.—H. C. R.

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single defence, which unexpectedly came on immediately, and having succeeded in obtaining an acquittal, I was able to leave Bury by the "Day" coach. I had an agreeable ride, the weather being mild. I finished

Herodotus.

"Herodotus," a book which has greatly amused me. The impression most frequently repeated during the perusal was that of the compatibility of great moral wisdom with gross superstition. It is impossible to deny that "Herodotus" encourages by his silence, if not by more express encouragement, the belief in outrageous fictions. The frequency of miracle in all ancient history is unfavourable to the belief of that affirmed in the Jewish history. This book inspires a salutary horror of political despotism, but at the same time a dangerous contempt of men at large, and an uncomfortable suspicion of the pretensions of philosophers and patriots.

February 25th.—I went to Aders', and found him and his wife alone. An interesting conversation. Mrs. Aders talked in a tone of religion which I was pleased with. At the same time she showed a tendency to superstition which I could only wonder at. She has

Dreams verified.

repeatedly had dreams of events which subsequently occurred, and sometimes with circumstances that rendered the coincidence both significant and wonderful. One is remarkable, and worth relating. She dreamed when in Germany that a great illumination took place, of what kind she was not aware. Two luminous balls arose. In one she saw her sister, Mrs. Longdale, with an infant child in her arms. On the night of the illumination on account of the Coronation (years after the

dream), she was called by Miss Watson into the back drawing-room, to see a ball or luminous body which had been let off at Hampstead. She went into the room, and on a sudden it flashed on her mind with painful feelings, "This was what I saw in my dream." That same evening her sister died. She had been lately brought to bed. The child lived.

H. C. R. TO MISS WORDSWORTH.

3, *King's Bench,*
25*th February*, 1822.

I am indeed a very bad correspondent, but a long foolscap letter was written more than a fortnight back, when I met Mr. Monkhouse, and he told me what rendered my letter utterly inexpedient, for it was an earnest exhortation to you and Mrs. Wordsworth to urge the publication of the delightful poems, which is now done; and the expression of a wish that one of the Journals might appear also, and that would be in vain. I am heartily glad that so many imperishable records will be left of incidents which I had the honour of partially enjoying with you. The only drawback on my pleasure is, that I fear when the book is once published, Mr. Wordsworth may no longer be inclined to meditate on what he saw and felt, and therefore much may remain unsaid which would probably have appeared in the Memorials, if they had been delayed till 1823. I hope I have not seen all, and I should rejoice to find among the unseen poems some memorial of those patriotic and pious bridges at Lucerne, suggesting to so *generative* a mind as your brother's a whole cycle

Wordsworth's Memorials of a Tour on the Continent.

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of religious and civic sentiments. The equally affecting *Senate-house* not made by hands, at Sarnen, where the rites of modern legislation, like those of ancient religion, are performed in the open air, and on an unadorned grass-plat ! ! ! But the poet needs no prompter; I shall be grateful to him for what he gives, and have no right to reflect on what he withholds. I wish he may have thought proper to preface each poem by a brief memorandum in prose. Like the great poet of Germany, with whom he has so many high powers in common, he has a strange love of riddles. Goethe carries further the practice of not giving collateral information; he seems to anticipate the founding of a college for the delivery of explanatory lectures like those instituted in Tuscany for Dante.

Poets need no prompter.

* * * * * *

My last letter, which I destroyed, was all about the poems. I have not the vanity to think that my praise can gratify, but I ought to say, since the verses to Goddard were my suggestion, that I rejoice in my good deed. It is instructive to observe how a poet sees and feels, how remote from ordinary sentiment, and yet how beautiful and true! Goethe says he had never an affliction which he did not turn into a poem. Mr. Wordsworth has shown how common occurrences are transmuted into poetry. Midas is the type of the true poet. Of the Stanzas, I love most—loving all—the "Eclipse of the Sun." Of the Sonnets, there is *one* remarkable as *unique;* the humour and naïveté, and the exquisitely refined sentiment of the Calais fish-women are a combination of excellences quite novel.

"The poet's eye."

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I should, perhaps, have given the preference after all to the Jungfrau Sonnet, but it wants unity. I know not which to distinguish, the Simplon Stone, the Bruges, or what else? I have them not here. Each is the best as I recollect the impression it made on me. . . . . .

MISS WORDSWORTH TO H. C. R.

3rd March, 1822.

My brother will, I hope, write to Charles Lamb in the course of a few days. He has long talked of doing it; but you know how the mastery of his own thoughts (when engaged in composition, as he has lately been) often prevents him from fulfilling his best intentions; and since the weakness of his eyes has returned, he has been obliged to fill up all spaces of leisure by going into the open air for refreshment and relief of his eyes. We are very thankful that the inflammation, chiefly in the lids, is now much abated. It concerns us very much to hear so indifferent an account of Lamb and his sister; the death of their brother, no doubt, has afflicted them much more than the death of any brother, with whom there had, in near neighbourhood, been so little personal or family communication, would afflict any other minds. We deeply lamented their loss, and wished to write to them as soon as we heard of it; but it not being the particular duty of any one of us, and a painful task, we put it off, for which we are now sorry, and very much blame ourselves. They are too good and too confiding to take it unkindly, and that thought makes us feel it the more. . . . . With respect to the tour poems, I am

On the Lambs.

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afraid you will think my brother's notes not sufficiently copious; prefaces he has none, except to the poem on Goddard's death. Your suggestion of the Bridge at Lucerne set his mind to work; and if a happy mood comes on he is determined even yet, though the work is printed, to add a poem on that subject. You can have no idea with what earnest pleasure he seized the idea; yet, before he began to write at all, when he was pondering over his recollections, and asking me for hints and thoughts, I mentioned that very subject, and he then thought he could make nothing of it. You certainly have the gift of setting him on fire. When I named (before your letter was read to him) your scheme for next autumn, his countenance flushed with pleasure, and he exclaimed, "I'll go with him." Presently, however, the conversation took a sober turn, and he concluded that the journey would be impossible; "and then," said he, "if you or Mary, or both, were not with me, I should not half enjoy it; and that is impossible." . . . . .

The Bridge at Lucerne.

We have had a long and interesting letter from Mrs. Clarkson. Notwithstanding bad times, she writes in cheerful spirits and talks of coming into the North this summer, and we really hope it will not end in talk, as Mr. Clarkson joins with her; and if he once determines, a trifle will not stop him. Pray read a paper in the *London Magazine*, by Hartley Coleridge, on the Uses of the Heathen Mythology in Poetry. It has pleased us very much. The style is wonderful for so young a man —so little of effort and no affectation. . . . . .

Hartley Coleridge an author.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

March 1st.—Came home early from Aders' to read "Cain." The author has not advanced any novelties in his speculations on the origin of evil, but he has stated one or two points with great effect. The book is calculated to spread infidelity by furnishing a ready expression to difficulties which must occur to every one, more or less, and which are passed over by those who confine themselves to scriptural representations. The second act is full of poetic energy, and there is some truth of passion in the scenes between Cain's wife and himself. *Byron's Cain.*

April 8th.—I had a very pleasant ride to London from Bury. The day was fine, and was spent in reading half a volume of amusing gossip—D'Israeli on the literary character, in which the good and evil of that by me most envied character are displayed so as to repress envy without destroying respect. Yet I would, after all, gladly exchange some portion of my actual enjoyments for the intenser pleasures of a more intellectual kind, though blended with pains and sufferings from which I am free. *D'Israeli on the literary character.*

April 10th.—As I sat down to dinner, a young man introduced himself to me by saying, "My name is Poel."—"A son of my old friend at Altona!" I answered; and I was heartily glad to see him. Indeed the sight of him gave my mind such a turn, that I could scarcely attend to the rest of the company. Poel was but a boy in 1807. No wonder, therefore, that I had no recollection of him. He, however, recognized me in a moment, and he says I do not appear in the slightest degree altered. I should have had a much heartier pleasure in seeing him had I not known that his *Poel.*

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mother died but a few months ago. She was a most amiable and a superior woman. The father is now advanced in years, but he retains, the son tells me, all his former zeal for liberty.*

April 13th.—Took tea with the Flaxmans, and read to them extracts from Wordsworth's new poems, "The Memorials." And I ended the evening by going to Drury Lane to see "Giovanni in London," a very amusing extravaganza. Madame Vestris is a fascinating creature, and renders the Don as entertaining as possible. And at the same time there is an air of irony and mere wanton and assumed wickedness, which renders the piece harmless enough. The parodies on well-known songs, &c., are well executed.

Words-worth's Memorials.

Madame Vestris.

Chat with a bricklayer.

April 29th.—Walked to Hammersmith and back. On my way home I fell into chat with a shabby-looking fellow, a master-bricklayer, whose appearance was that of a very low person, but his conversation quite surprised me. He talked about trade with the knowledge of a practical man of business, enlightened by those principles of political economy which indeed are become common; but I did not think they had alighted on the hod and trowel. He did not talk of the books of Adam Smith, but seemed imbued with their spirit.

Flaxman among statesmen.

May 7th.—I took tea with the Flaxmans. Flaxman related with undesigned humour some circumstances of the dinner of the Royal Academy on Saturday. He was seated between Cabinet Ministers! Such a man to be placed near and to be expected to hold converse with Lord Liverpool and the Marquis of Londonderry,

* *Vide* Vol. I., p. 237.

the Duke of Wellington, and Chateaubriand! A greater contrast cannot be conceived than between an artist absorbed in his art, of the simplest manners, the purest morals, incapable of intrigue or artifice, a genius in his art, of pious feelings and an unworldly spirit, and a set of statesmen and courtiers! The only part of the conversation he gave was a dispute whether *spes* makes *spei* in the genitive, which was referred to the Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Flaxman spoke favourably of the conversation and manners of Lord Harrowby.

C. Mathews at Home.

May 18th.—Took tea with the Nashes, and accompanied Elizabeth and Martha to Mathews's Mimetic Exhibition. I was delighted with some parts. In a performance of three hours' duration there could not fail to be flat and uninteresting scenes; *e. g.*, his attempt at representing Curran was a complete failure. I was much pleased with a representation of John Wilkes admonishing him, Mathews, when bound apprentice; Tate Wilkinson's talking on three or four subjects at once, and an Irish party at whist. I really do believe he has seen F——, so completely has he copied his voice and his words. These were introduced in a sort of biography of himself. In a second part of the entertainment, three characters were perfect,—a servant scrubbing his miserly master's coat, a French music-master in the character of Cupid in a ballet, and (the very best) a steward from a great dinner-party relating the particulars of the dinner. He was half-drunk, and, I know not how, Mathews so completely changed his face that he was not to be known again. The fat Welshman, the miser, and the lover, were less successful.

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Robin Hood Ballads.

May 22nd.—I read a considerable part of Ritson's "Robin Hood Ballads," recommendable for the information they communicate concerning the state of society, rather than for the poetry, which is, I think, far below the average of our old ballads.

Stonehenge.

May 23rd.—Visited Stonehenge, a very singular and most remarkable monument of antiquity, exciting surprise by the display of mechanical power, which baffles research into its origin and purposes, and leaves an impression of wonder that such an astonishing work should not have preserved the name of its founders. Such a fragment of antiquity favours the speculation of Schelling, and the other German metaphysicians, concerning a bygone age of culture and the arts and sciences.

An appeal case in the Lords.

June 1st.—Hundleby sent me, just before I went to dinner, papers, in order to argue at ten on Monday morning before the Lords (the Judges being summoned) the famous case of Johnstone and Hubbard, or, in the Exchequer Chamber, Hubbard and Johnstone, in which the Exchequer Chamber reversed the decision of the King's Bench, the question being on the effect of the Registry Acts on sales of ships at sea. This case had been argued some seven or eight times in the courts below,—among others, by two of the Judges (Richardson and Parke), and had been pending fourteen years (the first action, indeed, against Hubbard was in 1803). And on such a case I was to prepare myself in a few hours, because Littledale, who had attended the Lords three times, could not prepare himself for want of time! No wonder that I took books into bed, and was in no very comfortable mood.

Pleading before the Lords.

June 3rd.—I rose before five and had the case on my mind till past nine, when Hundleby called. He took me down to Westminster in a boat. There I found Carr in attendance. A little after ten I was called on, and I began my argument before the Chancellor, Lord Redesdale, one bishop, and nearly all the Judges. I was nervous at first, but in the course of my argument I gained courage, and Manning, who attended without telling me he should do so (an act of such kindness and friendship as I shall not soon forget), having whispered a word of encouragement, I concluded with tolerable comfort and satisfaction.

Overruling of judgments.

In the course of my argument I said one or two bold things. Having referred to a late decision of the King's Bench, which is, in effect, a complete overruling of the case then before the Lords (Richardson *v.* Campbell, 5 B. and A. 196), I said: "My learned friend will say that the cases are different. And they are different: the Lord Chief Justice, in giving judgment, says so. My Lords, since the short time that I have been in the profession, nothing has excited my admiration so much as the mingled delicacy and astuteness with which the learned Judges of one court avoid overruling the decisions of other courts. (Here Richardson, Parke, and Bailey smiled, and the Chancellor winked.) It would be indecorous in me to insinuate, even if I dared to imagine, what the opinion of the Judges of the King's Bench is; but I beg your Lordships to consider whether the reasoning of Lord Chief Justice Abbott applies to that part of the case in which it differs from the case before the House, or to that in which the cases

H. C. R.'s grave banter of the Judges.

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are the same." I afterwards commented on a mistake arising from confounding the words of the statute of W. and those of 34 George III., and said: "This mistake has so pervaded the profession, that the present reporters have put a false quotation into the lips of the Chief Justice," I knowing that the Chief Justice himself supplied the report.

A venire de novo.

After I had finished, Carr began his answer. But in a few minutes the Chancellor found that the special verdict was imperfectly framed, and directed a *venire de novo* (*i.e.* a new trial). Carr and I are to consent to amend it. Carr said to me very kindly, "on his honour, that he thought I had argued it better than any one on my side." Manning, too, said I had done it very well, and the Chancellor, on my observing how unprepared my client was to make alterations, said, "You have done so well at a short notice, that I have no doubt you will manage the rest very well." As Hundleby, too, was satisfied, I came away enjoying myself without being at all gay, like a man escaped from peril. I was, after all, by no means satisfied with myself, and ascribed to good-nature the compliments I had received.

Braham.

June 4th.—Went for half the evening to Drury Lane. The few songs in the piece (the "Castle of Andalusia") were sung by Braham—viz. "All's Well," and "Victory," songs sung by him on all occasions and on no occasion, but they cannot be heard too often.

Old people.

June 9th.—Went to the Lambs'. Talfourd joined me there. I was struck by an observation of Miss Lamb's, "How stupid those old people are!" Perhaps my nephew's companions say so of my brother and me

already. Assuredly they will soon say so. Talfourd and I walked home together late.

Charles and Mary Lamb going to France.

June 17th.—I went to call on the Lambs and take leave, they setting out for France next morning. I gave Miss Lamb a letter for Miss Williams, to whom I sent a copy of "Mrs. Leicester's School."* The Lambs have a Frenchman as their companion, and Miss Lamb's nurse, in case she should be ill. Lamb was in high spirits; his sister rather nervous. Her courage in going is great.

Schlegel on the history of the creation.

June 29th.—Read to-day in the Vienna *Jahrbücher der Literatur* a very learned and profound article on the history of the creation in Genesis. I was ashamed of my ignorance. Schlegel defends the Mosaic narrative, but understands it in a higher sense than is usually given to the history. His ideas are very curious. He supposes man to have been created between the last and last but one of the many revolutions the earth has undergone, and adopts the conjecture, that the Deluge was occasioned by a change in the position of the equation, which turned the sea over the dry land, and caused the bed of the ocean to become dry. He also supposes chaos not to have been created by God, but to have been the effect of sin in a former race of creatures! Of all this I know nothing. Perhaps no man can usefully indulge in such speculations, but it is at least honourable to attempt them.

Sir Charles Grandison.

July 18th.—I finished "Sir Charles Grandison," a book of great excellence, and which must have improved the moral character of the age. Saving the somewhat surfeiting compliments of the good people, it has not a

* A set of Tales by Mary Lamb, with three contributed by her brother.

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serious fault. The formality of the dialogue and style is soon rendered endurable by the substantial worth of what is said. In all the subordinate incidents Sir Charles is certainly a beau ideal of a Christian and a gentleman united. The story of Clementina is the glory of the work, and is equal to anything in any language.

[Mr. Robinson's tour this year was principally in the South of France. He kept a journal, as usual. A few extracts will be given, but no connected account of the journey.]

Excursion.

August 10th.—At 7 A.M. I embarked on board the *Lord Melville* steam-packet off the Tower Stairs, London. Our departure was probably somewhat retarded, and certainly rendered even festive, by the expected fête of the day. The King was to set out on his voyage to Scotland, and the City Companies' barges had been suddenly ordered to attend him at Gravesend. The river was therefore thronged with vessels of every description, and the gaudy and glittering barges of the Lord Mayor and some four or five of the Companies', gave a character to the scene. The appearance of unusual bustle continued until we reached Gravesend, near which the *Royal Sovereign* yacht was lying in readiness for His Majesty. The day was fine, which heightened the effect of the show. At Greenwich, the crowds on land were immense; at Gravesend, the show was lost. Of the rest of the prospect I cannot say much. The Thames is too wide for the shore, which is low and uninteresting. The few prominent objects were not particularly gratifying to me. The most remarkable was a group of gibbets, with the fragments

George IV.'s voyage to Scotland.

Voyage down the Thames.

of skeletons hanging on them. A few churches, the Reculvers, and the town of Margate were the great features of the picture.

Miss Lamb.

August 20th.—(Paris.) Mary Lamb has begged me to give her a day or two. She comes to Paris this evening, and stays here a week. Her only male friend is a Mr. Payne, whom she praises exceedingly for his kindness and attentions to Charles. He is the author of "Brutus," and has a good face.

Lamb on Paris sights.

August 21st.—(With Mary Lamb.) When Charles went back to England he left a note for his sister's direction. After pointing out a few pictures in the Louvre, he proceeds:—"Then you must walk all along the borough side of the Seine, facing the Tuileries. There is a mile and a half of print-shops and bookstalls. If the latter were but English! Then there is a place where the Paris people put all their dead people, and bring them flowers, and dolls, and gingerbread-nuts, and sonnets, and such trifles; and that is all, I think, worth seeing as sights, except that the streets and shops of Paris are themselves the best sight." I had not seen this letter when I took Mary Lamb a walk that corresponds precisely with Lamb's taste, all of whose likings I can always sympathize with, but not generally with his dislikings.

Marshal Soult's pictures.

August 22nd.—Aders introduced me to Devou, a very Frenchman, but courteous and amiable, lively and intelligent. He accompanied us to Marshal Soult's house. But the Marshal was not at home. He would have been a more interesting object than the Spanish pictures which were his plunder in the kidnapping war.

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Though the paintings by Murillo and Velasquez were very interesting, I omit all mention of them. But being taken to Count Sommariva's, I there saw what

Canova.

has never been equalled by any other work of Canova, though this was an early production, the Mary Magdalene sitting on a cross. The truth and homely depth of feeling in the expression are very striking.

On the *2nd of September* I left Grenoble, and after a hot and fatiguing journey of two nights and three days, partly through a very beautiful country, I reached Marseilles.

This journey was rendered interesting by the companions I had in the diligence. A *religieuse* from Grenoble, and two professors of theology. One of them Professor R——, especially an ingratiating man. He praised the lately published "Essai sur l'Indifférence en Matière de Religion," and offered me a copy. But I promised to get it.

De Lamennais.

*Rem.**—This I did. It was the famous work of De Lamennais, of which only two volumes were then published. A book of great eloquence, by a writer who has played a sad part in his day. From being the ultramontanist, and exposing himself to punishment in France as the libeller of the *Eglise Gallicane,* he became the assailant of the Pope, and an ultra-radical, combining an extreme sentimental French chartism with a spiritualism of his own. He has of late years been the associate of George Sand. Her "Spiridion," it is said, was written when travelling with him.

September 4th.—It was during this night, and perhaps

* Written in 1851.

between two and three, that we passed the town of Manosque, where a new passenger was taken in, who announced his office as *Procureur du Roi* to the people in a tone which made me fear we should meet with an assuming companion. On the contrary, he contributed to render the day very agreeable.

Criminal French law.

I talked law with him, and obtained interesting information concerning the proceedings in the French administration of justice. It appears that within his district—there are about 500 *Procureurs du Roi* in the country—he has the superintendence of all the criminal business. When a robbery or other offence is committed, the parties come to him. He receives the complaint, and sends the *gendarmerie* in search of the offender. When a murder or act of arson has been perpetrated, he repairs to the spot. In short, he is a sort of coroner and high sheriff as well as public prosecutor, and at the public expense he carries on the suit to conviction or acquittal.

Office of Procureur du Roi.

Duelling in France.

On inquiry of the steps he would take on information that a person had been killed in a duel, he said, that if he found a man had killed his adversary in the defence of his person, he should consider him as innocent, and not put him on his trial. I asked, "If you find the party killed in a *fair* duel, what then?"—"Take up my papers and go home, and perhaps play a rubber at night with the man who had killed his adversary." I am confident of these words, for they made an impression on me. But I think the law is altered now.

October 4th.—We had for a short distance in the diligence an amusing young priest—the only lively

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man of his cloth I have seen in France. He told anecdotes with great glee; among others the following:—

When Madame de Staël put to Talleyrand the troublesome question what he would have done had he seen her and Madame de Récamier in danger of drowning, instead of the certainly uncharacteristic and sentimental speech commonly put into his lips as the answer, viz. that he should have jumped into the water and saved Madame de Staël, and then jumped in and died with Madame de Récamier—instead of this, Talleyrand's answer was, "Ah! Madame de Staël sait tant de choses que sans doute elle peut nager!"

October 13th.—At home. I had papers and letters to look at, though in small quantity. My nephew came and breakfasted with me. He did not bring the news, for Burch of Canterbury had informed me of his marriage with Miss Hutchison. I afterwards saw Manning; also Talfourd, who was married to Miss Rachel Rutt during the long vacation.

Nephew's and Talfourd's marriage.

October 14th.—I rode to Norwich on the "Day coach," and was nearly all the time occupied in reading the Abbé De Lamennais' "Essai sur l'Indifférence," an eloquent and very able work against religious indifference, in which, however, he advocates the cause of Popery, without in the slightest degree accommodating himself to the spirit of the age. He treats alike Lutherans, Socinians, Deists, and Atheists. I have not yet read far enough to be aware of his proofs in favour of his own infallible Church, and probably that is assumed, not proved; but his skill is very great and

De Lamennais on Religious Indifference.

masterly in exposing infidelity, and especially the inconsistencies of Rousseau.

Dr. Aikin's death.

December 9th.—Heard to-day of the death of Dr. Aikin—a thing not to be lamented. He had for years sunk into imbecility, after a youth and middle age of extensive activity. He was in his better days a man of talents, and of the highest personal worth,—one of the salt of the earth.

Coleridge.

December 21st.—The afternoon I spent at Aders'. A large party,—a splendid dinner, prepared by a French cook, and music in the evening. Coleridge was the star of the evening. He talked in his usual way, though with more liberality than when I saw him last some years ago. But he was somewhat less animated and brilliant and paradoxical. The music was enjoyed by Coleridge, but I could have dispensed with it for the sake of his conversation.

"For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense."

Retrospect of the year.

December 31st.—The New Year's eve I spent, as I have done frequently, at Flaxman's. And so I concluded a year, like so many preceding, of uninterrupted pleasure and health; with an increase of fortune and no loss of reputation. Though, as has always been the case, I am not by any means satisfied with my conduct, yet I have no matter of self-reproach as far as the world is concerned. My fees amounted to 629 guineas.

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CHAPTER IX.

1823.

Lamb serious when tête-à-tete.

January 8th.—Went in the evening to Lamb. I have seldom spent a more agreeable few hours with him. He was serious and kind—his wit was subordinate to his judgment, as is usual in tête-à-tête parties. Speaking of Coleridge, he said, "He ought not to have a wife or children; he should have a sort of diocesan care of the world—no parish duty." Lamb reprobated the prosecution of Byron's "Vision of Judgment." Southey's poem of the same name is more worthy of punishment, for his has an arrogance beyond endurance. Lord Byron's satire is one of the most good-natured description—no malevolence.

Southey.

February 26th.—A letter from Southey. I was glad to find he had taken in good part a letter I had written to him on some points of general politics, &c., the propriety of writing which I had myself doubted.

SOUTHEY TO H. C. R.

Keswick, 22nd February, 1823.

My dear Sir,

I beg your pardon for not having returned the MSS. which you left here a year and a half ago, when I was unlucky enough to miss seeing you. I thought to have taken them myself to London long ere this,

and put off acknowledging them till a more convenient season from time to time. But good intentions are no excuse for sins of omission. I heartily beg your pardon,—and will return them to you in person in the ensuing spring.

Southey's justification of his History of the Spanish War.

I shall be at Norwich in the course of my travels,—and of course see William Taylor. As for vulgar imputations, you need not be told how little I regard them. My way of life has been straightforward and—as the inscription upon Akbar's seal says,—"I never saw any one lost upon a straight road." To those who know me, my life is my justification; to those who do not, my writings would be, in their whole tenor, if they were just enough to ascertain what my opinions are before they malign me for advancing them.

What the plausible objection to my history* which you have repeated means, I cannot comprehend,—"That I have wilfully disregarded those changes in the Spanish character which might have been advantageously drawn from the spirit of the age in the more enlightened parts of Europe." I cannot guess at what is meant.

On the old régimes.

Of the old governments in the Peninsula, my opinion is expressed in terms of strong condemnation,—not in this work only, but in the "History of Brazil," wherever there was occasion to touch upon the subject. They are only not so bad as a Jacobinical tyranny, which, while it continues, destroys the only good that these governments left (that is, *order*), and terminates

* The first volume of Southey's "History of the Peninsular War." The second volume was published in 1827, and the third in 1833.

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at last in a stronger despotism than that which it has overthrown. I distrust the French, because, whether under a Bourbon or a Buonaparte, they are French still; but if their government were upright, and their people honourable, in that case I should say that their interference with Spain was a question of expediency; and that justice, and humanity, as well as policy, would require them to put an end to the commotions in that wretched country, and restore order there, if this could be effected. But I do not see how they can effect it. And when such men as Mina and Erolles are opposed to each other, I cannot but feel how desperately bad the system must be which each is endeavouring to suppress; and were it in my power, by a wish, to decide the struggle on one side or the other, so strongly do I perceive the evils on either side, that I confess I should want resolution and determination.

On non-interference.

You express a wish that my judgment were left unshackled to its own free operation. In God's name, what is there to shackle it? I neither court preferment, nor popularity; and care as little for the favour of the great as for the obloquy of the vulgar. Concerning Venice,—I have spoken as strongly as you could desire. Concerning Genoa,—instead of giving it to Sardinia, I wish it could have been *sold* to Corsica. The Germans were originally *invited* to govern Italy, because the Italians were too depraved and too divided to govern themselves. You cannot wish more sincerely than I do that the same cause did not exist to render the continuance of their dominion—not indeed a good—but certainly, under present circumstances, the least of two

Southey's judgment unbiassed.

German rule in Italy

The least of two evils.

evils. It is a bad government, and a clumsy one;—and, indeed, the best foreign dominion can never be better than a necessary evil.

Your last question is—what I think of the King of Prussia's utter disregard of his promises? You are far better qualified to judge of the state of his dominions than I can be. But I would ask you, whether the recent experiments which have been made of establishing representative governments are likely to encourage or deter those princes who may formerly have wished to introduce them in their states? And whether the state of England, since the conclusion of the war, has been such as would recommend or disparage the English constitution, to those who may once have considered it as the fair ideal of a well-balanced government? The English Liberals and the English press are the worst enemies of liberty.

On imported forms of representative government.

Liberal enemies to liberty.

It will not be very long before my speculations upon the prospects of society will be before the world. You will then see that my best endeavours for the real interests of humanity have not been wanting. Those interests are best consulted now by the maintenance of order. Maintain order, and the spirit of the age will act surely and safely upon the governments of Europe. But if the Anarchists prevail, there is an end of all freedom; a generation like that of Sylla, or Robespierre, will be succeeded by a despotism, appearing like a golden age at first, but leading, like the Augustan age, to the thorough degradation of everything.

Order the end to be aimed at.

I have answered you, though hastily, as fully as the

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limits of a letter will admit,—fairly, freely, and willingly. My views are clear and consistent, and, could they be inscribed on my grave-stone, I should desire no better epitaph.

Difference from Wordsworth on the Cintra convention.

Wordsworth is at Coleorton, and will be in London long before me. He is not satisfied with my account of the convention of Cintra: the rest of the book he likes well. Our difference here is, that he looks at the principle, abstractedly, and I take into view the circumstances.

When you come into this country again, give me a few days. I have a great deal both within doors and without which I should have great pleasure in showing you. Farewell! and believe me

Yours sincerely,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Baron Garrow.

March 1st.—(On circuit.) We dined with Garrow. He was very chatty. He talked about his being retained for Fox, on the celebrated scrutiny in 1784 before the House of Commons, "to which," he said, "I owe the rank I have the honour to fill." He mentioned the circumstances under which he went first to the bar of the Commons. He was sent for on a sudden, without preparation, almost without reading his brief. He spoke for two hours, "and it was," he said, "the best speech I ever made. Kenyon was Master of the Rolls, hating all I said, but he came down to the bar and said, good-naturedly, 'Your business is done; now you'll get on.'" Garrow talked of himself with pleasure, but without expressing any extravagant opinions about himself.

April 2nd.—An interesting day. After breakfasting at Monkhouse's, I walked out with Wordsworth, his son John, and Monkhouse. We first called at Sir George Beaumont's to see his fragment of Michael Angelo—a piece of sculpture in bas and haut relief—a holy family. The Virgin has the child in her lap; he clings to her, alarmed by something St. John holds towards him, probably intended for a bird. The expression of the infant's face and the beauty of his limbs cannot well be surpassed. Sir George supposes that Michael Angelo was so persuaded he could not heighten the effect by completing it, that he never finished it. There is also a very fine landscape by Rubens, full of power and striking effect. It is highly praised by Sir George for its execution, the management of its lights, its gradation, &c.

A day with Wordsworth.

Fragment of Michael Angelo's.

Sir George is a very elegant man, and talks well on matters of art. Lady Beaumont is a gentlewoman of great sweetness and dignity. I should think among the most interesting by far of persons of quality in the country. I should have thought this, even had I not known of their great attachment to Wordsworth.

Sir George and Lady Beaumont.

We then called on Moore, and had a very pleasant hour's chat with him. Politics were a safer topic than poetry, though on this the opinions of Wordsworth and Moore are nearly as adverse as their poetic character. Moore spoke freely and in a tone I cordially sympathized with about France and the Bourbons. He considers it quite uncertain how the French will feel at any time on any occasion, so volatile and vehement are they at the same time. Yet he thinks that, as far

Moore.

Moore on the French.

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as they have any thought on the matter, it is in favour of the Spaniards and liberal opinions. Notwithstanding this, he says he is disposed to assent to the notion, that of all the people in Europe, the French alone are unfit for liberty. Wordsworth freely contradicted some of Moore's assertions, but assented to the last.

On French poetry.

Of French poetry Moore did not speak highly, and he thinks that Chenevix has overrated the living poets in his late articles in the *Edinburgh Review*. Moore's person is very small, his countenance lively rather than intellectual. I should judge him to be kind-hearted and friendly.

Wordsworth and I went afterwards to the Society of Arts, and took shelter during a heavy rain in the great room. Wordsworth's curiosity was raised and soon satisfied by Barry's pictures.

Concluded my day at Monkhouse's. The Lambs were there.

Dinner at Monkhouse's.

April 4th.—Dined at Monkhouse's. Our party consisted of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Moore, and Rogers. Five poets of very unequal worth and most disproportionate popularity, whom the public probably would arrange in a different order. During this afternoon, Coleridge alone displayed any of his peculiar talent. I have not for years seen him in such excellent health and with so fine a flow of spirits. His discourse was addressed chiefly to Wordsworth, on points of metaphysical criticism—Rogers occasionally interposing a remark. The only one of the poets who seemed not to enjoy himself was Moore. He was very

Moore's account of the dinner.

attentive to Coleridge, but seemed to relish Lamb, next to whom he was placed.

*Rem.**—Of this dinner an account is given in Moore's Life, which account is quoted in the *Athenæum* of April 23rd, 1853. Moore writes:—"April 4th, 1823. Dined at Mr. Monkhouse's (a gentleman I had never seen before) on Wordsworth's invitation, who lives there whenever he comes to town. A singular party. Coleridge, Rogers, Wordsworth and wife, Charles Lamb, (the hero at present of the *London Magazine*) and his sister (the poor woman who went mad in a diligence on the way to Paris), and a Mr. Robinson, one of the *minora sidera* of this constellation of the Lakes; the host himself, a Mæcenas of the school, contributing nothing but good dinners and silence. Charles Lamb, a clever fellow, certainly, but full of villanous and abortive puns, which he miscarries of every minute. Some excellent things, however, have come from him." Charles Lamb is indeed praised by a word the most unsuitable imaginable, for he was by no means a *clever* man; and dear Mary Lamb, a woman of singular good sense, who, when really herself, and free from the malady that periodically assailed her, was quiet and judicious in an eminent degree — this admirable person is dryly noticed as "the poor woman who went mad in a diligence," &c. Moore is not to be blamed for this—they were strangers to him. The *Athenæum* Reviewer, who quotes this passage from Moore, remarks: "The tone is not to our liking," and it is added, "We should like to see Lamb's account."

* Written in 1853.

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Lamb's account of the dinner.

This occasioned my sending to the *Athenæum* (June 25th, 1853) a letter by Lamb to Bernard Barton.* "Dear Sir,—I wished for you yesterday. I dined in Parnassus with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Rogers, and Tom Moore: half the poetry of England constellated in Gloucester Place! It was a delightful evening! Coleridge was in his finest vein of talk—had all the talk; and let 'em talk as evilly as they do of the envy of poets, I am sure not one there but was content to be nothing but a listener. The Muses were dumb while Apollo lectured on his and their fine art. It is a lie that poets are envious: I have known the best of them, and can speak to it, that they give each other their merits, and are the kindest critics as well as best authors. I am scribbling a muddy epistle with an aching head, for we did not quaff Hippocrene last night, marry! It was hippocrass rather."

H. C. R.'s account of the dinner.

Lamb was in a happy frame; and I can still recall to my mind the look and tone with which he addressed Moore, when he could not articulate very distinctly:—"Mister Moore, will you drink a glass of wine with me?"—suiting the action to the word, and hobnobbing. Then he went on: "Mister Moore, till now I have always felt an antipathy to you, but now that I have seen you I shall like you ever after." Some years after I mentioned this to Moore. He recollected the fact, but not Lamb's amusing manner. Moore's talent was of another sort; for many years he had been the most brilliant man of his company. In anecdote, small-talk, and especially in singing, he was supreme; but

* Lamb's Works, Vol. I., p. 204.

he was no match for Coleridge in his vein. As little could he feel Lamb's humour.

Besides these five bards were no one but Mrs. Wordsworth, Miss Hutchinson, Mary Lamb, and Mrs. Gilman. I was at the bottom of the table, where I very ill performed my part.

Musical party at Aders'.

April 5th.—Went to a large musical party at Aders', in Euston Square. This party I had made for them. Wordsworth, Monkhouse, and the ladies, the Flaxmans, Coleridge, Mr. and Mrs. Gilman, and Rogers, were *my* friends. I noticed a great diversity in the enjoyment of the music, which was first-rate. Wordsworth declared himself perfectly delighted and satisfied, but he sat alone, silent, and with his face covered, and was generally supposed to be asleep. Flaxman, too, confessed that he could not endure fine music for *long*. But Coleridge's enjoyment was very lively and openly expressed.

The poets diverse love of music.

April 13th.—Dover lately lent me a very curious letter, written in 1757 by Thurlow to a Mr. Caldwell, who appears to have wanted his general advice how to annoy the parson of his parish. The letter fills several sheets, and is a laborious enumeration of statutes and canons, imposing an infinite variety of vexatious and burdensome duties on clergymen. Thurlow begins by saying: "I have confined myself to consider how a parson lies obnoxious to the criminal laws of the land, both ecclesiastical and secular, upon account of his character and office, omitting those instances in which all men are equally liable." And he terminates his review by a triumphant declaration:—"I hope my Lord Leicester will think, even by this short sketch, that I

Thurlow's advice how to annoy parsons.

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did not talk idly to him, when I said that parsons were so hemmed in by canons and statutes, that they can hardly breathe, according to law, if they are strictly watched."

Thurlow on the Athanasian Creed.

Scarcely any of the topics treated of have any interest, being for the most part technical; but after writing of the Statutes of Uniformity, especially 13th and 14th Ch. II. c. 64, he has this passage:—"I have mentioned these severe statutes and canons, because I have known many clergymen, and those of the best character, followers of Eusebius, who have, in the very face of all these laws, refused to read the Athanasian Creed. Considering the shocking absurdity of this creed, I should think it a cruel thing to punish anybody for not reading it but those who have sworn to read it, and who have great incomes for upholding that persuasion."

. . . neque enim lex est æquior ulla
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.

May 2nd.—Having discharged some visits, I had barely time to return to dress for a party at Mr. Green's, Lincoln's Inn Fields. An agreeable party. *Coleridge at whist.* Coleridge was the only talker, and he did not talk his best; he repeated one of his own jokes, by which he offended a Methodist at the whist-table; calling for her *last trump*, and confessing that, though he always thought her an angel, he had not before known her to be an archangel.

*Rem.**—Early in May my sister came to London to obtain surgical advice. She consulted Sir Astley

* Written in 1851.

Cooper, Cline, and Abernethy. Abernethy she declared to be the most feeling and tender surgeon she had ever consulted. His behaviour was characteristic, and would have been amusing, if the gravity of the occasion allowed of its being seen from a comic point of view. My sister calling on him as he was going out, said, by way of apology, she would not detain him two minutes. "What! you expect me to give you my advice in two minutes? I will do no such thing. I know nothing about you, or your mode of living. I can be of no use. Well, I am not the first you have spoken to; whom have you seen?—Cooper?—Ah! very clever with his fingers; and whom besides?—Cline?—*why* come to me then? you need not go to any one after him. He is a sound man."

CHAP. IX. 1823. *Abernethy.*

May 21st.—Luckily for me, for I was quite unprepared, a tithe case in which I was engaged was put off till the full term. Being thus unexpectedly relieved, I devoted great part of the forenoon to a delightful stroll. I walked through the Green Park towards Brompton; and knowing that with the great Bath road on my right, and the Thames on my left, I could not greatly err, I went on without inquiry. I found myself at Chelsea. Saw the new Gothic church, and was pleased with the spire, though the barn-like nave, and the slender and feeble flying buttresses, confirmed the expectation that modern Gothic would be a failure. Poverty or economy is fatal in its effects on a style of architecture which is nothing if it be not rich. I turned afterwards to the right, through Walham Common, and arrived at Naylor's at three. The great man whom we

Modern Gothic.

CHAP. IX. 1823. *Irving.*

were met to admire came soon after. It was the famous Scotch preacher, the associate of Dr. Chalmers at Glasgow, Mr. Irving. He was brought by his admirer, an acquaintance of Naylor's, a Mr. Laurie,* a worthy Scotchman, who to-day was in the background, but speaks at religious meetings, Naylor says. There was also Tho. Clarkson, not in his place to-day. Irving on the whole pleased me. Little or no assumption, easy and seemingly kind-hearted, talking not more of his labours in attending public meetings (he was come from one) than might be excused; he did not obtrude any religious talk, and was not dogmatical.

Rem.†—Irving had a remarkably fine figure and face, and Mrs. Basil Montagu said it was a question with the ladies whether his squint was a grace or a deformity. My answer would have been, It enhances the effect either way. A better saying of Mrs. Montagu's was, that he might stand as a model for St. John the Baptist—indeed for any Saint dwelling in the wilderness and feeding on locusts and wild honey. Those who took an impression unpropitious to him, might liken him to an Italian bandit. He has a powerful voice, feels always warmly, is prompt in his expression, and not very careful of his words. His opinions I liked. At the meeting he had attended in the morning (it was of a Continental Bible Society), he attacked the English Church as a persecuting Church, and opposed Wilberforce, who had urged prudent and *unoffending* proceedings. I told Irving of my Scotch journey. He informed me that the sermon I heard Dr. Chalmers preach against the Judaical

* Afterwards Sir Peter.—*Rem.* 1851. † Written in 1851.

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Chalmers' sermon on the Sabbath.

spending of the Sabbath, had given offence to the elders, who remonstrated with him about it.* He only replied that he was glad his sermon had excited so much attention. On my expressing my surprise that Dr. Chalmers should leave Glasgow for St. Andrew's, Irving said it was the best thing he could do. He had, by excess of labour, worn out both his mind and body. He ought for three or four years to do nothing at all, but recruit his health. We talked a little about literature. Irving spoke highly of Wordsworth as a poet, and praised his natural piety.

Irving's preaching.

May 25th.—After reading a short time, I went to the Caledonian Chapel, to hear Mr. Irving. Very mixed impressions. I do not wonder that his preaching should be thought to be acting, or at least as indicative of vanity as of devotion. I overheard some old ladies in Hatton Garden declaring that it was not pure gospel; they did not wish to hear any more, &c. The most unfavourable circumstance, as tending to confirm this suspicion, is a want of keeping in his discourse. Abrupt changes of style, as if written (and it *was* written) at a dozen different sittings. His tone equally variable. No master-feeling running through the whole, like the red string through the Royal Marine ropes, to borrow an image from Goethe. Yet his sermon was very impressive. I caught myself wandering but once. It began with a very promising division of his subject. His problem to show how the spiritual man is equally opposed to the sensual, the intellectual, and the moral man, but he expatiated chiefly on the sensual character.

* *Vide* page 211.

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He drew some striking pictures. He was very vehement, both in gesticulation and declamation. To me there was much novelty, perhaps because I am less familiar with Scotch than English preaching. Basil Montagu and several young barristers were there. The aisles were crowded by the profane, at least by persons drawn by curiosity.

*Rem.**—One unquestionable merit he had—he read the Scriptures most beautifully; he gave a new sense to them. Even the Scotch hymns, when he recited them, were rendered endurable. Of my own acquaintance with him I shall speak hereafter.

Irving's preaching.

June 8th.—I attended Mrs. J. Fordham to hear Mr. Irving, and was better pleased with him than before. There was an air of greater sincerity in him, and his peculiarities were less offensive. His discourse was a continuation of last week's—on the intellectual man as opposed to the spiritual man. He showed the peculiar perils to which intellectual pursuits expose a man. The physician becomes a materialist—the lawyer an atheist—because each confines his inquiries, the one to the secondary laws of nature, the other to the outward relations and qualities of actions. The poet, on the contrary, creates gods for himself. He worships the creations of his own fancy. Irving abused in a commonplace way the sensual poets, and made insinuations against the more intellectual, which might be applied to Wordsworth and Coleridge. He observed on the greater danger arising to intellectual persons from their being less exposed to adversity; their enjoyments of

On the intellectual and spiritual man.

* Written in 1851.

intellect being more independent of fortune. The best part of his discourse was a discrimination between the *three* fatal errors of—1st, conceiving that our actions are bound by the laws of necessity; 2nd, that we can reform when we please; and 3rd, that circumstances determine our conduct. There was a great crowd to-day, and the audience seemed gratified.

Words-worth.

June 17th.—I had an opportunity of being useful to Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth, who arrived to-day from Holland. They relied on Lamb's procuring them a bed, but he was out. I recommended them to Mrs. ———, but they could not get in there. In the meanwhile I had mentioned their arrival to Talfourd, who could accommodate them. I made tea for them, and afterwards accompanied them to Talfourd's. I was before engaged to Miss Sharpe, where we supped. The Flaxmans were there, Samuel Rogers, and his elder brother, who has the appearance of being a superior man, which S. Sharpe reports him to be. An agreeable evening. Rogers, who knows all the gossip of literature, says that on the best authority he can affirm that Walter Scott has received £100,000 honorarium for his poems and other works, including the Scotch novels! Walter Scott is Rogers' friend, but Rogers did not oppose Flaxman's remark, that his works have in no respect tended to improve the moral condition of mankind. Wordsworth came back well pleased with his tour in Holland. He has not, I believe, laid in many poetical stores.

Flaxman and S. Rogers.

Scott.

Irving.

June 22nd.—An unsettled morning. An attempt to hear Irving; the doors crowded. I read at home till

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his service was over, when by appointment I met Talfourd, with whom I walked to Clapton. Talfourd was predetermined to be contemptuous and scornful towards Irving, whom he heard in part, and no wonder that he thought him a poor reasoner, a commonplace declaimer, full of bad imagery. Pollock, with more candour, declares him to be an extraordinary man, but ascribes much of the effect he produces to his sonorous voice and impressive manner.

Irving.

June 29th.—Thomas Nash, of Whittlesford, calling, induced me to go again to hear Mr. Irving. A crowd. A rush into the meeting. I was obliged to stand all the sermon. A very striking discourse; an exposition of the superiority of Christianity over Paganism. It was well done. His picture of Stoicism was admirably conceived. He represented it at the best as but the manhood, not the womanhood, of virtue. The Stoic armed himself against the evils of life. His system, after all, was but refined selfishness, and while he protected himself, he did not devote himself to others; no kindness, no self-offering, &c. Speaking of the common practice of infidels to hold up Socrates and Cato as specimens of Pagan virtue, he remarked that this was as uncandid as it would be to represent the Royalists of the seventeenth century by Lord Falkland, or the Republicans by Milton, or the courtiers of Louis XIV. by Fénélon, the French philosophers before the Revolution by D'Alembert, or the French Republicans after by Carnot! But neither in this nor in any other of his sermons did he manifest great powers of thought.

Sermon on Christianity and Paganism.

Portugal.

This week has brought us the certain news of the counter-revolution in Portugal. But men still will not be convinced that the counter-revolution in Spain must inevitably follow.

Goethe's Dichtung und Wahrheit.

June 30th.—I finished Goethe's fifth volume. Some of the details of the retreat from Champagne, and still more those of the siege of Mayence, are tedious, but it is a delightful volume notwithstanding. It will be looked back upon by a remote posterity as a most interesting picture from the hand of a master of the state of the public mind and feeling at the beginning of the Revolution. The literary and psychological parts of the book are invaluable. The tale of the melancholy youth who sought Goethe's advice, which, after a visit in disguise to the Harz, he refused to give, because he was assured he could be of no use, is fraught with interest. It was at that time Goethe wrote the fine ode, "Harz Reise im Winter."*

Irving reserves quiet for study.

July 12th.—I met Cargill by appointment, but on calling at Mr. Irving's we received a card addressed to callers, stating that he had shut himself up till three, and wished not to be interrupted except on business of importance. How excellent a thing were this but a fashion!

Godwin.

I called on Murray, and signed a letter (which is to be lithographed, with a fac-simile of handwriting) recommending Godwin's case. It is written by Mackintosh.†

August 6th.—Went to the Haymarket. I have not

* Vol. II., p. 49.

† The object of this letter was to obtain a sum of money to help Godwin out of his difficulties.

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lately been so much amused. In "Sweethearts and Wives," by Kenny, Liston plays a sentimental lover and novel-reader. A burlesque song is the perfection of farce:—

"And when I cry and plead for marcy,
It does no good, but wice warsy."

[This year Mr. Robinson made a tour in Germany, Switzerland, and the Tyrol; but as he went over the same ground at other times, no selections will be given from the journal he wrote on this occasion.]

October 26th.—I met with Talfourd, and heard from him much of the literary gossip of the last quarter. Sutton Sharpe,* whom I called on, gave me a second edition, and lent me the last *London Magazine*,† containing Lamb's delightful letter to Southey.‡ His remarks on religion are full of deep feeling, and his eulogy on Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt most generous. Lamb must be aware that he would expose himself to obloquy by such declarations. It seems that he and Hazlitt are no longer on friendly terms. Nothing that Lamb has ever written has impressed me more strongly with the sweetness of his disposition and the strength of his affections.

Lamb's letter to Southey.

A. W. Schlegel.

November 10th.—An interesting day. I breakfasted with Flaxman, by invitation, to meet Schlegel. Had I as much admiration for Schlegel's personal

* Nephew of Samuel Rogers. Afterwards Q.C., and eminent at the equity bar.

† *See* the Works of Charles Lamb, Vol. I., p. 322.

‡ Southey had said in a review of "Elia's Essays":—"It is a book which wants only a sounder religious feeling, to be as delightful as it is original." He did not intend to let the word *sounder* stand, but the passage was printed without his seeing a proof of it.

character as I have for his literary powers, I should have been gratified by his telling Flaxman that it was who first named him to Madame de Staël, and who gave Madame de Staël her first ideas of German literature. Schlegel is now devoting himself to Indian learning, and hardly attends to anything else. Our conversation during a short breakfast was chiefly on Oriental subjects. He brought with him his niece, an artist, who has been studying under Girard at Paris. Flaxman had made an appointment with Rundle and Bridge. And we rode there, principally to see Flaxman's "Shield of Achilles," one of his greatest designs. Mr. Bridge said it is a disgrace to the English nobility that only four copies have been ordered,—by the King, the Duke of York, the Duke of Northumberland, and Lord Lonsdale.* Schlegel seemed to admire the work. It was Lord Mayor's Day, and we stayed to see the procession.

Flaxman's Shield of Achilles.

November 18th.—I spent the forenoon at home. Finished Mrs. Wordsworth's Journal. I do not know when I have felt more humble than in reading it, it is so superior to my own. She saw so much more than I did, though we were side by side during a great part of the time. Her recollection and her observation were alike employed with so much more effect than mine. This book revived impressions nearly dormant.

Mrs. Wordsworth's Continental Journal.

November 24th.—I walked out early. Went to the King's Bench, where one of Carlile's men was brought up for judgment for publishing blasphemy. A half-

Law of blasphemy.

* There is a fine cast of it in the Flaxman Gallery, University College, London, presented by C. R. Cockerell, R.A.

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crazy Catholic, French, spoke in mitigation,—"My lords," he said, "your lordships cannot punish this man, now that blasphemy is justified by Act of Parliament." This roused Lord Ellenborough. "That cannot be, Mr. French."—"Why, my lord, the late Bill repealing the penalties on denying the Trinity justifies blasphemy!"* This was a very sore subject to Lord Ellenborough, on account of the imputed heterodoxy of the Bishop of Carlisle, his father. French could only allege that this might have misled the defendant. He was put down, after uttering many absurdities. On this the defendant said: "I should like to know, my lords, if I may not say Christ was not God without being punished for it?" This brought up Best, and he said: "In answer to the question so indecently put, I have no hesitation in saying that, notwithstanding the Act referred to, it is a crime punishable by law to say of the Saviour of the world that he was"—and then there was a pause—"other than he declared himself to be." He was about to utter an absurdity, and luckily bethought himself.

Mrs. Shelley.

November 26th.—Took tea and supped at Godwin's. The Lambs there, and some young men. We played whist, &c. Mrs. Shelley there. She is unaltered, yet I did not know her at first. She looks elegant and sickly and young. One would not suppose she was the author of "Frankenstein."

Southey.

November 27th.—I called early on Southey at his brother's; he received me cordially; we chatted during a short walk. He wishes me to write an article on

* *See* ante, p. 135.

Germany for the *Quarterly*, which I am half-inclined to do. Southey talks liberally and temperately on Spanish affairs. He believes the King of Portugal will give a constitution to the people, but he has no hopes from the King of Spain. He has been furnished with Sir Hew Dalrymple's papers, from which he has collected two facts which he does not think it right at present to make public: one, that the present King of France* offered to fight in the Spanish army against Buonaparte; the other, that of thirty-five despatches which Sir Hew sent to Lord Castlereagh, only three were answered. The Spanish Ministry have been very abstinent in not revealing this fact against Louis lately; it would give new bitterness to the national feeling against him. No one now cares about Castlereagh's reputation.

December 3rd.—I dined in Castle Street, and then took tea at Flaxman's. A serious conversation on Jung's "Theorie der Geisterkunde"† ("Theory of the Science of Spirits"). Flaxman is prepared to go a very great way with Jung, for though he does not believe in animal magnetism, and has a strong and very unfavourable opinion of the *art*, and though he does not believe in witchcraft, yet he does believe in ghosts, and he related the following anecdotes as confirming his belief:—Mr. E—— ordered of Flaxman a monument for his wife, and directed that a dove should be introduced. Flaxman supposed it was an armorial crest, but on making an inquiry was informed that it was not, and was told this anecdote as explanatory of

Flaxman.

Ghosts.

* Louis XVIII.

† This work has been translated into English.

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the required ornament. When Mrs. E—— was on her death-bed, her husband being in the room with her, perceived that she was apparently conversing with some one. On asking her what she was saying, Mrs. E—— replied, "Do not you see Miss ——— at the window?"—"Miss ——— is not here," said her husband. "But she is," said Mrs. E——. "She is at the window, standing with a dove in her hand, and she says she will come again to me on Wednesday." Now this Miss ———, who was a particular friend of Mrs. E——, resided at a distance, and had then been dead three months. Whether her death was then known to Mrs. E——, I cannot say. On the Wednesday Mrs. E—— died. Flaxman also related that he had a cousin, a Dr. Flaxman, a Dissenting minister, who died many years ago. Flaxman, when a young man, was a believer in ghosts, the Doctor an unbeliever. A warm dispute on the subject having taken place, Mr. Flaxman said to the Doctor: "I know you are a very candid, as well as honest man, and I now put it to you whether, though you are thus incredulous, you have never experienced anything which tends to prove that appearances of departed spirits are permitted by Divine Providence?" Being thus pressed, the Doctor confessed that the following circumstance had taken place:—There came to him once a very ignorant and low fellow, who lived in his neighbourhood, to ask him what he thought of an occurrence that had taken place the preceding night. As he lay in bed, on a sudden a very heavy and alarming noise had taken place in a room above him where no one was, and which he could not account for.

He thought it must come from a cousin of his at sea, who had promised to come to him whenever he died. The Doctor scolded at the man and sent him off. Some weeks afterwards the man came again, to tell him that his cousin, he had learned, was drowned that very night.

*Rem.**—Let me add here, what I may have said before, that Charles Becher told me a story the very counterpart of this,—that one night he was awakened by a sound of his brother's voice crying out, that he was drowning, and it afterwards appeared that his brother was drowned that very night. It should be said that there was a furious tempest at the time, and Becher was on the English coast, and knew that his brother was at sea on the coast of Holland.

I should add to what I have said of Flaxman, that he was satisfied Jung had borrowed his theory from a much greater man, Swedenborg.

December 22nd.—Dined with Southern in Castle Street, and then went to Flaxman's. I read to them parts of Jung's work, but Flaxman thought his system very inferior to Swedenborg's. Flaxman declared his conviction that Swedenborg has given the true interpretation of the Old and New Testaments, and he believes in him as an inspired teacher. He says, that till he read his explanations of the Scriptures, they were to him a painful mystery. He has lent me a summary of the Swedenborgian doctrines.

Flaxman on Swedenborg.

December 31st.—A year to me of great enjoyment, but not of prosperity. My fees amounted to 445

* Written in 1851.

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guineas. As to myself, I have become more and more desirous to be religious, but seem to be further off than ever. Whenever I draw near, the negative side of the magnet works, and I am pushed back by an invisible power.

CHAPTER X.

1824.

January 1st.—I dined with Flaxman. An agreeable afternoon. The Franklins there.

*Rem.**—Captain, the now lost Sir John Franklin, had married Ellen, the youngest daughter of Porden, the architect. I appear not to have justly appreciated his bodily nature. My journal says: "His appearance is not that of a man fit for the privations and labours to which his voyage of discovery exposed him. He is rather under-set; has a dark complexion and black eyes; a diffident air, with apparently an organic defect of vision; not a bold soldier-like mien. It seemed as if he had not recovered from his hunger." Flaxman was very cheerful. When he has parties, he seems to think it his duty to give his friends talk as well as food, and of both his entertainment is excellent. He tells a story well, but rather diffusely. We looked over prints, and came home late. It is a curious coincidence, that being engaged to dine with Captain Franklin at Flaxman's, I had to decline an invitation to meet Captain Parry at Mr. Martineau's, Stamford Hill.

January 10th.—Walked out and called on Miss Lamb. I looked over Lamb's library in part. He has the *Lamb.*

* Written in 1851.

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finest collection of shabby books I ever saw; such a number of first-rate works in very bad condition is, I think, nowhere to be found.

Irving's Argument of Judgment to Come.

January 22nd.—Rode to London from Bury on the "Telegraph." I was reading all the time it was light Irving's "Argument of Judgment to Come," which I have since finished. It is a book of great power, but on the whole not calculated to resolve doubts. It is more successful in painting strongly to believers the just inferences from the received doctrine. It is written rather to alarm than persuade; and to some would have the effect of deterring from belief.

John Woolman's Journal.

How different this from John Woolman's Journal* I have been reading at the same time. A perfect gem! His is a *schöne Seele* (beautiful soul). An illiterate tailor, he writes in a style of the most exquisite purity and grace. His moral qualities are transferred to his writings. Had he not been so very humble he would have written a still better book, for, fearing to indulge in vanity, he conceals the events in which he was a great actor. His religion is love. His whole existence and all his passions were love! If one could venture to impute to his creed, and not to his personal character, the delightful frame of mind which he exhibited, one could not hesitate to be a convert. His Christianity is most inviting,—it is fascinating.

* "John Woolman's Works, containing the Journal of his Life, Gospel Labours, and Christian Experiences. To which are added his Writings." Philadelphia, 1775. Dublin, 1794. London, 1824. 8vo. Charles Lamb greatly admired this work, and brought it to H. C. R.'s notice. Woolman was an American Quaker, one of those who first had misgivings about the institution of slavery.

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February 3rd.—Made a long-deferred call on Mr. Irving, with whom I was very much pleased. He received me with flattering cordiality, and introduced me to his wife, a plain but very agreeable woman. Irving is learning German, which will be an occasion of acquaintance between us, as I can be of use to him. We had an agreeable chat; his free, bold tone, the recklessness with which he talks, both of men and things, renders his company piquant. He spoke of the Scottish character as to be found only in the peasantry, not in the literati. Jeffrey and the Edinburgh critics do not represent the people; neither, I observed, do Hume, Adam Smith, &c. I adverted to some of the criticisms on his sermons. He seemed well acquainted with them, but not much to regard them. He said that Coleridge had given him a new idea of German metaphysics, which he meant to study.

Irving's conversation.

February 15th.—Having resolved to devote my Sundays in future to the perusal of writings of a religious character, I this morning made choice of a volume of Jeremy Taylor as a beginning. I pitched on his "Marriage Ring," a splendid discourse, equally fine as a composition and as evidencing deep thought. Yet it has passages hardly readable at the present day. It has naïve expressions, which raise a smile. In the midst of a long argument to prove that a husband ought not to beat his wife, he asks, "If he cannot endure her talk, how can she endure his beating?"

Jeremy Taylor.

February 17th.—I had a short chat with Benecke, and read him extracts from Jeremy Taylor. Glad to find Benecke a *thinking* Christian. He is, with all his piety

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and gravity, a believer in universal restoration; or, at least, a disbeliever in eternal punishment. By the by, I met the other day this remark: "It is a greater difficulty how evil should ever come into the world, than that, there being evil already here, it should be continued for ever in the shape of punishment. If it is not inconsistent with the Divine attributes to suffer guilt, is it so that he should ordain punishment?" But I think I have a short and yet satisfactory answer. Evil here, and the evil of punishment, like all other *may be* means to an end, which end *may be* the good of all. But eternal punishment supposes evil to be an *End.*

On the eternity of future punishment.

Irving.

February 20th.—Rode to Hammersmith, where, accompanying Naylor, I dined with Mr. Slater. A rather large party, rendered interesting by Irving. A young clergyman, a Mr. P——, talked of the crime of giving opium to persons before death, so that they went before their Maker stupefied. A silly sentiment, which Irving had the forbearance not to expose, though his manner sufficiently indicated to me what his feeling was. There was also a Mr. C——, an old citizen, a *parvenu*, said by Slater to be an excellent and very clever man; but he quoted Dr. Chalmers to prove that the smaller the violation of the law, the greater the crime. Irving spoke as if he knew how Hall had spoken of him, censured his violent speeches, and reported his having said to a young theological student, "Do you believe in Christ? Do you disbelieve in Dr. Collier?" and incidentally asked, "If such things (some infirmity of I forget what divine) are overlooked, why not my censoriousness?" Speaking of Hall, Irving said

Irving and Robert Hall.

that he thought his character had greatly suffered by the infusion of party spirit, which had disturbed his Christian sentiments. Mrs. Irving was also very agreeable; the cordiality of both husband and wife was gratifying to me. I anticipate pleasant intercourse with them.

Flaxman about Reynolds.

February 27th.—Had a long chat with Flaxman about Sir Joshua Reynolds. In the decline of life he expressed dissatisfaction with himself for not having attended to religion. He was not always sufficiently attentive to the feelings of others, and hurt Flaxman by saying to him on his marriage,—"You are a ruined man—you will make no further progress now."

February 29th.—Read the second sermon on Advent. It has checked my zeal for Jeremy Taylor. It is true, as Anthony Robinson says, that one does not get on with him; or rather he does not get on with his subject. A diffuse declaimer must, however, expose himself to this reproach. In eloquence, as in dancing, the object is not so much to get from the spot as to delight by graceful postures and movements without going away. And I find as I go on with Jeremy Taylor that he is merely eloquent—he dances, but he does not journey on. And in works of thought there should be a union of qualities. One might parody Pope, and say:

> "Or set on *oratoric* ground to prance,
> Show all his paces, not a step advance."

Lamb's religiousness.

March 5th.—Walked over to Lamb's. Meant a short visit, but Monkhouse was there as well as Manning; so I took tea and stayed the whole evening, and played whist. Besides, the talk was agreeable. On religion,

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Monkhouse talked as I did not expect; rather earnestly on the Atonement, as the essential doctrine of Christianity, but against the Trinity, which he thinks by a mere mistake has been adopted from Oriental philosophy, under a notion that it was necessary to the Atonement. The dogmatism of theology has disgusted Lamb, and it is that alone which he opposes; he has the organ of theosophy, and is by nature pious.

Barker.

March 26th.—At the Spring Assizes at Thetford. I dined with my nephew and niece, then living there. I drank tea with James Edmund Barker. His literary anecdotes were entertaining. He wrote a work of some size about Dr. Parr, whose pupil he was. He said Parr was intolerant of young scoffers at religion; and to a Roman Catholic who had jeered at the story of Balaam's ass and its cross, he said with more severity than wit,—"It would be well, young man, if you had less of the ass and more of the cross." To a lady, who, seeing him impatient at her talk, said,—"You must excuse us ladies, whose privilege it is to talk nonsense."—"Pray, madam, did you talk nonsense, it would be your infirmity, not your privilege, unless, indeed, you deem it the privilege of a duck to waddle because it cannot walk." Barker related an anecdote of Parr in connection with ———, which makes amends for manya harsh word. He had lent ——— £200, as Barker thought, but I think it was, in fact, £500. "I shall never see the money again," said the Doctor; "but it is of no consequence. It is for a good man, and a purpose."

Irving and Wordsworth on

April 19th.—I went after breakfast to Monkhouse. Mr. Irving there; he was very courteous. Wordsworth

also there. Listened with interest to a serious conversation between the poet and the pulpit orator, and took a share in it. Wordsworth stated that the great difficulty which had always pressed on his mind in religion was the inability to reconcile the Divine prescience with accountability in man. I stated mine to be the incompatibility of the existence of evil, as final and absolute, with the Divine attributes. Irving did not attempt to solve either. He declared that he was no metaphysician, and that he did not pretend to know more of God than was revealed to him. He did not, however, seem to take any offence at the difficulties suggested. An interesting hour's conversation.

points of theological difficulty.

May 18th.—Called on Irving. He was very friendly, as was also his wife. A little serious talk; but Irving is no metaphysician, nor do I suppose a deep thinker. But he is liberal, and free from doctrinal superstition. He received my free remarks on the *terrors* which he seeks to inspire with great good-nature. I left him "John Woolman," a book which exhibits a Christian *all love.** Woolman was a missionary, and Irving is writing on the missionaries. He called it a God-send.

Irving.

May 22nd.—After a call on Flaxman, dined with Captain Franklin. A small but interesting party. Several friends of Franklin's—travellers, or persons interested in his journeys—all gentlemen and men of sense. They talked of the Captain's travels with vivacity, and he was in good spirits; he appeared quite the man for the perilous enterprise he has

Sir John Franklin.

* *See* ante, p. 266.

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undertaken. Mr. Palgrave (formerly Cohen), a well-known antiquary, was there, and his wife, the daughter of Dawson Turner. She has more beauty, elegance, sense, and taste united than I have seen for a long time.

Sir Francis and Lady Palgrave.

Wilde.

May 28th.—I went down to Westminster to hear Serjeant Wilde in defence of the British Press for a libel on Mr. Chetwynd. He spoke with great vehemence and acuteness combined. His vehemence is not united to elegance, so that he is not an orator; but the acuteness was not petty. He will soon be at the head of the Common Pleas.

*Rem.**—My prophecy was more than fulfilled. He is now, as Lord Truro, the Lord High Chancellor; but, like other recent Chancellors, it is not *so* that he will be best known to posterity.

Lamb and Mrs. Barbauld.

June 1st.—I was induced to engage myself to dine with C. Lamb. After dinner he and I took a walk to Newington. We sat an hour with Mrs. Barbauld. She was looking tolerably, but Lamb (contrary to his habit) was disputatious with her, and not in his best way. He reasons from feelings, and those often idiosyncrasies; she from abstractions and verbal definitions. Such people can't agree.

Coleridge.

June 3rd.—At nine (much too early), I went to a dance and rout at Mr. Green's, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where I stayed till three. A large party. Luckily for me, Coleridge was there, and I was as acceptable to him as a listener as he to me as a talker. Even in the dancing-room, notwithstanding the noise of the music,

* Written in 1851.

he was able to declaim very amusingly on his favourite topics. This evening his theme was the growing hypocrisy of the age, and the determination of the higher classes, even in science, to repress all liberality of speculation. Sir Humphry Davy has joined the party, and they are now patronizing Granville Penn's absurd attack on geology as being against revealed religion. It seems that these ultra-religionists deem the confirmation of the great fact of a deluge from the phenomena within the crust of the globe as inconsistent with the Mosaic account. After so entire a destruction of the earth, how could the dove find a growing olive? Coleridge thinks German philosophy in a state of rapid deterioration. He metaphysicized *à la* Schelling while he abused him, saying the Atheist seeks only for an infinite cause of all things; the spurious divine is content with mere personality and personal will, which is the death of all reason. The philosophic theologian unites both. How this is to be done he did not say.

June 10th.—Dined at Lamb's, and then walked with him to Highgate, self-invited. There we found a large party. Mr. and Mrs. Green, the Aderses, Irving, Collins, R.A., a Mr. Taylor,* a young man of talents in the Colonial Office, Basil Montagu, and one or two others. It was a *rich* evening. Coleridge talked his best, and it appeared better because he and Irving supported the same doctrines. His superiority was striking. The subject dwelt on was the superiority of the internal evidence of Christianity. In a style not clear or intelligible to me, both Coleridge and Irving declaimed.

Coleridge and Irving.

* Henry Taylor, author of "Philip van Artevelde."

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Henry Taylor.

The *advocatus diaboli* for the evening was Mr. Taylor, who, in a way very creditable to his manners as a gentleman, but with little more than verbal cleverness, ordinary logic, and the confidence of a young man who has no suspicion of his own deficiences, affirmed that those evidences which the Christian thinks he finds in his internal convictions, the Mahometan also thinks he has; and he also asserted that Mahomet had improved the condition of mankind. Lamb asked him whether he came in a turban or a hat. There was also a Mr. C——, who broke out at last by an opposition to Mr. Irving, which made the good man so angry that he exclaimed, "Sir, I reject the whole bundle of your opinions." Now it seemed to me that Mr. C—— had no opinions, only words, for his assertions seemed a mere *galimatias.*

Coleridge on Goethe.

The least agreeable part of Coleridge's talk was about German literature. He called Herder a coxcomb, and set Goethe far below Schiller, allowing the former no other merit than that of exquisite taste. He repeated his favourite reproach, that Goethe wrote from an idea that a certain thing was to be done in a certain style, not from the fulness of sentiment on a certain subject.

My talk with Irving alone was more satisfactory. He spoke of a friend who has translated "Wilhelm Meister," and said, "We do not sympathize on religious matters. But that is nothing. Where I find that there is a sincere searching after truth, I think I like a person the better for not having found it."—"At least," I replied, "you have an additional interest in him."

Whether Irving said this, suspecting me to be a doubter, I do not know. Probably he did.

Lamb on his friend Manning.

On my walk with Lamb, he spoke with enthusiasm of Manning,* declaring that he is the most *wonderful* man he ever knew, more extraordinary than Wordsworth or Coleridge. Yet he does nothing. He has travelled even in China, and has been by land from India through Thibet, yet, as far as is known, he has written nothing. Lamb says his criticisms are of the very first quality.

Athenæum.

July 1st.—Made my first call at the Athenæum, a genteel establishment; but I foresee that it will not answer my purpose as a dining-place, and, if not, I gain nothing by it as a lounge for papers, &c.

Rem.†—It now constitutes one of the great elements of my ordinary life, and my becoming a member was an epoch in my life. These great clubs have changed the character of London society, and will save many a young man from the evils of a rash marriage, as well as habits of dissipation. Originally it was proposed that all the members (1,000) of the Athenæum should be men of letters, and, authors, artists, or men of science—in a word, *producers*; but it was found impossible to form a club solely of such materials, and, had it been possible, it would have been scarcely desirable. So the qualification was extended to *lovers* of literature, and when Amyot proposed me to Heber, the great book-collector, I was declared by

* Thomas Manning, at one time a mathematical tutor at Cambridge. Some of Lamb's most characteristic letters were addressed to him.

† Written in 1851.

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Heber to be worthy, on account of my being a German scholar. He at once consented to propose me, but I needed a seconder who knew me. Flaxman named me to Gurney, the barrister, who consented to second me, and he writing a letter to that effect, I was in fact seconded by I know not whom. The entrance fee was £10, and the annual subscription £5. A house was building for us in the square opposite the Park. We occupied for a time the south-west corner of Regent Street. I was not at first aware that it would become my ordinary dining-place, but I knew it would introduce me to good society.

Lady Morgan.

July 1st.—I dined with Storks, to meet Lady and Sir Charles Morgan, and I was much amused by the visit. Before I went, I was satisfied that I should recognize in the lady one who had attracted my attention at Pistrucci's, and my guess was a hit. Lady Morgan did not displease me till I reflected on her conversation. She seems good-natured as well as lively. She talked like one conscious of her importance and superiority. I quoted Kant's "There are two things which excite my admiration—the moral law within me, and the starry heavens above me."—"That is mere vague declamation," said Sir Charles; "German sentiment and nothing else. The starry heavens, philosophically considered, are no more objects of admiration than a basin of water!" Lady Morgan most offended me by her remarks about Madame de Staël.

She talked of her own books. £2,400 was asked for a house. "That will cost me two books," she said. She has seen Prati, who, she says, advises her to go to

Germany; "but I have no respect for German literature or philosophy."—"Your ladyship had better stay at home. Does your ladyship know anything about them?" was my ungallant reply.

*Rem.**—I saw her once or twice after this, but I never courted her company; and I thought the giving her a pension one of the grossest misapplications of the small sum at the disposal of the Government. Wordsworth repeatedly declared his opinion that writers for the people—novelists, poets, and dramatists—had no claim, but that authors of dictionaries and books of reference had.

Lamb and Irving.

July 5th.—I dined in Castle Street, and took tea at Lamb's. Mr. Irving and his friend, Mr. Carlyle, were there. An agreeable evening enough; but there is so little sympathy between Lamb and Irving, that I do not think they can or ought to be intimate.

Lamb.

July 6th.—Took tea with Lamb. Hessey gave an account of De Quincey's description of his own bodily sufferings. "He should have employed as his publishers," said Lamb, "Pain and Fuss" (Payne and Foss).

Mrs. Opie.

July 14th.—At the Assizes at Norwich. Called on Mrs. Opie, who had then become a Quakeress. She received me very kindly, but as a Quaker in dress and diction. I found her very agreeable, and not materially changed. Her dress had something coquettish in it, and her becoming a Quakeress gave her a sort of éclat; yet she was not conscious, I dare say, of any unworthy motive. She talked in her usual graceful and affec-

* Written in 1851.

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tionate manner. She mentioned *Lord* Gifford—surely a slip of the tongue.

A pun.

July 17th.—To-day heard a good pun from the unfortunate A——. The college beer was very bad at St. John's. "The brewer ought to be drowned in a butt of his own beer," said one fellow. A—— replied, "He ought. He does, indeed, deserve a watery bier."

Baldwin.

Rem. July 23rd.*—My first visit to Charles Baldwin, at Camberwell, where he dwelt in a sort of park, where once Dr. Lettsom lived. He has been ever since as owner, first of *Baldwin's Evening Mail*, and afterwards of the *Standard*, at the head of the Tory and Church party press, and our acquaintance has, of course, fluctuated, but has not altogether ceased.

August 12th.—All day in Court. In one cause I held a brief under Henry Cooper. The attorney, a stranger, Garwood, of Wells, told me that he was informed by his friend Evans (the son of my old friend, Joseph Evans), that I was the H. C. R. mentioned in the *London Magazine* as the friend of Elia. "I love Elia," said Mr. Garwood; "and that was enough to make me come to you!"

Irving.

August 18th.—Called on Mr. Irving, and had an agreeable chat with him. He is an honourable man in his feelings. He was called away by a poor minister, who, having built a chapel, says he must go to prison unless Mr. Irving would preach a sermon for him. Mr. Irving refused. He said *he* had no call or mission to relieve men from difficulties into which they throw

* Written in 1851.

themselves. He says there is much cant and selfishness which stalk abroad under the mask of the word gospel. Irving praises exceedingly Luther's "Table-Talk," which I have lent him. "It is the profoundest table-talk I ever read," he says.

Tour in Normandy.

August 23rd.—I went to Brighton, and after spending a few days with my friends there and at Lewes, I made a tour almost entirely in Normandy.

*Rem.**—During my journey I was not inattentive to the state of public opinion. It was decidedly against the Bourbons, as far as I accidentally heard sentiments expressed. Of course I except official zeal. At Caen, I was amused at the *Bureau de la Police* by a plaster cast of the King, like those sold by Italian boys for *6d.* Round the brow a withered leaf, to represent the laurel "meed of mighty conquerors," with this inscription:

> François fidèle! incline-toi;
> Traitre, frémis,—voici le Roi!

Contempt for the Bourbons.

This contempt for the family was by no means confined to the Republicans or Imperialists, though certainly much of it was, and is, to be ascribed to the national character, which would lead them to tolerate sooner King Stork than King Log, if the devouring sovereign conferred any kind of honour on those he swallowed.

French judges.

How low the condition of the French judges is, was also made evident to me. The salary of the puisne judges in the provinces—at Avranches, for instance—is 1,200 *livres per annum*, without fees or emoluments of any kind: and from the *conducteur* of our diligence I

* Written in 1851.

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learned that he and his fellow-*conducteurs* had recently struck, because an attempt had been made to reduce their salary from 4,000 to 3,000 *livres*, with permission to take the usual fees; and every traveller gives liberally.

Avoués and Avocats.

The *Avocats*, who are distinguished from the *Avoués*, receive small fees till they become of importance, and then such men as Berryer will gain as much as several hundred thousand francs *per annum*. The *Avoués, tout comme chez nous*, earn more than the *Avocats* in criminal cases, though the orders are by no means so entirely separated. The *Avoués* alone represent the client, who is bound by their admissions only; and their bills are taxed like those of our attorneys.

Walk to the Monastery of La Trappe.

The most interesting occurrence on this journey was my visit to the Monastery of La Trappe, to which I walked on September 21st, from Mortagne. The spot itself is simple, mean, and ugly—very unlike *la grande Chartreuse*. It had been thoroughly destroyed early in the Revolution, and, when restored, the order was in great poverty. Its meanness took away all my enthusiasm, for my imagination was full of romantic images of "shaggy woods and caves forlorn." It is situated in a forest about three leagues from Mortagne. Indications of its peculiar sanctity were given by inscriptions on barns and mean houses of husbandry, such as *Domus Dei, Beati qui habitant in illa;* and these *beati* and *felices* were repeated so often, as to excite the suspicion that the inscribers were endeavouring to convince themselves of their own felicity. The people I saw this day were mean and vulgar for the greater part, with no heroic

quality of the monk. Some few had visages indicating strength of the lowest animal nature, others had a cunning look. One or two were dignified and interesting.

On knocking at the gate, a dirty old man opened it, and conducted me to a little room, where I read on the wall, "Instructions to Visitors." The most significant of these was, that if, among the monks, any one were recognized, though he were a son, a parent, or a brother, he was not to be spoken to. As every monk had renounced all connection with the world, all his relations with the world were destroyed.

Trappists at mass.

Visitors were not to speak till spoken to, and then to answer briefly. I was led into a gallery from which I could see the monks at mass. As others were on their knees, I followed their example on entering, but I felt it to be a kind of hypocrisy, and did not repeat the act when I had once risen. The only peculiarity in the performance of the mass was the humility of the monks,—sometimes on their knees and hands, and at other times standing bent as a boy does at leapfrog, when a little boy is to leap over him.

Being beckoned back into the waiting-room, two monks having white garments entered and prostrated themselves before me, covering their faces with their hands. They remained in this posture long enough to make me feel silly and uncomfortable. Not that I felt like a Sultan or Grand Turk, as if I were the object of worship, for I knew that this was an act of humility which would be performed to a beggar. Only once before was a man ever on his knees to me, and then I

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felt contempt and anger, and this man was a sort of sovereign, or portion of a king—one of the Junta of Galicia, in Spain. Towards these men I felt pity, not admiration. One had a stupid face, the other a most benignant expression. This, the good genius of the two, after leading me into the church, where unintelligible ceremonies were gone through, read to me out of a book what I did not understand. I was in a state of confusion, and I did what I was bid as obediently as a postulant. I was left alone, and then another monk came. I was offered dinner, which I had previously resolved to accept, thinking I might, at least for one day, eat what was the ordinary food for life of men who at one time had probably fared more sumptuously than I had ever done; but it was a trial, I own.

Trappist meal.

I would leave nothing on my plate, and was prudent in not overloading it. The following was my fare and that of two other guests, meanly dressed men. A little table was covered with a filthy cloth, but I had a clean napkin. First, a *soupe maigre*, very insipid; a dish of cabbage, boiled in what I should have thought butter, but that is a prohibited luxury; a dish of boiled rice seasoned with a little salt, but by no means savoury; and barley or oatmeal boiled, made somewhat thick with milk—not disagreeable, considered as prison allowance. While at dinner there came in the *frère cellier*, or butler, who said he had a favour to ask of me. It was that I would write to him from England, and inform him by what means the English Gloucester cheese has the reddish hue given to it. The society have cows and sell their cheese, which makes a large portion of their

income. This I promised to do, intimating that the colour without the flavour would be of little use. In fact, I did send—what I hope was received—a packet of ———,* which cost me about as many shillings as my dinner cost *sous*. I was glad of this, for I saw no poor-box in which I could deposit the cost of my meal. The man who made this request had a ruddy complexion, and by no means a mortified air. The monk who brought in the wine also had a laughing eye, and I saw him smile. All the others were dismal, forlorn, and silent. He could speak even loudly, yet he had the dress of a *frère convers*. Among the monks was the famous Baron Geramb, of whom I heard a romantic tale (worth telling, were this a part of a book). One of the young men who dined with me was a seminarist of Seez. His hands betrayed that he had been accustomed to day labour. His conversation was that of the most uneducated. He was so ignorant that, on my expressing my astonishment that the Emperor of Austria could allow his daughter to marry Buonaparte, who had a wife already, he accounted for it by his being a *Protestant*. This young man made the journey to the monastery to relieve himself from his college studies at Seez, as our Cambridge students go to the Lakes. At the same time, his object was, I fear, purer than theirs. He came for edification, to be strengthened in the pious resolution which made him assume the holy office of a priest, and avail himself of the charitable education freely given him by his patron, the bishop. He was my cicerone round the monastery, and felt like a patron

The ignorance of some of the monks.

* Probably what Mr. Robinson sent was Arnotto.

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towards me. When I confessed that I was a Protestant, he smiled with satisfaction, that he had had penetration to guess as much, though he had never seen me before.

At that time the church was in want of supplies for the lower order of clergy; but it is otherwise now.

Under his guidance I could see through the windows the monks at their dinner at a long table, with a sort of porridge pot before them, while the readers in the several apartments were reading to the diners. I saw

Their beds.

the dormitories. The monks sleep on boards covered with a thin piece of cloth or serge. Each has his name written on his den. The *Père prieur* does not sleep better than the others.

My informant told me that the monks have only a very short interval between prayer and toil and sleep; and this is not called *recreation* lest the recluse should be led to forget that he is to have no enjoyment but what arises from the contemplation of God.

If they sweat, they are not allowed to wipe their sweat from their brows; probably because they think this would be resistance to the Divine command.

The monks labour but very little, from pure weakness. Among the very few books in the strangers' room were

The Laws of the Order.

two volumes of the "Laws of the Order." I turned them over. Among the laws was a list of all those portions of the Old Testament which the monks were prohibited reading. Certainly this was not a mutilation of the sacred writings which the Protestants have any right to make a matter of reproach. On my going

away, the priest who had first spoken to me came again, and asked me my object in coming. I said, "A serious curiosity;" that I wished to see their monastery; that I knew Catholics grossly misrepresented Protestantism from ignorance, and I believed Protestants misrepresented Catholicism in like manner. He took my hand at parting, and said, "Though you are not of our religion, we should be glad to see you again. I hope God in his grace will bring you to the true religion." I answered, "I thank you for the wish. If your religion be the true one, I wish to die a believer in it. We think differently; God will judge between us." Certainly this visit did not bring me nearer to Roman Catholicism in inclination.

October 8th.—Came home by Dover, Hastings, and Brighton, and returned to my chambers on the evening of the 15th October.

Portrait of H. C. R.

October 15th.—Mrs. Aders speaks highly—I think, extravagantly—of Masquerier's picture of me, which she wishes to copy. She says it is just such a picture as she would wish to have of a friend—my very best expression. It need be the best to be endurable.

Mrs. Barbauld.

November 4th.—Walked to Newington. Mrs. Barbauld was going out, but she stayed a short time with me. The old lady is much shrunk in appearance, and is declining in strength. She is but the shade of her former self, but a venerable shade. She is eighty-one years of age, but she retains her cheerfulness, and seems not afraid of death. She has a serene hope and quiet faith—delightful qualities at all times, and in old age peculiarly enviable.

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Proposed dining club.

November 16th.—Called on Southern. He tells me that the dining-club he proposes is to be in Essex Street, and to consist of about fifty members, chiefly partisans of Bentham. Hume, the M.P., is to be one, and Bowring, Mill, and others will join. Southern proposes Hogg as a member. I have intimated a strong doubt whether I would belong to it.

The Lambs.

November 21st.—Dined at the Bar mess in Hall, and then went to Lamb's. Alsop was there, an amiable man. I believe his acquaintance with Lamb originated in his sending Coleridge a present of £100, in admiration of his genius.

Flaxman.

December 1st.—Called at Flaxman's. He has been very ill, even dangerously, and is still unwell, but recovering. These repeated attacks announce a breaking constitution. One of the salt of the earth will be lost whenever this great and good man leaves it.

A book-auction.

December 3rd.—A bad morning, for I went to book-auctions, and after losing my time at Southey's, I lost my money at Evans's! I bought the "Annual Register," complete, for £19 5*s.* This is certainly a book of reference, but how often shall I refer to it? Lamb says, in all my life, nineteen times. Bought also the "Essayists," Chalmers's edition, 45 vols., well-bound, for 6½ guineas, little more than the cost of binding; but this is a lady's collection. How often shall I want to refer to it? Brydge's "Archaica," 2 vols., 4to, published in nine one-guinea parts; but it is only a curious book, to be read once and then laid by. "Beware of cheap bargains," says Franklin—a useless admonition to me.

December 10th.—Took tea at home. Mr. Carlyle

with me. He presses me to write an account of my recollections of Schiller for his book. I was amused by looking over my MSS., autographs, &c.; but it has since given me pain to observe the weakness and incorrectness of my memory. I find I recollect nothing of Schiller worth recollection. At ten went to Talfourd's, where were Haydon and his wife, and Lamb and his sister; a very pleasant chat with them. Miss Mitford there; pleasing looks, but no words.

Schiller.

At Talfourd's.

December 14th.—E. Littledale sent me a note informing me that the Douai Bible and Rheims Testament were to be sold to-day, by Saunders. I attended, and bought them both very cheap—for 8*s.* 6*d.* and 3*s.* 6*d.*; but I also bought Law's "Jacob Böhme" for £1 7*s.*; though 4 vols., 4to, still a foolish purchase, for what have I to do with mystical devotion, who am in vain striving to gain a taste for a more rational religion? Had I a depth of reflection and a strength of sagacity which I am conscious of not possessing, I might profit by such books.

Book-auction.

December 25th.—Christmas Day. I dined by invitation with Captain Franklin. Some agreeable people, whom I expected to meet, were not there. And the party would have been dull enough had not the Captain himself proved a very excellent companion. His conversation that of a man of knowledge and capacity—decision of character combined with great gentleness of manners. He is eminently qualified for the arduous labour he has undertaken of exploring by land the Northern regions, in order to meet, if possible, the North

Franklin.

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Pole navigators. Mrs. Franklin still remains very much an invalid.

December 31st.—I went to a party at Captain Franklin's. The Flaxmans were there, also Lieutenant Back, the former companion of the Captain; but the company too numerous for interesting conversation.

I concluded the year at the Athenæum, a spot where, if my health and other accidents of felicity which I have yet been blessed in, be preserved to me, I hope to have much enjoyment.

Southey.

*Rem.**—When Southey was in town and breakfasted with me, I mentioned to him that the Prussian Government had volunteered very extensive reforms in its administration, and acquired so great strength by it, in the popular sentiment, that it was mainly to be ascribed to this, that the successful resistance to French oppression occurred. Southey said, "I wish you would write an article on this for the *Quarterly*." I rudely said, "I should be ashamed to write for the *Quarterly*," and Southey was evidently offended.

H. C. R.'s article in the Quarterly.

But the article was written, and ultimately appeared in the *Quarterly*, though not precisely as written by me. It underwent no change, however, beyond the insertion of a Greek passage, and one or two omissions. It appeared in Vol. XXXI. No. 62, published in April, 1825.

During this year there was a small rise in the amount of my fees, from 445 to 469½ guineas; and I have to record the sudden death of my fellow-circuiteer, Henry Cooper.

Several incidents took place during the assizes at

* Written in 1851.

Bury, which deserve notice as illustrative of the bad state of criminal law and practice in the country. One man indicted pleaded guilty. Eagle said, "I am your counsel; say, 'Not guilty.'" With difficulty, the Chief Baron interposing, he did. The prosecutor being called, refused to be sworn, and was sent to gaol. I tried to do without him, and failed. The man was acquitted. In another case I defended, and the evidence being very slight, the Chief Baron stopped me and told the jury to acquit; but the jury said they had doubts, and, the Chief Baron going on, all the prisoners were convicted, though against some there was no evidence.

At Norwich, another case occurred exhibiting the wretched state of the law, in which I was the instrument of necessitating a reform. I defended a knot of burglars, against whom there was a complete case if the evidence of an accomplice were receivable, but none without. Now, that accomplice had been convicted of felony, and sentenced by a Court of Quarter Sessions to imprisonment *alone*, without the addition of a fine or a whipping. And the statute restoring competence requires an imprisonment *and* a fine or a whipping. Gazelee refused to attend to this objection, and all were convicted; but I called on Edghill, the clerk of assize, and told him that, unless the men were discharged, I would memorialize the Secretary of State. And in consequence the men were in a few days discharged; and Sir Robert Peel, at the opening of the session of Parliament, brought in a short act amending the law. Imprisonment or fine alone was rendered sufficient to give a restoration of legal credit.

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CHAPTER XI.

1825.

January 2nd.—Dined at Christie's.* A very agreeable afternoon. General Gifford and the cousins Edgar and Richard Taylor there. Had a fine walk to Lamb's. Read to him his article on Liston—a pretended life, without a word of truth, and not much wit in it. Its humour lies in the imitation of the style of biographers. It will be ill-received; and, if taken seriously by Liston, cannot be defended.

Lamb.

January 4th.—Breakfasted with J. Wood.† Shepherd,‡ of Gateacre, the stranger whom we were to meet, Mr. Field,§ of Warwick, and R. Taylor present. We had a very pleasant morning. Shepherd an amusing and, I have no doubt, also an excellent man. He related a droll anecdote, which he had just heard from the manager of Covent Garden Theatre. "We have to do," said the manager, "with a strange set of people. Yesterday there was a regular quarrel between a carpenter and a scene-shifter about religion. One was a Jew, whom the other, a Christian, abused as belonging

Anecdote of Jew and Christian.

* A merchant, one of whose daughters married Edgar Taylor, already referred to (*see* p. 199); and another, General Gifford.

† *See* p. 220.

‡ Rev. Wm. Shepherd, LL.D., a friend of Lord Brougham's, and author of "The Life of Poggio Bracciolini."

§ Author of "The Life of Dr. Parr."

to a bloodthirsty race. 'Why am I bloodthirsty?' replied the Jew. 'When my forefathers conquered Palestine they killed their enemies, the Philistines; but so do you English kill the French. We are no more bloodthirsty than you.'—'That is not what I hate your people for; but they killed my God, they did.'—'Did they? Then you may kill mine, if you can catch him.'"

The radicals on Southey.

Shepherd, like the radicals in general, was very abusive of Southey, whom it was my difficult office to defend. Difficult, not because he is not a most upright man, but because he and his opponents are alike violent party men, who can make no allowance for one another.

Bury Sessions.

January 17th.—There were but two appeals at the Bury Epiphany Sessions. I succeeded in obtaining a verdict in both. They were easy cases. On my saying of one of them, "The case will be short," that insolent fellow, R——, said, "Do you speak in your professional or your personal character?" I replied, "Sir, that is a distinction I do not understand. I always speak as a gentleman, and the truth." He blushed and apologized, and said his question was only a joke.

A retort.

February 11th.—Went to Covent Garden Theatre. A dull time of it, though I went in at half-price. The pantomime a fatiguing exhibition, but the scenery beautiful; and this is one of the attractions of the theatre for me. A panoramic view of the projected improvement of the Thames, by the erection of a terrace on arches along the northern shore, is a pleasing anticipation of a splendid dream, which not even in this projecting age can become a reality.

Early dreams of a Thames Embankment.

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Julius Hare.

March 18th.—(Cambridge Spring Assizes.) Went to a large party at Serjeant Frere's. Met there Julius Hare, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Hare, who noticed me at Weimar in 1804. Julius was then a school-boy, but he has some recollection of me; and I was anxious to see him, as he had spoken of me to Peacock.* Hare is a passionate lover of German literature and philosophy. He has the air of a man of talent, and talks well. I was struck with his great liberality. We had so many points of contact and interest that I chatted with him exclusively till past twelve, paying no attention to the music, or the numerous and fashionable company.

Rem.†—Hare became afterwards remarkable as one of the authors of "Guesses at Truth," with his now deceased brother Augustus, and also as a writer of eloquent devotional works—"The Mission of the Comforter," &c. Yet it is his misfortune to satisfy no party. The High Church party consider him a heretic, on account of his intimacy with Bunsen and Arnold, and especially his affectionate memoir of Sterling; and he is as much reprobated in the *Record*, the oracle of the Low Church party. He is brother-in-law to Frederick Maurice. He must be a man of wide charity and comprehensive affections who makes almost idols of Goethe, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Bunsen, Arnold, Maurice, and W. S. Landor.

April 15th.—After dining with the magistrates, I gladly stole away to make a call on Hare. I had great pleasure in looking over his library of German books—

* Afterwards Dean of Ely. † Written in 1851.

the best collection of modern German authors I have ever seen in England. He spoke of Niebuhr's "Roman History" as a masterpiece; praised Neander's "St. Bernard," "Emperor Julian," "St. Chrysostom," and "Denkwürdigkeiten;" was enthusiastic about Schleiermacher. Hare represents Count De Maistre as the superior of De Lamennais. I am to read his "Soirées de St. Petersbourg." After two very delightful hours with Hare, I returned to the "Red Lion," and sat up late chatting with the juniors.

C. Lamb.

April 22nd.—In the evening called on C. Lamb. He and his sister in excellent spirits. He has obtained his discharge from the India House, with the sacrifice of rather more than a third of his income. He says he would not be condemned to a seven years' return to his office for a hundred thousand pounds. I never saw him so calmly cheerful as now.

Dinner at the Athenæum.

May 4th.—A house dinner at the Athenæum set on foot by me. It went off very well indeed. I took the bottom of the table. We had Edward Littledale at the top. The rest barristers, or coming to the Bar, viz:—F. Pollock, Storks, Wightman, L. Adolphus, Wood, and Amos, Dodd and his pupil, Lloyd—not an unpleasant man of the party. The conversation not at all professional or pedantic. We broke up early. I remained at the place till late. After my nap, Sir Thomas Lawrence came in, Dawson Turner, &c. The President and Turner talked of the present Exhibition, Turner asserting it to be superior to the Exhibitions in the days of Sir Joshua. This Sir Thomas denied. He said two or three paintings by Sir Joshua, with one by Northcote

Royal Academy Exhibition.

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or Opie, made an Exhibition of themselves. In number, there is now a superiority of good works. Both praised Danby's "Passage of the Red Sea," also a picture by Mulready. Hilton and Leslie were named, and Hayter's "Trial of Lord William Russell." The landscape by Turner, R.A., was highly extolled. Yet I have heard that he is going out of fashion. Sir Thomas mentioned that the Marquis of Stafford, on seeing Danby's picture, rode immediately to the artist, and bought it for 500 guineas. An hour afterwards Lord Liverpool was desirous of purchasing it. Sir Thomas spoke of Mr. Locke* as having the greatest *genius* of all living painters. Not that he is the greatest painter. I afterwards learned from Flaxman that Locke was the son of a gentleman once very rich, and was now too far advanced in years to have recourse to painting as a profession. He had expressed to Flaxman the very obvious sentiment, "How happy would it have been if, in early life, I had been under the necessity of earning my own livelihood!"

May 7th.—Went to the Exhibition, with the advantage of having had my attention drawn to the best pictures, which, for the most part, equalled my expectations. Turner, R.A., has a magnificent view of Dieppe. If he will invent an atmosphere, and a play of colours all his own, why will he not assume a romantic name? No one could find fault with a Garden of Armida, or even of Eden, so painted. But we know Dieppe, in the north of France, and can't easily clothe it in such fairy hues. I can understand why such artists as Constable

Turner and other landscape painters compared.

* In the Reminiscences Hope is the name.

and Collins are preferred. Constable has a good landscape, but why does he spot and dot his canvas? The effect is good on a great scale. Collins's healthy scenes are refreshing to look at.

May 10th.—Dined at Green's, Lincoln's Inn Fields. A large party. Phillips, R.A., there, and his very pleasing wife; Ward and Collins, also of the Academy, and a Mr. Stokes, a disputer, and so far an unpleasant companion, but said to be able and scientific.

Stokes.

*Rem.**—Yesterday, at the Athenæum, I charged Stokes (now my very agreeable acquaintance) with being this same man. He pleads guilty, thinking his identity sufficiently lost after twenty-six years.

May 14th.—William Pattisson, Thomas Clarkson, and Joseph Beldam, called to the Bar. I dined with them on the occasion.

Rem.†—Not many years ago, it was remarked by Beldam that both of his companions met with an early and violent death—Pattisson drowned in a lake among the Pyrenees,‡ Clarkson thrown from a gig, and killed on the spot. But the three young men and their friends rejoiced on the 14th of May, with that "blindness to the future wisely given."

Scott of Bromley.

About this time my sister put herself under the care of Scott of Bromley. She had known him when he was in some business or handicraft at Royston. He was an interloper, and regular practitioners would not meet him in consultation. He owed all his reputation and success to his skill as a bandager. He was especially successful in the cure of sore legs, and the

* Written in 1851. † Written in 1851. ‡ *See* year 1832.

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heretic, Thomas Belsham, gave him the credit of prolonging his life several years. I once heard Coleridge explain the rationale of the treatment. "By a very close pressure, Scott forces the peccant humour into the frame, where it is taken up by absorbents, and expelled by medicine." My sister was benefited for a time, and thought that an earlier application to him might have saved her.

Mathews.

June 11th.—W. Pattisson with me. I went in the evening to see Mathews, and was amused. But mere imitations of common life, exposing oddities, cant phrases, and puerilities, pall on the sense very soon. Where the original of an imitation is known, the pleasure is enhanced. "Good night," pronounced as Kemble, Munden, and others might be supposed to pronounce it, amused me very much.

June 12th.—A very interesting day. I breakfasted early and walked to Hampstead; then proceeded to Hendon. The exceeding beauty of the morning and the country put me into excellent spirits. I found my friend James Stephen in a most delightfully situated small house. Two fine children, and an amiable and sensible wife. I do not know a happier man. He is a sort of additional Under Secretary of State. He had previously resolved to leave the Bar, being dissatisfied with the practice in the Court of Chancery. He has strict principles, but liberal feelings in religion. Though a stanch Churchman, he is willing to sacrifice the ecclesiastical Establishment of Ireland.

Sir James Stephen.

June 16th.—Finding myself released at an early hour from my professional duties, I took a cold dinner at the

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Athenæum, and then went to Basil Montagu. Mr. Edward Irving was there. He and his brother-in-law, Mr. Martin, and myself placed ourselves in a chariot. Basil Montagu took a seat on the outside, and we drove to Highgate, where we took tea at Mr. Gilman's. I think I never heard Coleridge so very eloquent as to-day, and yet it was painful to find myself unable to recall any part of what had so delighted me,—*i.e.* anything which seemed worthy to be noted down. So that I could not but suspect some illusion arising out of the impressive tone and the mystical language of the orator. He talked on for several hours without intermission. His subject the ever-recurring one of religion, but so blended with mythology, metaphysics, and psychology, that it required great attention sometimes to find the religious element. I observed that, when Coleridge quoted Scripture or used well-known religious phrases, Irving was constant in his exclamations of delight, but that he was silent at other times. Dr. Prati* came in, and Coleridge treated him with marked attention. Indeed Prati talked better than I ever heard him. One sentence (Coleridge having appealed to him) deserves repetition: "I think the old Pantheism of Spinoza far better than modern Deism, which is but the hypocrisy of materialism." In which there is an actual sense, and I believe truth. Coleridge referred to an Italian, Vico, who is said to have anticipated Wolf's theory concerning Homer, which Coleridge says was his own at College. Vico wrote "Principi di una Scienza nuova," viz. Comparative History. Goethe, in his Life, notices him as

Coleridge.

Dr. Prati.

* An Italian: a lawyer by profession.

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an original thinker and a great man. He wrote on the origin of Rome. Coleridge drew a parallel between the relation of the West India planters to the negroes, and the patricians of Rome to the plebeians; but when I inquired concerning the origin of the inequality, he evaded giving me an answer. He very eloquently expatiated on history, and on the influence of Christianity on society. His doctrines assume an orthodox air, but to me they are unintelligible.

H. C. R. TO MISS WORDSWORTH.

June, 1825.

I have not seen the Lambs so often as I used to do, owing to a variety of circumstances. Nor can I give you the report you so naturally looked for of his conduct at so great a change in his life. . . . . The expression of his delight has been child-like (in the good sense of that word). You have read the "Superannuated Man." I do not doubt, I do not fear, that he will be unable to sustain the "weight of chance desires." Could he—but I fear he cannot—occupy himself in some great work requiring continued and persevering attention and labour, the benefit would be equally his and the world's. Mary Lamb has remained so long well, that one might almost advise, or rather permit, a journey to them. But Lamb has no desire to travel. If he had, few things would give me so much pleasure as to accompany him. I should be proud of taking care of him. But he has a passion for solitude, he says, and hitherto he finds that his retirement from business has not brought leisure.

Lamb, the "Superannuated Man."

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*Rem.**—I bought my first spectacles, July 8th, at Gilbert's. I became first sensible of the want at the French Theatre, where I could not read the bills. Flaxman advised my getting spectacles immediately; it being a mistake, he said, to think that the eyes should be exercised when it causes them inconvenience. I had no occasion to change the glass for some time, and have changed but twice in twenty-six years; nor, happily, in my seventy-seventh year do I remark any increased symptom of decaying sight.

Eyes begin to fail.

October 11th.—In the latter part of the day went to Lamb's. He seemed to me in better health and spirits. But Hone the parodist was with him, and society relieves Lamb. The conversation of Hone, or rather his manners, pleased me. He is a modest, unassuming man.

Hone.

October 29th.—Tea with Anthony Robinson. A long and serious talk with him on religion, and on that inexplicable riddle, the origin of evil. He remarked that the amount of pain here justifies the idea of pain hereafter, and so the popular notion of punishment is authorized. But I objected that evil or pain here may be considered a mean towards an end. So may pain, inflicted as a punishment. But endless punishment would be itself an end in a state where no ulterior object could be conceived. Anthony Robinson declared this to be a better answer to the doctrine of eternal punishment than any given by Price or Priestley. Leibnitz, who in terms asserts "eternal punishment," explains away the idea by affirming merely that the conse-

Endless punishment.

* Written in 1851.

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quences of sin must be eternal, and that a lower degree of bliss is an eternal punishment.

The new Regent's Park.

November 1st.—Dined at Wardour Street, and then went to Flaxman. The family being at dinner, I strolled in the Regent's Park. The splendour and magnitude of these improvements are interesting subjects of observation and speculation. At Flaxman's a pleasing visit. He was *characteristic.* I find that his dislike to Southey originates in the latter's account of Swedenborg and the doctrines of the sect in his "Espriella." Flaxman cannot forgive derision on such a subject. To my surprise, he expressed disapprobation of the opening of St. Bride's steeple.* "It is an ugly thing, and better hid." On inquiry, I found that his objection is not confined to the lower part of the tower, in which I should have concurred, for I think the upper part or spire alone beautiful; but he objects to the spire itself, and indeed to almost every spire attached to Grecian buildings. He makes an exception in favour of Bow Church.

Flaxman's dislike of Southey.

St. Bride's Church.

Irving's preaching.

November 20th, Sunday.—Hundleby and William Pattisson took breakfast with me, and then we went to Irving's church. He kept us nearly three hours. But after a very dull exposition of a very obscure chapter in Hebrews, we had a very powerful discourse—the commencement of a series on Justification by Faith. That which *he* calls religion and the gospel is a something I have a repugnance to. I must, indeed, be *new-born* before I can accept it. But his eloquence is captivating. He speaks like a man profoundly convinced of the

* The Fleet Street houses to the north had, till lately, formed a continuous range in front of the church.

truth of what he teaches. He has no cant, hypocrisy, or illiberality. His manner is improved. He is less theatrical than he was a year ago. CHAP. XI. 1825.

November 27th.—A half hour after midnight died Mr. Collier. The last two days he was conscious of his approaching end. On his mentioning a subject which I thought had better be postponed, I said, "We will leave that till to-morrow."—"To-morrow?" he exclaimed, "to-morrow? That may be ages!" These words were prophetic, and the last I heard from him. He was one of the oldest of my friends. *Death of Mr. Collier.*

December 10th.—Dined with Aders. A very remarkable and interesting evening. The party at dinner Blake the painter, and Linnell, also a painter. In the evening, Miss Denman and Miss Flaxman came.

Shall I call Blake artist, genius, mystic, or madman? Probably he is all. I will put down without method what I can recollect of the conversation of this remarkable man.* He has a most interesting appearance. He is now old (sixty-eight), pale, with a Socratic countenance, and an expression of great sweetness, though with something of languor about it except when animated, and then he has about him an air of inspiration. The conversation turned on art, poetry, and religion. He brought with him an engraving of his "Canterbury Pilgrims." One of the figures in *Blake.*

* The substance of H. C. R.'s intercourse with Blake is given in a paper of Recollections, which may be found in Gilchrist's "Life of William Blake," *vide* pp. 337-344, 348-350, &c. In the present work, H. C. R.'s interviews with that remarkable man will be given, for the most part, from the Diary written just after they took place. In the National Portrait Gallery may be seen a fine portrait of Blake, by Thomas Phillips, R.A. A beautiful miniature of him has also been painted by Mr. Linnell, which he still possesses.

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it is like a figure in a picture belonging to Mr. Aders. "They say I stole it from this picture," said Blake, "but I did it twenty years before I knew of this picture. However, in my youth, I was always studying paintings of this kind. No wonder there is a resemblance." In this he seemed to explain *humanly* what he had done. But at another time he spoke of his paintings as being what he had seen in his visions. And when he said "my visions," it was in the ordinary unemphatic tone in which we speak of every-day matters. In the same tone he said repeatedly, "the Spirit told me." I took occasion to say, "You express yourself as Socrates used to do... What resemblance do you suppose there is between your spirit and his?" "The same as between our countenances." He paused and added, "I was Socrates,"—and then, as if correcting himself, said, "a sort of brother. I must have had conversations with him. So I had with Jesus Christ. I have an obscure recollection of having been with both of them." I suggested, on philosophical grounds, the impossibility of supposing an immortal being created, an eternity *à parte post* without an eternity *à parte ante*. His eye brightened at this, and he fully concurred with me. "To be sure, it is impossible. We are all co-existent with God, members of the Divine body. We are all partakers of the Divine nature." In this, by-the-by, Blake has but adopted an ancient Greek idea. As connected with this idea, I will mention here, though it formed part of our talk as we were walking homeward, that on my asking in what light he viewed the great question concerning the deity

Blake's religious opinions.

of Jesus Christ, he said, "He is the only God. But then," he added, "and so am I, and so are you." He had just before (and that occasioned my question) been speaking of the errors of Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ should not have allowed himself to be crucified, and should not have attacked the Government. On my inquiring how this view could be reconciled with the sanctity and Divine qualities of Jesus, Blake said, "He was not then become the Father." Connecting, as well as one can, these fragmentary sentiments, it would be hard to fix Blake's station between Christianity, Platonism, and Spinozism. Yet he professes to be very hostile to Plato, and reproaches Wordsworth with being not a Christian, but a Platonist.

Blake on the evil of education.

It is one of the subtle remarks of Hume, on certain religious speculations, that the tendency of them is to make men indifferent to whatever takes place, by destroying all ideas of good and evil. I took occasion to apply this remark to something Blake had said. "If so," I said, "there is no use in discipline or education—no difference between good and evil." He hastily broke in upon me: "There *is* no use in education. I hold it to be wrong. It is the great sin. It is eating of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. This was the fault of Plato. He knew of nothing but the virtues and vices, and good and evil. There is nothing in all that. Everything is good in God's eyes." On my putting the obvious question, "Is there nothing absolutely evil in what men do?"—"I am no judge of that. Perhaps not in God's eyes." He sometimes spoke as if he denied altogether the existence of evil, and as if we

Nothing evil in God's eyes.

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had nothing to do with right and wrong; it being sufficient to consider all things as alike the work of God. Yet at other times he spoke of there being error in heaven. I asked about the moral character of Dante, in writing his "Vision"—was he pure? "Pure," said Blake, "do you think there is any purity in God's eyes? The angels in heaven are no more so than we. 'He chargeth his angels with folly.'" He afterwards represented the Supreme Being as liable to error. "Did he not repent him that he had made Nineveh? It is easier to repeat the personal remarks of Blake than these metaphysical speculations, so nearly allied to the most opposite systems of philosophy. Of himself, he said he acted by command. The Spirit said to him, "Blake, be an artist, and nothing else." In this there is felicity. His eye glistened while he spoke of the joy of devoting himself solely to divine art. Art is inspiration. When Michael Angelo, or Raphael, or Mr. Flaxman, does any of his fine things, he does them in the Spirit. Blake said, "I should be sorry if I had any earthly fame, for whatever natural glory a man has is so much taken from his spiritual glory. I wish to do nothing for profit. I wish to live for art. I want nothing whatever. I am quite happy."

And nothing pure.

Art an inspiration of the Spirit.

Fame an evil.

Blake on Swedenborg.

Among the unintelligible things he expressed was his distinction between the natural world and the spiritual. The natural world must be consumed. Incidentally, Swedenborg was referred to. Blake said, "He was a Divine teacher. He has done much good, and will do much. He has corrected many errors of Popery, and also of Luther and Calvin. Yet Swedenborg was wrong

in endeavouring to explain to the rational faculty what the reason cannot comprehend. He should have left that." Blake, as I have said, thinks Wordsworth no Christian, but a Platonist. He asked me whether Wordsworth believed in the Scriptures. On my replying in the affirmative, he said he had been much pained by reading the Introduction to "The Excursion." It brought on a fit of illness. The passage was produced and read :—

Thought Wordsworth a Pagan.

> "Jehovah—with his thunder and the choir
> Of shouting angels, and the empyreal thrones—
> I pass them unalarmed."

This "*pass them unalarmed*" greatly offended Blake. Does Mr. Wordsworth think his mind can surpass Jehovah? I tried to explain this passage in a sense in harmony with Blake's own theories, but failed, and Wordsworth was finally set down as a Pagan; but still with high praise, as the greatest poet of the age.

Jacob Boehme was spoken of as a divinely inspired man. Blake praised, too, the figures in Law's translation as being very beautiful. Michael Angelo could not have done better.

Blake on Jacob Boehme.

Though he spoke of his happiness, he also alluded to past sufferings, and to suffering as necessary. "There is suffering in heaven, for where there is the capacity of enjoyment, there is also the capacity of pain."

On suffering.

I have been interrupted by a call from Talfourd, and cannot now recollect any further remarks. But as Blake has invited me to go and see him, I shall possibly have an opportunity of throwing connection, if not system, into what I have written, and making additions. I feel

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great admiration and respect for him. He is certainly a most amiable man—a good creature. And of his poetical and pictorial genius there is no doubt, I believe, in the minds of judges. Wordsworth and Lamb like his poems, and the Aderses his paintings.

A few detached thoughts occur to me. "Bacon, Locke, and Newton are the three great teachers of Atheism, or of Satan's doctrine."

Aphorisms from Blake.

"Everything is Atheism which assumes the reality of the natural and unspiritual world."

"Irving is a highly gifted man. He is a *sent* man. But they who are sent go further sometimes than they ought."

"Dante saw devils where I see none. I see good only. I saw nothing but good in Calvin's house. Better than in Luther's—in the latter were harlots."

"Parts of Swedenborg's scheme are dangerous. His sexual religion is so."

"I do not believe the world is round. I believe it is quite flat."

"I have conversed with the spiritual Sun. I saw him on Primrose Hill. He said, 'Do you take me for the Greek Apollo?'—'No,' I said; 'that' (pointing to the sky) 'is the Greek Apollo. He is Satan.'"

"I know what is true by internal conviction. A doctrine is told me. My heart says, 'It must be true.'" I corroborated this by remarking on the impossibility of the unlearned man judging of what are called the *external* evidences of religion, in which he heartily concurred.

Blake's manners.

I regret that I have been unable to do more than

put down these few things. The tone and manner are incommunicable. There are a natural sweetness and gentility about Blake which are delightful. His friend Linnell seems a great admirer.*

Perhaps the best thing he said was his comparison of moral with natural evil. "Who shall say that God thinks evil? That is a wise tale of the Mahometans, of the angel of the Lord that murdered the infant (alluding to the 'Hermit' of Parnell, I suppose). Is not every infant that dies of disease murdered by an angel?"

Blake's house.

December 17th.—A short call this morning on Blake. He dwells in Fountain Court, in the Strand. I found him in a small room, which seems to be both a working-room and a bedroom. Nothing could exceed the squalid air both of the apartment and his dress; yet there is diffused over him an air of natural gentility. His wife has a good expression of countenance.

I found him at work on Dante. The book (Cary) and his sketches before him. He showed me his designs, of which I have nothing to say but that they evince a power I should not have anticipated, of grouping and of throwing grace and interest over conceptions monstrous and horrible.†

Blake's opinion of Dante.

Our conversation began about Dante. "He was an Atheist—a mere politician, busied about this world, as Milton was, till in his old age he returned to God, whom he had had in his childhood."

* Linnell aided Blake during his life, and after his death took care of his widow. Linnell possesses a grand collection of Blake's works.

† Linnell possesses the whole series of the Dante drawings.

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Blake's doctrine of Atheism,

I tried to ascertain from Blake whether this charge of Atheism was not to be understood in a different sense from that which would be given to it according to the popular use of the word. But he would not admit this. Yet when he in like manner charged Locke with Atheism, and I remarked that Locke wrote on the evidences of Christianity and lived a virtuous life, Blake had nothing to say in reply. Nor did he make the charge of wilful deception. I admitted that Locke's doctrine leads to Atheism, and with this view Blake seemed to be satisfied.

And of good and evil.

From this subject we passed over to that of good and evil, on which he repeated his former assertions more decidedly. He allowed, indeed, that there are errors, mistakes, &c.; and if these be evil, then there is evil. But these are only negations. Nor would he admit that any education should be attempted, except that of the cultivation of the imagination and fine arts. "What are called the vices in the natural world are the highest sublimities in the spiritual world." When I asked whether, if he had been a father, he would not have grieved if his child had become vicious or a great criminal, he answered, "When I am endeavouring to think rightly, I must not regard my own any more than other people's weaknesses." And when I again remarked that this doctrine puts an end to all exertion, or even wish to change anything, he made no reply.

Education should only be of the feelings.

On the Manichean doctrine.

We spoke of the Devil, and I observed that, when a child, I thought the Manichean doctrine, or that of two principles, a rational one. He assented to this, and in confirmation asserted that he did not believe in the

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omnipotence of God. The language of the Bible on that subject is only poetical or allegorical. Yet soon afterwards he denied that the natural world is anything. "It is all nothing; and Satan's empire is the empire of nothing."

Satan's is the empire over matter.

He reverted soon to his favourite expression, "My visions." "I saw Milton, and he told me to beware of being misled by his 'Paradise Lost.' In particular, he wished me to show the falsehood of the doctrine, that carnal pleasures arose from the Fall. The Fall could not produce any pleasure." As he spoke of Milton's appearing to him, I asked whether he resembled the prints of him. He answered, "All."—"What age did he appear to be?"—"Various ages—sometimes a very old man." He spoke of Milton as being at one time a sort of classical Atheist, and of Dante as being now with God. His faculty of vision, he says, he has had from early infancy. He thinks all men partake of it, but it is lost for want of being cultivated. He eagerly assented to a remark I made, that all men have all faculties in a greater or less degree.

On the Fall of Man.

Blake's faculty of vision.

I am to continue my visits, and to read to him Wordsworth, of whom he seems to entertain a high idea.

Dined with Flanagan at Richard's Coffee-house. A pleasant party. Frith, Reader, Brent, Dr. Badham, Hawkins, Long, Martin Shee, Storks, and myself. I was placed next to Shee, R.A. He gratified me much by his warm praise of Flaxman, speaking of him as by far the greatest artist of his country, though his worth is disgracefully overlooked. Shee would not hear of a

Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A., on Flaxman.

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comparison between Flaxman and his more successful rival, Chantrey. Dr. Badham was on my other side, and talked very agreeably. He has travelled in Greece.

Flaxman on phrenology.

December 22nd.—A short call on Flaxman. I find that, though he is a decided spiritualist, he is a believer in phrenology. In Swedenborg, there is a doctrine which reconciles him to Gall's seemingly materialistic doctrine, viz. the mind forms the body; and Flaxman believes that the form of the skull is modified in after life by the intellectual and moral character.

Blake on Wordsworth,

December 24th.—A call on Blake—my third interview. I read to him Wordsworth's incomparable ode,* which he heartily enjoyed. But he repeated, "I fear Wordsworth loves nature, and nature is the work of the Devil. The Devil is in us as far as we are nature." On my inquiring whether the Devil, as having less power, would not be destroyed by God, he denied that God has any power, and asserted that the Devil is eternally created—not by God, but by God's permission. And when I objected that permission implies power to prevent, he did not seem to understand me. The parts of Wordsworth's ode which Blake most enjoyed were the most obscure,—at all events, those which I least like and comprehend.

And on Manichæism.

Mrs. Barbauld's Legacy.

December 27th.—(At Royston). This morning I read to the young folks Mrs. Barbauld's "Legacy." This delightful book has in it some of the sweetest things I ever read. "The King in his Castle," and "True Magicians," are perfect allegories, in Mrs. Barbauld's

* "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood." Vol V., p 103; edition 1857.

best style. Some didactic pieces are also delightful. We had a family dinner at Mr. Wedd Nash's. Mr. Nash, Senr., was of the party. He, however, took no share in the conversation. His mind is, in fact, gone; but—and this is singular—his heart remains. He is as amiable, as conscientious, as pure, as delicate in his moral feelings as ever. His health continues good, but a fit of the gout prevented my seeing much of him. And I believe I shall never see him again. He is a model of goodness, but, as the bigots think, a child of wrath, being a heretic.

Mr. Nash.

*Rem.**—This year my fees rose from 469½ guineas to 677½,—a very large increase in amount, but very far from flattering. The increase arose chiefly from the death of Henry Cooper,† in the summer. If a stroke of wit occurred to him, he would blurt it out, even though it told against himself. And sometimes I succeeded in making this apparent. Still, however, with all his faults, and though he was as little of a lawyer almost as myself, his death caused a vacancy which I was unable to fill.

Professional income.

I wrote to Miss Wordsworth in August: "In Norfolk, I started for the first time a leader—holding briefs in sixteen out of seventeen causes, in nine of which I was either senior or alone."

H. C. R. a leader on the Norfolk Circuit.

At the Aylesbury Assizes, there was a trial which exhibited the aristocratic character of our nation. An Eton boy was indicted for murder, he having killed another boy in a boxing match. It was not a case for a conviction—perhaps not for manslaughter, though,

* Written in 1851.

† *See* Vol. I., p 419.

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had the fight taken place between two stable-boys, that, probably, would have been the verdict. But what disgusted me was that Lord Nugent stood in the dock by the side of the boy, and I did not scruple to tell him so. His desire was to mitigate the boy's pain. The family of the killed boy took no part in the prosecution, and the judge dismissed the offender without a word of reproof.

Whist club.

During this year I became a member of a whist club, which, though small in number, made me more a man of

Athenæum.

expense. And my being introduced to the Athenæum was really an epoch in my life. That club has never ceased to constitute an important feature of my daily life. I had a place of resort at all times, and my circle of acquaintance was greatly increased.

The death of old Mrs. Collier, past ninety, brought me into further connection with Anthony Sterry, the Quaker—a most benevolent man. My acquaintance with him began in an act of rudeness towards him, in ignorance of the facts of the case. He accepted my apology in a Christian spirit, which, indeed, he showed throughout. I had to do with a considerable sum of money in which he and ——— had an interest.

Anthony Sterry.

On the present occasion Sterry proposed that, as there might be doubtful points, I should be Chancellor, to decide them. Never had arbitrator so easy a task, for Sterry took an opportunity of saying to me, "I would not boast, but I believe Providence has favoured me more than Friend ———. I wish, therefore, that thou wouldst always give the turn in his favour, not mine." And I ought to add that ———, on his part, seemed to be equally unselfish.

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Towards the close of this year, Thornton* became connected with the *Times*. Barnes afterwards said to me, "We are obliged to you, not you to us." I had mentioned Thornton to Walter.

Mercantile panic.

This winter was rendered memorable by what was afterwards spoken of as a crisis or crash in the mercantile world. Many banks failed. Some friends of mine wrote to ask if I would turn a part of my property into cash, and advance it to them. I consented to do this; but their apprehensions proved to be groundless —the panic did not seriously affect them. To one friend, to whom I could be of no service, I had the satisfaction of administering comfort. His was the case of a man who, after a life of industry and self-denial, finds the accumulations of more than fifty years put in peril. He does not know whether he will not be left destitute. And, to use his own words, he is "too old to begin life again, and too young to die." He talked very philosophically, yet with feeling.

I spent my Christmas, as I had done many, at Royston. All there were in low spirits, on account of the failure of the Cambridge Bank. The Nashes say that, among their friends, nine families are reduced from affluence to poverty, by unexpected blows of adversity. Neither Wedd Nash's fine organ, nor Pope's "Epistle on the Use of Riches," could keep up our spirits; and, notwithstanding good punch, our vivat to the New Year was not a cheerful burst of glee. And never was there a less merry New Year in London than the present.

* Thomas Thornton, who, in 1823, married Elizabeth, daughter of H. C. R.'s brother Habakkuk.

CHAPTER XII.

1826.

Blake's Book of Job.

January 6th.—A call on Blake. His conversation was very much a repetition of what he said on a former occasion. He was very cordial. I had procured him two subscriptions for his "Job," from George Procter and Basil Montagu. I paid £1 for each. This seemed to put him in spirits. He spoke of being richer than ever, in having become acquainted with me; and he told Mrs. A—— that he and I were nearly of the same opinions. Yet I have practised no deception intentionally, unless silence be so. The strangest thing he said was, that he had been commanded to do a certain thing—that is, to write about Milton—and that he was applauded for refusing. He struggled with the angels, and was victor. His wife took part in our conversation.

January 9th.—My ride to Norwich to-day was diversified by an agreeable incident. On the road, a few miles out of London, we took up a very gentlemanly Quaker. He and I did not at once get into conversation, and when it became light, I amused myself by reading till the coach stopped for breakfast. Then our conversation began, and permitted very little reading afterwards. He told me his name on my making an

inquiry concerning Hudson Gurney. I was speaking to J. J. Gurney. We soon entered on controversial subjects. I praised a work of Quaker autobiography without naming it. He said, "Thou meanest 'John Woolman;'" and added, "let me not take credit for a sagacity I do not possess. Amelia Opie has told me of thy admiration of the book." We now knew each other, and talked like old acquaintances. He is kind in his feelings, if not liberal in his opinions. He read to me some letters from Southey. In one Southey thus expressed himself:—"I cannot believe in an eternity of hell. I hope God will forgive me if I err, but in this matter I cannot say, 'Lord, help thou mine unbelief.'" J. J. Gurney spoke of Mrs. Opie very kindly, and of the recent death of her father, Dr. Alderson, as edifying. He was purged from unbelief.

J. J. Gurney.

February 3rd.—The whole morning in the Courts, waiting in the Common Pleas for nothing; but I saw a meeting of knights girt with swords to elect the Grand Assize, a proceeding, it is to be hoped, to be soon brushed off with a multitude of other antiquated proceedings, which time has rendered inconvenient.

Knights electing the Grand Assize.

February 6th.—Late at the Athenæum. Hudson Gurney was there. He related with great effect the experience of Ferguson of Pitfour. Ferguson was a Scotch Member, a great supporter of Pitt's, both in Parliament and at the table. Not a refined man, but popular on account of his good-natured hospitality, and of the favour he showed to national prejudices. In his old age he was fond of collecting young M.P.'s at his table, and of giving them the benefit of his Parlia-

Ferguson of Pitfour.

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mentary experience, which he used to sum up in these few axiomatic sentences :—

Ferguson's Parliamentary experience.

"I was never present at any debate I could avoid, or absent from any division I could get at.

"I have heard many arguments which convinced my judgment, but never one that influenced my vote.

"I never voted but once according to my own opinion, and that was the worst vote I ever gave.

"I found that the only way to be quiet in Parliament was always to vote with the Ministers, and never to take a place."

Blake on Wordsworth's Paganism.

February 18th.—Called on Blake. An amusing chat with him. He gave me in his own hand-writing a copy of Wordsworth's Preface to "The Excursion." At the end there is this note :—

"Solomon, when he married Pharaoh's daughter, and became a convert to the heathen mythology, talked exactly in this way of Jehovah, as a very inferior object of man's contemplation. He also passed him by 'unalarmed,' and was permitted. Jehovah dropped a tear, and followed him by his Spirit into the abstract void. It is called the Divine mercy. Satan dwells in it, but mercy does not dwell in him."

On reason and inspiration.

Of Wordsworth Blake talked as before. Some of his writings proceed from the Holy Spirit, but others are the work of the Devil. However, on this subject, I found Blake's language more in accordance with orthodox Christianity than before. He talked of being under the direction of self. Reason, as the creature of man, is opposed to God's grace. He warmly declared that all he knew is in the Bible. But he understands

the Bible in its spiritual sense. As to the natural sense, he says, "Voltaire was commissioned by God to expose that. I have had much intercourse with Voltaire, and he said to me, 'I blasphemed the Son of Man, and it shall be forgiven me;' but they (the enemies of Voltaire) blasphemed the Holy Ghost in me, and it shall not be forgiven them." I asked in what language Voltaire spoke. "To my sensations, it was English. It was like the touch of a musical key. He touched it, probably, French, but to my ear it became English." I spoke again of the *form* of the persons who appear to him, and asked why he did not draw them. "It is not worth while. There are so many, the labour would be too great. Besides, there would be no use. As to Shakespeare, he is exactly like the *old* engraving, which is called a bad one. I think it very good."

Voltaire's mission.

I inquired of Blake about his writings. "I have written more than Voltaire or Rousseau. Six or seven epic poems as long as Homer, and twenty tragedies as long as Macbeth." He showed me his vision (for so it may be called) of Genesis—"as understood by a Christian visionary." He read a passage at random; it was striking. He will not print any more. "I write," he says, "when commanded by the spirits, and the moment I have written I see the words fly about the room in all directions. It is then published, and the spirits can read. My MS. is of no further use. I have been tempted to burn my MSS., but my wife won't let me." —"She is right," said I. "You have written these, not from yourself, but by order of higher beings. The MSS. are theirs, not yours. You cannot tell what

Blake's account of his own writings.

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Blake on the angels ascending and descending.

purpose they may answer unforeseen by you." He liked this, and said he would not destroy them. He repeated his philosophy. Everything is the work of God or the Devil. There is a constant falling off from God, angels becoming devils. Every man has a devil in him, and the conflict is eternal between a man's self and God, &c., &c. He told me my copy of his songs would be five guineas, and was pleased by my manner of receiving this information. He spoke of his horror of money,—of his having turned pale when money was offered him.

His horror of money

H. C. R. TO MISS WORDSWORTH.

[No date, but the post mark is February.]

My dear Friend,

I did a mighty foolish thing when I intimated at the close of my last letter that I should write again very soon. This was encouraging—not to say inviting—you to postpone writing till I had so written. Now I have, you see, not fulfilled my intention. And I take up my pen now, not so much because I have anything to say, as to discharge myself of the sort of promise which such an intimation raised. And, besides, the *quantity* of what I shall then have sent you will entitle me to some notice from you.

Of my friends here, there are few to mention. Clarkson, Junr., you will probably soon see. He means to visit you, if possible, on the circuit. He will give you all Playford and Woodbridge news. The Lambs are really improving. If you look into the last *New Monthly Magazine*, you will be delighted by perceiving that

Charles Lamb is himself again. His peculiar mixture of wit and fancy is to be found there in all its charming individuality. No one knows better than he the proportions of earnestness and gaiety for his undefinable compositions. His health, I think, is decidedly improving.

A few evenings ago I met at his house one of the attachés to the great Lombard Street shop. He said that Mr. Wordsworth's works had been repeatedly inquired after lately; and that the inquirers had been referred to Hurst's house. This led to a talk about the new edition, and the new arrangement. Lamb observed, "There is only one good order—and that is the order in which they were written—that is, a history of the poet's mind." This would be true enough of a poet who produced everything at a heat, where there is no pondering, and pausing, and combining, and accumulating, and bringing to bear on one point the inspirations and the wise reflections of years.

Lamb on classifying poems.

Print them in the order of birth.

In the *last* edition—I hope I shall never see it—of course not meaning the variorum editions of Commentators, but in the last of the author's own editions intended for future generations, the editor will say to himself—aware of the habit people have of beginning at the beginning, and ending at the end—How shall I be best understood and most strongly felt? By what train of thought and succession of feelings is the reader to be led on—how will his best faculties and wisest curiosity be most excited? The dates given to the table of contents will be sufficient to inform the inquisitive reader how the poet's own mind was successively engaged.

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Lamb disapproves (and it gave me pleasure to find I was authorized by his opinion in the decided opinion I had from the first) of the classification into poems of fancy, imagination, and reflection. The reader who is enjoying (for instance) to the top of his bent the magnificent Ode which in every classification ought to be the last, does not stay to ask, nor does he care, what faculty has been most taxed in the production. This is certain, that what the poet says of nature is equally true of the mind of man, and the productions of his faculties. They exist not in "absolute independent singleness." To attempt ascertaining curiously the preponderance of any one faculty in each work is a profitless labour.

An editor's classification not that of the poet.

An editor such as Dr. Johnson would make short work of it. All the elegies, all the odes, all the sonnets, all the etceteras together. But then your brother has had the impertinence to plague the critics by producing works that cannot be brought under any of the heads of Enfield's "Speaker," though he has not a few that might be entitled, *A Copy of Verses.* Why a copy? I used to ask when a schoolboy. Goethe has taken this class of poems under his especial protection. And his "Gelegenheit's Gedichte" (Occasional Poems) are among the most delightful of his works. My favourites of this class among your brother's works are, "Lady! the Songs of Spring were in the Grove," and "Lady! I rifled a Parnassian Cave."

One exception I am willing to make in favour of the *Sonnet,* though otherwise a classification according to metrical form is the most unmeaning.

If I may venture to express the order that I should

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most enjoy, it would be one formed on the great objects of human concern; though I should be by no means solicitous about any, or care for the inevitable blendings and crossings of classes. Were these poems in Italian, one grand class would be *alla bella Natura*. Unluckily, we want this phrase, which both the Germans and French have. *Der schönen Natur gewidmet.* Such a heading would be affected in English. Still, I should like to see brought together all the poems which are founded on that intense love of nature—that exquisitive discernment of its peculiar charms—and that almost deification of nature which poor Blake (but of that hereafter) reproaches your brother with. As subdivisions, would be the Duddon, the Memorials, the naming of places. One division of the Sonnets would correspond with this great class.

The Nature poems.

After nature come the contemplations of human life; viewed in its great features—infancy and youth—active life (viz. the happy warrior)—old age and death. Collateral with these are the affections arising out of the social relations—maternal and filial—fraternal and connubial love; &c., &c., &c. Then there is a third great division, which might be entitled *The Age.* Here we should be forced to break into the Sonnets, in which shape most of these poems are. Why is the "Thanksgiving Ode" to be the *last* of this class? It is a sort of moral and intellectual suicide in your brother not to have continued his admirable series of poems "dedicated to liberty"—he might add "and public virtue."

The Human Life poems.

Poems of the Age.

* * * * * *

I assure you it gives me real pain when I think that

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Political poems nil after 1814.

some future commentator may possibly hereafter write, —"This great poet survived to the fifth decennary of the nineteenth century, but he appears to have died in the year 1814, as far as life consisted in an active sympathy with the temporary welfare of his fellow-creatures. He had written heroically and divinely against the tyranny of Napoleon, but was quite indifferent to all the successive tyrannies which disgraced the succeeding times."

Religious poems.

A fourth class would be the religious poems. Here I have a difficulty: ought these to be separated from the philosophical poems, or united with them? In some of these poems, Mr. Wordsworth has given poetical existence to feelings in which the *many* will join; others are moods of his own mind, mystical as the mob—philosophical, as the few would say. I should give my vote for a separation. The longer narrative poems, such as the "White Doe," would form classes of themselves.

H. C. R. describes Blake.

I have above mentioned Blake. I forget whether I have referred before to this very interesting man, with whom I am now become acquainted. Were the "Memorials" at my hand, I should quote a fine passage in the Sonnet on the Cologne Cathedral as applicable to the contemplation of this singular being.* I gave your brother some poems in MS. by him, and they interested him, as well they might; for there is an affinity between them, as there is between the regulated imagination of a

* Probably these lines :—

"O for the help of Angels to complete
This Temple—Angels governed by a plan
Thus far pursued (how gloriously!) by man."

wise poet and the incoherent outpourings of a dreamer. Blake is an engraver by trade, a painter and a poet also, whose works have been subject of derision to men in general; but he has a few admirers, and some of eminence have eulogized his designs. He has lived in obscurity and poverty, to which the constant hallucinations in which he lives have doomed him. I do not mean to give you a detailed account of him; a few words will serve to inform you of what class he is. He is not so much a disciple of Jacob Böhme and Swedenborg as a fellow-visionary. He lives as they did, in a world of his own, enjoying constant intercourse with the world of spirits. He receives visits from Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Voltaire, &c., and has given me repeatedly their very words in their conversations. His paintings are copies of what he sees in his visions. His books (and his MSS. are immense in quantity) are dictations from the spirits. A man so favoured, of course, has sources of wisdom and truth peculiar to himself. I will not pretend to give you an account of his religious and philosophical opinions; they are a strange compound of Christianity, Spinozism, and Platonism. I must confine myself to what he has said about your brother's works, and I fear this may lead me far enough to fatigue you in following me. After what I have said, Mr. Wordsworth will not be flattered by knowing that Blake deems him the *only poet* of the age, nor much alarmed by hearing that Blake thinks that he is often in his works an *Atheist*. Now, according to Blake, Atheism consists in worshipping the natural world, which same natural

Blake no man's follower.

His religious opinions.

His estimate of Wordsworth.

The slaves of Nature are Atheists.

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world, properly speaking, is nothing real, but a mere illusion produced by Satan. Milton was for a great part of his life an Atheist, and therefore has fatal errors in his "Paradise Lost," which he has often begged Blake to confute. Dante (though now with God) lived and died an Atheist; he was the slave of the world and time. But Dante and Wordsworth, in spite of their Atheism, were inspired by the Holy Ghost. Indeed, all real poetry is the work of the Holy Ghost, and Wordsworth's poems (a large proportion, at least) are the work of Divine inspiration. Unhappily, he is left by God to his own illusions, and then the Atheism is apparent. I had the pleasure of reading to Blake, in my best style (and you know I am vain on that point, and think I read Wordsworth's poems peculiarly well), the "Ode on Immortality." I never witnessed greater delight in any listener; and in general Blake loves the poems. What appears to have disturbed his mind, on the other hand, is the Preface to "The Excursion." He told me, six months ago, that it caused him a stomach complaint, which nearly killed him. When I first saw Blake at Mrs. Aders', he very earnestly asked me, "Is Mr. Wordsworth a sincere, real Christian?" In reply to my answer, he said, "If so, what does he mean by the worlds to which the heaven of heavens is but a veil? and who is he that shall pass Jehovah unalarmed?" It is since then that I have lent Blake all the works which he but imperfectly knew. I doubt whether what I have written will excite your and Mr. Wordsworth's curiosity; but there is something so delightful about the man, though in great poverty, he is so perfect a

Milton, Dante, and Wordsworth Atheists.

Diarrhœtic effect of The Excursion.

Passing "Jehovah unalarmed."

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Blake's poverty and refinement.

gentleman, with such genuine dignity and independence—scorning presents, and of such native delicacy in words, &c., &c., &c.—that I have not scrupled promising to bring him and Mr. Wordsworth together. He expressed his thanks strongly, saying, "You do me honour: Mr. Wordsworth is a great man. Besides, he may convince me I am wrong about him; I have been wrong before now," &c. Coleridge has visited Blake, and I am told talks finely about him.

That I might not encroach on a third sheet, I have compressed what I had to say about Blake. You must *see* him one of these days, and he will interest you, at all events, whatever character you give to his mind.

I go on the 1st of March on the circuit, which will last a month. If you write during that time direct, "On the Norfolk Circuit;" if before, direct here.

My best remembrances to Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth. And recollect again that you are not to read *all* this letter to any one if it will offend. And you are yourself to forgive it, coming from one who is

Affectionately your friend,

H. C. R.

A Libel Case.

Methodist preacher's brief.

March 22nd.—A consultation in a libel case for a Methodist preacher. Rather a comic scene. The zeal as well as the taste of the partisans of the prosecutor was shown in the brief. One sentence I copy as a specimen:—"This shameful trash, originating in the profoundest malice, nurtured and propagated on the base hope of extortion, has ingratitude unparalleled for its stain, wickedness hitherto undiscovered for its nature,

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and the indelible shame of its own reputation to seal the abhorrent character of its crime."

Niece.

March 23rd.—Was much pleased with my great-niece (daughter of Tom). She has as many indications of sensibility and talent as I ever witnessed in a child not much more than two years old. She sings with apparently a full feeling of what she sings.

How evil reports arise and spread.

April 16th.—A report concerning ——— sufficiently spread to make his return from the Continent necessary. Yet A says he is quite satisfied that the report is groundless. It cannot be traced to any authority whatever, and it is of a kind which, though highly injurious, might arise out of the most insignificant of idle remarks. A says to B, "Nobody knows why ——— keeps abroad: it is quite unaccountable. His friends say nothing." B says to C, "Have you heard why ——— keeps away? Can he be in difficulties?" In speaking of the matter to D, C acknowledges that there is a suspicion that ——— is in difficulties, and adds, "I hope there is nothing in it, for I had a high opinion of him. Better say nothing." Surmises increase, and the whisper goes down to Z, and comes back and crosses and jostles; and unless some one gives himself the trouble to write to the subject of these reports, he comes home to find his reputation gone.

Hay's Essay on Deformity.

April 23rd.—Called late on Lamb. He lent me a humorous "Essay on Deformity," which I read with pleasure. It is very much in Lamb's own style of humour, and is a piece of playful self-satire, if not written in the assumed character of a hump-backed, diseased member of Parliament. Published by Dods-

ley, 1794, the author, William Hay, Esq. He would have been known to the wits of his age.*

Coleridge's Aids to Reflection.

May 18th.—At night over Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection," a work which has interested me greatly and occupied me much of late. It has remarkable talent and strange singularities. His religion that of the vulgar, his philosophy his own. This work exhibits the best adaptation of Kantian principles to English religious sentiment.

Derived much from Leighton.

Rem.†—That beautiful composition, in the special sense of being compounded of the production of the Scotch Abp. Leighton and himself, I compared to an ancient statue said to be made of ivory and gold, likening the part belonging to the Archbishop to ivory, and that belonging to Coleridge to gold. Coleridge somewhere admits that, musing over Leighton's text, he was not always able to distinguish what was properly his own from what was derived from his master. Instead of saying in my journal that his philosophy is his own, and his religion that of the vulgar, might I not more truly have said that he was not unwilling in some publication to write both *eso*terically and *exo*terically?

May 20th.—At Miss Sharpe's. A small but agreeable party—the Flaxmans, Aikins, &c. Samuel Rogers came late, and spoke about Wordsworth's poems with great respect, but with regret at his obstinate adherence to his peculiarities.

S. Rogers on Wordsworth.

Rem.‡—There was at this time a current anecdote that Rogers once said to Wordsworth, "If you would

* Works on Deformity, &c., by William Hay. London, 1794. 4to. 2 vols.

† Written in 1852. ‡ Written in 1852.

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let me edit your poems, and give me leave to omit some half-dozen, and make a few trifling alterations, I would engage that you should be as popular a poet as any living." Wordsworth's answer is said to have been, "I am much obliged to you, Mr. Rogers; I am a poor man, but I would rather remain as I am."

Scargill.

May 26th.—Mr. Scargill* breakfasted with me. A sensible man. He said, an Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable; a Scotchman is never at home but when he is abroad; an Irishman is at peace only when he is fighting.

Portrait of Lamb.

Called on Meyer of Red Lion Square, where Lamb was sitting for his portrait.† A strong likeness; but it gives him the air of a thinking man, and is more like the framer of a system of philosophy than the genial and gay author of the "Essays of Elia."

Liston.

May 27th.—At the Haymarket. An agreeable evening. I saw nothing but Liston. In "Quite Correct" he is an innkeeper, very anxious to be quite correct, and understanding everything literally. His humorous stupidity is the only pleasant thing in the

Paul Pry.

piece. In "Paul Pry" he is not the mar-plot but the make-plot of the play, for by his prying and picking out of the water some letter by which a plot is detected, he exposes a knavish housekeeper, who is on the point of inveigling an old bachelor into marriage. Liston's inimitable face is the only amusement.

Dr. Kitchener.

June 5th.—A party at Miss Benger's. Saw Dr.

* The supposed author of the "Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister."

† There is a lithograph by Vinter of this portrait in Barry Cornwall's "Memoir of Charles Lamb," p. 192.

Kitchener, of gastronomic celebrity, but had no conversation with him. A grave and formal man, with long face and spectacles. Other authors were there—a Mr. Jerdan, the editor of the *Literary Gazette*,* a work I do not like; Miss Landon, a young poetess—a starling—the "L. E. L." of the *Gazette*, with a gay good-humoured face, which gave me a favourable impression; an Australian poet, with the face of a frog; and Miss Porter (Jane), who is looking much older than when I last saw her.

Literary Gazette.

L. E. L.

June 12th.—With W. Pattisson at Irving's. We took tea there. Some slight diminution of respect for him. He avowed intolerance. Thought the Presbyterian clergy were right in insisting on the execution of Aikenhead for blasphemy.† Yet I cannot deny the consistency of this. The difficulty lies in reconciling any form of Christianity with tolerance. There came in several persons, who were to read the Prophets with Irving. I liked what I saw of these people, but Pattisson and I came away, of course, before the reading began. Irving has sunk of late in public opinion in consequence of his writing and preaching about the

Irving.

His belief in a shortly coming millennium.

* *Literary Gazette, and Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.* A weekly periodical established in 1817, under the editorship of William Jerdan, Esq., and continued by the Rev. H. Christmas.

† Thomas Aikenhead, a student of eighteen, was hanged at Edinburgh, in 1697, for having uttered free opinions about the Trinity and some of the books of the Bible. His offence was construed as blasphemy under an old Scottish statute, which was strained for the purpose of convicting him. After his sentence he recanted, and begged a short respite to make his peace with God. This the Privy Council declined to grant, unless the Edinburgh clergy would intercede for him; but so far were they from seconding his petition, that they actually demanded that his execution should not be delayed! (*See* "Macaulay's History," Vol. IV., pp. 781-4.)

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millennium, which, as he said this afternoon, he believes will come in less than forty years. He is certainly an enthusiast—I fear, too, a fanatic.

Blake.

June 13th.—Called early on Blake. He was as wild as ever, with no great novelty. He talked, as usual, of the spirits, asserted that he had committed many murders, that reason is the only evil or sin, and that careless people are better than those who, &c., &c.

Reason the only sin.

Coleridge and Irving.

June 15th.—Called at Montagu's. Rode with him, Mrs. Montagu, and Irving to Highgate. Coleridge, as usual, very eloquent, but, as usual, nothing remains now in my mind that I can venture to insert here. I never took a note of Coleridge's conversation which was not a *caput mortuum.* But still there is a *spirit,* and a glorious spirit too, in what he says at all times. Irving was not brilliant, but gloomy in his denunciations of God's vengeance against the nation for its irreligion. By-the-by, Coleridge declaims against Irving for his reveries about the Prophecies. Irving, however, pleased me by his declaration on Monday, that Coleridge had convinced him that he was a bibliolatrist.

Difficulty of reporting Coleridge's conversation.

*June 17th, Rem.**—Went down to Witham, and Pattisson drove me to Maldon, that I might exercise my electoral franchise. The Pattissons were then Whigs and Liberals, and Mr. Lennard was their candidate. There was a sort of medium man, a Mr. Wynn, a Tory, but less offensive than Quentin Dick, a vulgar anti-papist. I gave a plumper for Lennard, and made a speech on the hustings. I began wilfully with a few sentences meant for fun, and gained a little applause.

Popish practices of some who cry No Popery.

* Written in 1852.

I declared that I was an enemy to popish practices. But when I turned round and said that the anti-catholic laws were of a popish character, and therefore I was against them, the storm of hisses and screams was violent. One fellow cried out, "Don't believe that feller —he's a lawyer—he's paid for what he says." I enjoyed the *row*, and could well imagine how a man used to being abused, and knowing that it is his party, and not he, that is attacked, can very well bear it. CHAP. XII. 1826.

June 27th.—Dined at Flaxman's. Mr. Tulk, late M.P. for Sudbury, his father-in-law, Mr. Norris, and a namesake of mine, Mr. Robinson, I think an M.P. Our talk chiefly on public matters. The littleness of this sort of greatness is now so deeply impressed on me, that I am in no danger of overestimating the honours which public office confers. The quiet and dignity attendant on a man of genius, like Flaxman, are worth immeasurably more than anything which popular favour can give. The afternoon was as lively as the oppressive heat would permit. *At Flaxman's.* *A genius among politicians.*

IRISH TOUR.*

July 30th.—I left London early by coach, and the journey was rendered pleasant by an agreeable companion, the son of an old and valued friend. On passing through Devizes, I had a mortifying sense of *Devizes.*

* This tour is given more at length than usual, as one in which Mr. Robinson himself felt especial interest. He says of it: "My Reminiscences of this journey were written nearly eight years ago (*i.e.* in 1843), when I by no means thought I should write so much as I have done, and when I hoped merely that I might be able to produce something worth preserving for friends after my death. I had already written an account of my adventures in Holstein in 1807, and what I wrote next is contained in the following pages."

my own forgetfulness, as well as of the transiency of human things. There I spent three years at school. But I could not without difficulty find an individual in the place who knows me now. Not a school-fellow have I any recollection of. The very houses had nearly grown out of knowledge; and an air of meanness in the streets was very unpleasant to me. Yet, had I not been expected elsewhere, I should have stayed a night at the Bear.* I could, perhaps, have found out some once familiar walk.

We were set down at Melksham, twelve miles before Bath, at the house of the mother of my companion, Mrs. Evans, a widow.† Her sister-in-law and a cousin were there, one daughter and three sons, besides my companion. They seemed to have one heart between them all, and to be as affectionate a knot of worthy people as I ever saw. Mrs. Evans and her sister were glad to see an old acquaintance, who enabled them to live over again some hours they might otherwise have forgotten for ever.

August 4th.—I proceeded to the Hot Wells, Bristol.

The river Avon at Bristol.

Rem.‡—My journal expresses disgust at the sight of the river Avon, "a deep bank of solid dirty clay on each side with a streamlet of liquid mud in the centre." I should not think it worth while to mention this, were it not to add that a few years since I found this Western port vastly improved by the formation of a wet dock, so

* The inn formerly kept by the father of Sir T. Lawrence.

† The widow of my excellent friend Joseph Evans, who died in 1812, and who was a son of Dr. Evans of Bristol, Principal of a Baptist College there. —H. C. R.

‡ Written in 1843.

that the city is in a degree relieved from the nuisance of a tidal river. I had the company of a younger son of Mrs. Evans.*

August 5th.—I embarked in a steamer for Cork. The cabin passengers paid £1 each; the steerage passengers 2*s.* A pleasant voyage, with pleasant companions, whom I have never heard of since.

Cork.

August 6th.—Landed early in the Cove of Cork. And four of us were put on a jaunting-car or jingle. I was amused and surprised by the efficiency of man and beast. The animal, small and rough, but vigorous; the driver all rags and vivacity. He managed—how I could not conceive—to pack us all on his car, and vast quantities of luggage too, with the oddest tackle imaginable—pack-thread, handkerchiefs, &c., &c.

The Irish poor.

Rem.†—My first impression of the Irish poor was never altered. The men were all rags. Those who did not beg or look beggingly (and many such I saw) were worse dressed than an English beggar. The women, though it was summer, had on dark cloth cloaks. Yet, except the whining or howling beggars, the gaiety of these poverty-stricken creatures seemed quite invincible.

> "And they, so perfect is their misery,
> Not once perceive their foul disfigurement."

O'Connell one day, pointing to a wretched house, said to me, "Had you any idea of so much wretchedness?" I answered, "I had no idea of so little wretchedness with such destitution."

* Either he or his brother is now the printer and part proprietor of *Punch*. —H. C. R. 1843.

† Written in 1843.

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August 7th.—I rose early and took a walk in the city. After breakfast, seeing in the coffee-room two gentlemen who appeared to be barristers, I presented my card to them, told them I was an English barrister, and requested them to take me into court. They complied with great politeness. The name of one was Thwaites. The courts, two wretched buildings in the shape of meeting-houses; the jury sitting aloft in the gallery, and the counsel, on one side, sitting so near the gallery that they were obliged to lift up their heads ludicrously to catch a glimpse of the foreman.

The Courts of Justice at Cork.

Justice Torrens.

I went first into the Nisi Prius Court. Mr. Justice Torrens was sitting. A very young-looking, fair-complexioned, mild and gentlemanly man. A point of law was being argued. The prominent man at the Bar was a thick-set, broad-faced, good-humoured, middle-aged person, who spoke with the air of one conscious of superiority. It was Daniel O'Connell. He began to talk over with Mr. Thwaites the point under discussion. I could not help putting in a word. "You seem, sir, to be of our profession," said O'Connell. "I am an English barrister." He asked my name, and from that moment commenced a series of civilities which seem likely to be continued, and may greatly modify this journey. He took me by the arm, led me from court to court, as he had business in most cases, and yet found time to chat with me at intervals all the day. He made much of me, and, as I have no doubt, from a mere exuberance of good-nature.

Dan. O'Connell.

Baron Pennefather.

In the other court was Baron Pennefather, a man whom all the Bar praised for his manners as well as for

his abilities. He had nevertheless a droll air, with a simplicity somewhat quizzical. CHAP. XII. 1826.

With the judges as well as the Bar and the people O'Connell seemed to be a sort of pet; his good-humour probably atoning for his political perversities, and, what must have been to his colleagues more objectionable, his great success. Bennett, K.C., was his chief opponent—a complete contrast. Wagget, Recorder of Cork, is a man of ingratiating sweetness of manner. Among the juniors is O'Loghlen, a rising man with a good face.* *The Irish Bar.*

I found that business was transacted with more gravity and politeness than I had expected. An Insurance cause was tried, in which both judges and counsel seemed to be at fault. It is only recently that insurances have been effected here. On questions of evidence greater latitude was allowed than in our English courts. That is, there was more common sense, with fewer technicalities. I amused myself attending to the business, with one incident to divert my mind, and that is worth mentioning. *An Insurance cause.*

I recollected that among my school-fellows at Devizes was a Cork boy, named Johnson. I had heard of his being an attorney. I recalled his countenance to my mind—red hair, reddish eyes, very large nose, and fair complexion. I looked about, and actually discovered my old school-fellow in the Under Sheriff. On inquiry, I found I was right in my guess. When the judge *An old school-fellow.*

* I have since met him at Rolfe's, when he, the Solicitor-General of Ireland, was visiting the Solicitor-General of England. He died, lamented, as Master of the Rolls.—H. C. R.

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retired I went up to the Under Sheriff and said, "Will you allow me to ask you an impertinent question?" His look implied, "Any question that is *not* impertinent."—"Were you at school at Devizes?"—"Yes, I was. Why, you are not an old school-fellow?"—"Yes, I am."—"I shall be glad to talk with you." Our conversation ended in my engaging to dine with him to-morrow.

Dinner with Under Sheriff Johnson.

August 8th.—The morning was spent in lounging about the environs of Cork, about which I shall say nothing here. In the afternoon I went to my old school-fellow, Johnson, whom I found handsomely housed in the Parade. Accompanied him and two strangers in a jingle to his residence at our landing-place, Passage. From first to last I could not bring myself back to his recollection; but I had no difficulty in satisfying him that I had been his school-fellow, so many were the recollections we had in common. Johnson has a wife, an agreeable woman, and a large fine family. He gave me an account of himself. He began the world with a guinea, and by close attention to business is now at the head of his profession. For many years he has been Solicitor to the Admiralty, Excise, Customs, and Stamp Office. He is a zealous Protestant—I fear an Orangeman. I therefore avoided politics, for, had we quarrelled, we could not, as formerly, have settled our difference by a harmless boxing-match. But our old school was a subject on which we both had great pleasure in talking. Our recollections were not always of the same circumstances, and so we could assist each other. "Do you remember, Cuthbert?" said his daughter. "What,"

Schoolboy recollections.

said I, "a shy, blushing lad, very gentle and amiable?" She turned to her father, and said, "If we could have doubted that this gentleman was your school-fellow, this would be enough to convince us. He has described Cuthbert as he was to the last." She said this with tears in her eyes. He was the friend of the family, and but lately dead. Johnson promised that if I would visit him on my return, he would invite three or four school-fellows to meet me.

The drive to Passage was very beautiful; but the boy who drove me did not keep his promise, to call for me before nine, to take me back, and so I had to walk.

Coach journey with Daniel O'Connell.

August 9th.—This, too, a very interesting day. I rose early, strolled on the fine Quay, and breakfasted. After eight I was packed upon the Killarney Mail, with a crowded mass of passengers and luggage, heaped up in defiance of all regulations of Parliament or prudence. The good humour with which every one submitted to inconveniences was very *national*. I was wedged in behind when I heard a voice exclaim, "You must get down, Mr. Robinson, and sit by O'Connell in front. He insists on it." The voice was that of a barrister whom I had seen in court, and who, by pressing me to change places with him, led to my having as interesting a ride as can be imagined; for "the glorious Counsellor," as he was hailed by the natives on the road, is a capital companion, with high animal spirits, infinite good temper, great earnestness in discussion, and replete with intelligence on all the subjects we talked upon. There was sufficient difference between us to produce incessant

Talk with O'Connell.

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controversy, and sufficient agreement to generate kindness and respect. Perceiving, at first, that he meant to have a long talk on the stirring topics of the day, I took an early opportunity of saying, "In order that we should be on fair terms, as I know a great deal about you, and you know nothing about me, it is right that I should tell you that I am by education a Dissenter, that I have been brought up to think, and do think, the Roman Catholic Church the greatest enemy to civil and religious liberty, and that from a religious point of view it is the object of my abhorrence. But, at the same time, you cannot have, politically, a warmer friend. I think emancipation your right. I do not allow myself to ask whether in like circumstances you would grant us what you demand. Emancipation is your right. And were I a Roman Catholic, there is no extremity I would not risk in order to get it."

Talk with O'Connell.

These, as nearly as possible, were my words. On my ending, he seized me by the hand very cordially, and said, "I would a thousand times rather talk with one of your way of thinking than with one of my own." Of course the question of the truth or falsehood of the several schemes of religion was not once adverted to, but merely the collateral questions of a historical or judicial bearing. And on all these O'Connell had an infinite advantage over me, in his much greater acquaintance with the subject. He maintained stoutly that intolerance is no essential principle of the Roman Catholic Church, but is unhappily introduced by politicians for secular interests, the priests of all religions having yielded on this point to kings and magistrates.

Is Roman Catholicism intolerant?

Of this he did not convince me. He also affirmed—and this may be true—that during the reign of Queen Mary not a single Protestant was put to death in Ireland. Nor was there any reaction against the Protestants during the reign of James II.

Incidents by the way.

Our conversation was now and then amusingly diversified by incidents. It was known on the road that "the glorious Counsellor" was to be on the coach, and therefore at every village, and wherever we changed horses, there was a knot of people assembled to cheer him. The country we traversed was for the most part wild, naked, and comfortless.

I will mention only the little town of Macroom, because I here alighted, and was shown the interior of a gentleman's seat (Hedges Eyre, Esq.),—a violent Orangeman, I was told. However, in spite of the squire, there was in the town a signboard on which was the very "Counsellor" himself, with a visage as fierce as the Saracen's head. He would not confess to having sat for the picture, and promised us one still finer on the road.

The Counsellor's Head.

On a very wild plain he directed my attention to a solitary tree, at a distance so great that it was difficult to believe a rifle would carry a ball so far. Yet here a great-uncle of O'Connell's was shot. He had declared that he would shoot a man who refused to fight him on account of his being a Catholic. For this he was proclaimed under a law passed after the Revolution, authorizing the Government to declare it lawful to put to death the proclaimed individuals. He never left his house unarmed, and he kept at a distance from houses

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and places where his enemies might lie in wait for him; but he had miscalculated the power of the rifle.

Incidents by the way.

At one of the posting-houses there was with the crowd a very, very old woman, with grey eyes, far apart, and an expression that reminded me of that excellent woman, D. W. As soon as we stopped she exclaimed, with a piercing voice, "Oh, that I should live to see your noble honour again! Do give me something, your honour, to——."—"Why, you are an old cheat," cried the Counsellor. "Did you not ask me for a sixpence last time, to buy a nail for your coffin?"—"I believe I did, your honour, and I thought it."—"Well, then, there's a shilling for you, but only on condition that you are dead before I come this way again." She caught the shilling, and gave a scream of joy that quite startled me. She set up a caper, and cried out, "I'll buy a new cloak—I'll buy a new cloak!"—"You foolish old woman, nobody will give you a shilling if you have a new cloak on."—"Oh, but I won't wear it here, I won't wear it here!" And, when the horses started, we left her still capering, and the collected mob shouting the praises of "the glorious Counsellor." Everywhere he seemed to be the object of warm attachment on the part of the people. And even from Protestants I heard a very high character of him as a private gentleman.

Talk continued.

To recur once more to our conversation. On my telling him that if he could prove his assertion that

Intolerance of Roman Catholicism.

intolerance is not inherent in Roman Catholicism, he would do more than by any other means to reconcile Protestants to Roman Catholics,— that the fires of

little the former lords of this remote district regarded the comforts and decorations of domestic life.

August 17th.—Rain all day. I scarcely left the house. During the day chatted occasionally with O'Connell and various members of the family. Each did as he liked. Some played backgammon, some sang to music, many read. I was greatly interested in the "Tales of the O'Hara Family."

The family chaplain.

August 18th.—Fortunately the weather better. I took a walk with O'Connell. The family priest accompanied us, but left abruptly. In reply to something I said, O'Connell remarked, "There can be no doubt that there were great corruptions in our Church at the time what you call the Reformation took place, and a real reform did take place in our Church." On this the priest bolted. I pointed this out to O'Connell. "Oh," said he, "I forgot he was present, or I would not have given offence to the good man. . . . . He is an excellent parish priest. His whole life is devoted to acts of charity. He is always with the poor."

Corruptions in the Church before the Reformation.

We walked to a small fort, an intrenchment of loose stones, called a rath, and ascribed to the Danes. He considered it a place of refuge for the natives against plundering pirates, Danes or Normans, who landed and stayed but a short time, ravaging the country.

"Our next parish in that direction," said O'Connell, pointing sea-ward, "is Newfoundland."

Maurice O'Connell.

The eldest son, Maurice, has talents and high spirits. He is coming to the Bar, but will do nothing there. He is aware that he will be one day rich. He is fit to

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be the chieftain of his race. He has the fair eye which the name O'Connell imports.

I believe mass was performed every morning before I rose. Nothing, however, was said to me about it.

Feelings at taking leave.

With feelings of great respect and thankfulness for personal kindness, I left Derrynane between twelve and one. I believe my host to be a perfectly sincere man. I could not wonder at his feeling strongly the injuries his country has sustained from the English. My fear is that this sentiment may in the breasts of many have degenerated into hatred. I did not conceal my decided approbation of the Union; on which he spoke gently. Something having been said about insurrection, he said, "I never allow myself to ask whether an insurrection would be right, if it could be successful, for I am sure it would fail." I had for my journey Maurice O'Connell's horse, named Captain Rock. Luckily for me, he did not partake of the qualities of his famed namesake. I did not, however, mount till we had passed the high ground before the fishery.

Are O'Connell's principles justifiable?

Slept at Mr. Primrose's.

Return to Killarney.

August 19th.—Returned to Killarney. A ride through a dreary country, which wanted even the charm of novelty.

Journey to Tralee.

August 21st.—Before eight o'clock I left my friendly landlord. I was jammed in a covered jingle, which took us to Tralee in three hours. Cheerful companions in the car, who were full of jokes I could not share in. The country a wild bog-scene, with no other beauty than the line of the Killarney hills. Tralee is the capital of Kerry, and bears marks of prosperity. After looking

round the neighbourhood a little, I walked on to Ardfert, where were the ruins of a cathedral. I learned, from the intelligent Protestant family at the inn, that book-clubs had been established, and that efforts were being made to get up a mechanic's institution. CHAP. XII. 1826.

August 23rd.—Having slept at Adare, I proceeded to Limerick, the third city of Ireland. My impression not pleasing. The cathedral seemed to me gaol-like without, and squalid within. One noble street, George Street. While at dinner I heard of a return chaise to Bruff. My plan was at once formed, and before six I was off. *Limerick.*

August 24th.—Rose early, and at eight was on the road towards the object of this excursion, the Baalbec of Ireland, the town of Kilmallock, which lies four miles from Bruff. "*Etiam periere ruinæ.*" This fanciful epithet is intelligible. Though there are only two remarkable ruins, there are numerous fragments along the single street of the town. And the man who was my cicerone, the constable of the place, told me that within twenty years a large number of old buildings had been pulled down, and the materials used for houses. He also told me that there were in Kilmallock fifty families who would gladly go to America, if they had a free passage. Many could get no work, though they would accept sixpence per day as wages. I returned to Limerick, visiting on the way some Druidical remains near a lake, Loughgur. During the day I chatted with several peasant children, and found that they had nearly all been at school. The schools, though not *Kilmallock.*

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favoured by the priests, are frequented by Catholics as well as Protestants.

Waterford.

August 26th.—(At Waterford.) Waterford has the peculiarity, that being really like a very pretty village, it has nevertheless a long and handsome quay. Ships of large burthen are in the river, and near are a village church, and gentlemen's country houses. I with difficulty obtained a bed at the Commercial Hotel, as a great assemblage of Catholics was about to take place. This I learned by accident at Limerick, and I changed my travelling plan accordingly.

Roman Catholic cathedral.

August 27th.—(Sunday). I rose early and strolled into a large Catholic cathedral, where were a crowd of the lowest of the people. There was one gentleman in the gallery, almost concealed behind a pillar, and seemingly fervent in his devotions. I recognized Daniel O'Connell, my late hospitable host. He slipped away at a side door, and I could not say a word to him, as I wished to do. I afterwards went into the handsome Protestant church. It is here the custom to make the churches attractive, — not the worst feature of the Government system, when the Protestants themselves defray the cost; which, however, is seldom the case.

August 28th.—I was called from my bed by the waiter. "Sir, Counsellor O'Connell wants you." He came to present me with a ticket for the forthcoming public dinner, and refused to take the price, which was £2. No Protestant was allowed to pay. He promised to take me to the private committee meetings, &c.

Roman Catholic meeting.

The first general meeting was held in the chapel, which contains some thousands, and was crowded. The

Smithfield are oftener thought of than the seven sacraments or the mass, he recommended Milner's "Letters to a Prebendary," * and a pamphlet on the Catholic claims by Dr. Troy.† He said, "Of all the powerful intellects I have ever encountered, Dr. Troy's is the most powerful."

He related a very important occurrence, which, if true, ought by this time to be one of the acknowledged facts of history.‡ During the famous rising of the Irish volunteers, in 1786, the leaders of the party, the Bishop of Bristol, Lord Charlemont, and Mr. Flood, had resolved on declaring the independence of Ireland. At a meeting held for the purpose of drawing up the proclamation, Grattan made his appearance, and confounded them all by his determined opposition. "Unless you put me to death this instant, or pledge your honour that you will abandon the project, I will go instantly to the Castle, and denounce you all as traitors." His resolution and courage prevailed. This was known to the Government, and therefore it was that the Govern-

Grattan and the independence of Ireland.

* "Letters to a Prebendary: being an Answer to Reflections on Popery. By the Rev. J. Sturges, LL.D. With Remarks on the Opposition of Hoadlyism to the Doctrines of the Church of England, &c. By the Rev. John Milner." Winchester, 1800. 4to.

† Archbishop of Dublin. An Irish friend to whom I have shown this passage, thinks that H. C. R. must have confounded names, and that it was of Father Arthur O'Leary O'Connell spoke as having produced a powerful pamphlet on the Catholic claims. O'Leary's "Loyalty Asserted" appeared in 1777. His "Essay on Toleration; or, Plea for Liberty of Conscience," appeared in 1780 or 1781.

‡ This anecdote does not seem to be correct as it stands. There was no rising of volunteers in 1786; only a weak and ineffectual convention of delegates. Their power had been already long on the wane. Flood and Grattan were then bitter enemies. Moreover, the grant (not pension) to Grattan was in 1783.

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ment assented to the grant of a pension by the Irish Parliament.

Invitation to visit O'Connell at Derrynane.

We arrived, about four o'clock, at the mean and uncomfortable little town of Killarney. On our arrival O'Connell said, just as I was about to alight, "You are aware by this time that I am king of this part of Ireland. Now, as I have the power, I tell you that I will not suffer you to alight until you give me your word of honour that on Monday next you will be at the house of my brother-in-law, Mr. M'Swiney, at Cahir. There I shall be with my family, and you must then accompany me to Derrynane, my residence. Now, promise me that instantly."—"I am too well aware of your power to resist you; and therefore I do promise." He took me to the Kenmare Arms, and introduced me as a particular friend; and I have no doubt that the attentions I received were greatly owing to the recommendation of so powerful a patron. A glance shows me that this spot deserves all its fame for the beauty of its environs.

King Dan. commands attendance.

August 10*th.* — Having risen early and begun my breakfast, I was informed by my landlord, that four gentlemen would be glad if I would join them in an excursion to the Lower Lake. Two were a father and son, by no means companionable, but perfectly innocuous. The other two were very good society; one Mr. J. White, of Glengariff, a nephew of Lord Bantry; the other a Mr. Smith, the son of a magistrate, whose family came into Ireland under Cromwell. We walked to Ross Castle, and there embarked on the lake for Muckruss Abbey, where we saw bones and fragments of

The Lakes of Killarney.

coffins lying about most offensively. We next proceeded to the Torc Lake, landed at Torc Cottage, and saw a cascade. At Innisfallen Island we had the usual meal of roasted salmon. The beauties of these places—are they not written in the guide-books? Our coxswain was an intelligent man, and not the worse for believing in the O'Donoghue and his spectral appearances.

Mangerton.

August 11th.—Walked up the mountain Mangerton. Had a little boy for our guide. He took us by a glen from Mr. Coltman's new house. On our way we saw a number of cows, where the pasture is said to be rich, and our little guide pointed out a ledge of stone where, he said, "a man goes a-summering." He attends to the cows, and lives under the shelter of the ledge of stone. We saw, of course, the famous Devil's Punch-bowl. On the summit a magnificent mountain scene presented itself. Three gentlemen as well as ourselves were there, and one of them, a handsome young man, with the air of an officer, accosted me with the question whether I was not at Munich three years ago, when a German student fought a duel. That incident I well recollect.

A hedge-school.

August 12th.—A drive to the Gap of Dunloe. Near the entrance I observed a hedge-school—some eight or ten ragged urchins sitting literally in a ditch. The boatman said the master is "a man of bright learning as any in Kerry." A remarkable feature in the rocks of this pass is that they take a dark colour from the action of water on them. The charm of the Gap was the echo called forth in several places by a bugleman, a well-behaved man, and an admirable player. He played the huntsman's chorus in "Der Freischütz." I think

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he would, without the echo, make his fortune in London.

Extreme old age.

At the middle of the Gap sat a forlorn, cowering object, a woman aged 105. She is said to have survived all her kin. She spoke Irish only. Her face all wrinkles; her skin like that of a dried fish. I never saw so frightful a creature in the human form. Swift must have seen such a one when he described his Goldrums.*

August 14th.—Took my place on an outside car—(a Russian drosky, in fact)—a by no means inconvenient vehicle on good roads. At five, reached the house of Mr. M'Swiney, at Cahir. It would have been thought forlorn in England. In Ireland, it placed the occupier among the *honoratiores*. Here I found a numerous family of O'Connells. Mrs. O'Connell an invalid, very lady-like and agreeable. There were six or seven other ladies, well-bred, some young and handsome. It was a strict fast day. The dinner, however, was a very good one, and no mortification to me. Salmon, trout, various vegetables, sweet puddings, pie, cream, custards, &c., &c. There was for the invalid a single dish of meat, of which I was invited to partake. On arriving at the table, O'Connell knocked it with the handle of his knife—every one put his hand to his face—and O'Connell begged a blessing in the usual way, adding something in an inaudible whisper. At the end every one crossed himself. I was told that O'Connell had not tasted food all day. He is rigid in the discharge of all the formalities of his Church, but with the

Dinner with the O'Connells at Cahir.

* Struldbrugs. The Editor fears it is impossible to correct all H. C. R.'s mistakes as to names.

utmost conceivable liberality towards others ; and there is great hilarity in his ordinary manners.

After tea I was taken to the house of another connection of the O'Connells, named Primrose, and there I slept.

August 15th.—I did not rise till late. Bad weather all day. The morning spent in writing. In the afternoon a large dinner-party from Mr. M'Swiney's. Before dinner was over the piper was called in. He was treated with kind familiarity by every one. The Irish bagpipe is a more complex instrument than the Scotch, and the sound is less offensive. The young people danced reels, and we did not break up till late. O'Connell very lively—the soul of the party.

The Irish piper.

August 16th.—A memorable day. I never before was of a party which travelled in a way resembling a royal progress. A chariot for the ladies. A car for the luggage. Some half-dozen horsemen, of whom I was one. I was mounted on a safe old horse, and soon forgot that I had not been on horseback three times within the last thirty years. The natural scenery little attractive. Bog and ocean, mountain and rock, had ceased to be novelties. We passed a few mud huts, with ragged women and naked urchins ; but all was redolent of life and interest. At the door of every hut were the inhabitants, eager to greet their landlord, for we were now in O'Connell's territory. And their tones and gesticulations manifested unaffected attachment. The women have a graceful mode of salutation. They do not courtesy, but bend their bodies forward. They join their hands, and then, turning the palms

Journey to Derrynane.

O'Connell's tenantry.

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outward, spread them, making a sort of figure of a bell in the air. And at the same time they utter unintelligible Irish sounds.

Mode of settling disputes among his tenantry.

At several places parties of men were standing in lanes. Some of these parties joined us, and accompanied us several miles. I was surprised by remarking that some of the men ran by the side of O'Connell's horse, and were vehement in their gesticulations and loud in their talk. First one spoke, then another. O'Connell seemed desirous of shortening their clamour by whispering me to trot a little faster. Asking afterwards what all this meant, I learnt from him that all these men were his tenants, and that one of the conditions of their holding under him was, that they should never go to law, but submit all their disputes to him. In fact, he was trying causes all the morning.* We were driven into a hut by a shower. The orators did not cease. Whether we rested under cover or trotted forward, the eloquence went on. The hut in which we took shelter was, I was told, of the better-most kind. It had a sort of chimney, not a mere hole in the roof, a long wooden seat like a garden chair, and a recess which I did not explore. The hovels I afterwards saw seemed to me not enviable even as pigsties.

An Irish hut.

At the end of ten miles we entered a neat house, the

* This is worthy of note, especially for its bearing on one of the charges brought against the agitator on the recent monster trial. He is accused of conspiring to supersede the law of the land and its tribunals by introducing arbitrations. I could have borne witness that he had adopted this practice seventeen years ago, but it would have been exculpatory rather than criminating testimony.—H. C. R., 1844.

only one we saw. Before the door was the weir of a salmon fishery. Here Mrs. O'Connell alighted, and was placed on a pillion, as the carriage could not cross the mountain. As the road did not suit my horsemanship, I preferred walking. The rest of the gentlemen kept their horses. From the highest point was a scene, not Alpine, but as wild as any I ever saw in Scotland. A grand view of the ocean, with rocky islands, bays, and promontories. The mouth of the Kenmare river on one side, and Valentia bay and island on the other, forming the abuttals of O'Connell's country, Derrynane. In the centre, immediately behind a small nook of land, with a delicious sea-beach, is the mansion of the O'Connells—the wreck, as he remarked, of the family fortune, which has suffered by confiscations in every reign. The last owner, he told me, Maurice, died two years ago, aged ninety-nine. He left the estate to his eldest nephew, the Counsellor. The house is of plain stone. It was humble when Maurice died, but Daniel has already added some loftier and more spacious rooms, wishing to render the abode more suitable to his rank, as the great leader of the Roman Catholics.

A wild mountain scene.

The family mansion of the O'Connells.

I was delighted by his demeanour towards those who welcomed him on his arrival. I remarked (myself unnoticed) the eagerness with which he sprang from his horse and kissed a toothless old woman, his nurse.

While the ladies were dressing for dinner, he took me a short walk on the sea-shore, and led me to a peninsula, where were the remains of a monastery—a sacred spot, the cemetery of the O'Connell family. He showed me inscriptions to the memory of some of his ancestors.

The cemetery of the O'Connell family.

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It is recorded of the Uncle Maurice, that he lived a long and prosperous life, rejoicing in the acquisition of wealth as the means of raising an ancient family from unjust depression. His loyalty to his king was eulogized.

O'Connell has an uncle now living in France in high favour with Charles X., having continued with him during his emigration. Circumstances may have *radicalized* the Counsellor, but his uncle was made by the Revolution a violent Royalist and anti-Gallican, as their ancestors had always been stanch Jacobites. O'Connell remarked that, with a little management, the English Government might have secured the Irish Catholics as their steadiest friends—at least, said he, significantly, "but for the Union." He represented the priests as stanch friends to the Bourbons. They inflexibly hated Buonaparte, and that is the chief reason why an invasion in his day was never seriously thought of. "But," said he, "if the present oppression of the Catholics continues, and a war should arise between France and England, with a Bourbon on the throne, there is no knowing what the consequences might be." *

O'Connell's legitimacy principles.

We had an excellent dinner—the piper there, of course, and the family chaplain. Tea at night. I slept in a very low old-fashioned room, which showed how

* I cannot help adverting to one or two late acts of O'Connell, which seem inconsistent with his Radical professions on other occasions. His uniform declaration in favour of Don Carlos of Spain against the Queen and her Liberal adherents; his violent declamations against Espartero, and the Spanish Liberals in general; and, not long since, his abuse of the Government of Louis Philippe, and his assertion of the right of the Pretender, the Duke of Bordeaux, to the throne.—H. C. R., 1844.

speeches were of the usual stamp. Mr. Wyse, Lucien Buonaparte's son-in-law, was the first who attracted any attention; but O'Connell himself was the orator of the day. He spoke with great power and effect. He is the idol of the people, and was loudly applauded when he entered the room, and at all the prominent parts of his speech. His manner is colloquial, his voice very sweet, his style varied. He seems capable of suiting his tone to every class of persons, and to every kind of subject. His language vehement—all but seditious. He spoke two hours, and then there was an adjournment.*

O'Connell's speech.

Committee meeting.

August 29th.—In the forenoon I was taken by O'Connell to the sacristy, where a committee arranged what was to be done at the public meeting. As usual in such cases, whatever difference of opinion there may be is adjusted in private by the leaders. Here I remarked that O'Connell always spoke last, and his opinion invariably prevailed. At this meeting a subscription was opened for the relief of the forty-shilling freeholders, who had been persecuted by the landlords for voting with the priests rather than with themselves. I was glad to pay for my ticket in this way, and put down £5 by "a Protestant English Barrister." The public meeting was held at half-past two. Two speeches by priests especially pleased me. A violent and ludicrous speech was made by a man who designated O'Connell as "the buttress of liberty in Ireland, who rules in the wilderness of free minds." O'Connell spoke with no less energy and point than yesterday.

Great public meeting.

* My journal does not mention the subject; but in those days *emancipation*, and not *repeal*, was the cry.—H. C. R.

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Public dinner.

The dinner was fixed for seven, but was not on the table till past eight. There were present more than 200. The walls of the room were not finished; but it was well lighted, and ornamented with transparencies, on which were the names Curran, Burke, Grattan, &c. The chair was taken by O'Brien. My memory would have said Sir Thomas Esmond. O'Gorman, by whom I sat, was pressing that I should take wine, but I resisted, and drew a laugh on him by calling him an intolerant persecutor, even in matters of drink. What must he be in religion?

Lord Fitzwilliam.

The usual patriotic and popular sentiments were given. The first personal toast was Lord Fitzwilliam, the former Lord-Lieutenant, who had not been in Ireland till now since he gave up his office because he could not carry emancipation. The venerable Earl returned thanks in a voice scarcely audible. With his eyes fixed on the ground, and with no emphasis, he muttered a few words about his wish to serve Ireland. I recollected that this was the once-honoured friend of Burke, and it was painful to behold the wreck of a good, if not a great man. Another old man appeared to much greater advantage, being in full possession of his faculties—Sir John Newport; his countenance sharp, even somewhat quizzical. Lord Ebrington, too, returned thanks — a fine spirited young man. The only remarkable speech was O'Connell's, and that was short. When the toast, "the Liberal Protestants," was given, O'Connell introduced an Englishman, who spoke so prosily that he was set down by acclamation. It was after twelve, and after the magnates had retired,

Sir John Newport.

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Speech of H. C. R.

that a toast was given to which I was called upon to respond,—"Mr. Scarlett and the Liberal members of the English Bar." My speech was frequently interrupted by applause, which was quite vociferous at the end. This is easily accounted for, without supposing more than very ordinary merit in the speaker. I began by the usual apology, that I felt myself warranted in rising, from the fact that I was the only English Protestant barrister who had signed the late petition for Catholic emancipation. This secured me a favourable reception. "I now solicit permission to make a few remarks, in the two distinct characters of Englishman and Protestant. As an Englishman, I am well aware that I ought not to be an object of kindness in the eyes of an Irishman. I know that for some centuries the relation between the two countries has been characterized by the infliction of injustice and wrong on the part of the English. If, therefore, I considered myself the representative of my countrymen, and any individual before me the representative of Irishmen, I should not dare to look him in the face." (Vehement applause.) "Sir, I own to you I do not feel flattered by this applause. But I should have been ashamed to utter this sentence, which might seem flattery, if I had not meant to repeat it in another application. And I rely on the good-nature and liberality of Irishmen to bear with me while I make it. I am Protestant as well as Englishman. And were I to imagine myself to be the single Protestant, and any one before me the single Catholic, I should expect him to hang down his head while I looked him boldly in the face." There was an

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The spirit of persecution not confined to one sect.

appalling silence—not a sound, and I was glad to escape from a dangerous position, by adding, "I am aware that, in these frightful acts of religious zeal, the guilt is not all on one side. And I am not one of those who would anxiously strike a balance in the account current of blood. Least of all would I encourage a pharisaic memory. On the contrary, I would rather, were it possible, that, for the sake of universal charity, we should all recollect the wrongs we have committed, and forget those we have sustained,—but not too soon. Irishmen ought not to forget past injustice, till injustice has entirely ceased." I then went on to safer topics. I confessed myself brought up an enemy to the Roman Catholic Church, and would frankly state why I especially feared it. "I speak with confidence, and beg to be believed in what I know. The Catholic religion is obnoxious to thousands in England, not because of the number of its sacraments, or because it has retained a few more mysteries than the Anglican acknowledges, but because it is thought—and I own I cannot get rid of the apprehension—that there is in the maxims of your Church something inconsistent with civil and religious liberty." On this there was a cry from different parts of the room, "That's no longer so,"—"Not so now." I then expressed my satisfaction at the liberal sentiments I had heard that morning from two reverend gentlemen. "Did I think that such sentiments would be echoed were the Roman Catholic Church not suffering, but triumphant,—could they be published as a papal bull, I do not say I could become altogether a member of your Church, but it would be the object of my affection. Nay, if

Is intolerance inherent in Roman Catholicism?

such sentiments constitute your religion, then I am of your Church, whether you will receive me or no." After I sat down my health was given, and I had a few words more to say. There was a transparency on the wall representing the genius of Liberty introducing Ireland to the Temple of British Freedom. I said, "Your worthy artist is better versed in Church than in State painting, for, look at the keys which Liberty holds,—they are the keys of St. Peter!" A general laugh confessed that I had hit the mark.

September 13th.—(Dublin.) I mention St. Patrick's Cathedral for the sake of noticing the common blunder in the inscribed monument to Swift. He is praised as the friend to liberty. He was not that; he was the enemy of injustice. He resisted certain flagrant acts of oppression, and tried to redress his country's wrongs, but he never thought of the liberties of his country.

Swift.

I prolonged my stay at Dublin in order to spend the day with Cuthbert, a Protestant barrister. There dined with him my old acquaintance, Curran, son of the orator. His tone of conversation excellent. I will write down a few Irish anecdotes. Lord Chancellor Redesdale* was slow at taking a joke. In a bill case before him, he said, "The learned counsellor talks of flying kites. What does that mean? I recollect flying kites when I was a boy, in England."—"Oh, my Lord," said Plunkett, "the difference is very great. The wind raised those kites your Lordship speaks of—ours raise the wind." Every one laughed but the Chancellor, who did not comprehend the illus-

Irish anecdotes.

* Lord Redesdale was Lord Chancellor of Ireland from 1802 to 1806.

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tration. It was Plunkett, also, who said, "If a cause were tried before Day (the Justice), it would be tried in the dark." Cuthbert related, in very interesting detail, a memorable incident of which he was a witness. On the discussion of the Union question, Grattan had obtained his election, and came into the House while the debate was going on. He made a famous speech, which so provoked Corry, that in his reply he called Grattan a traitor, and left the House. Grattan followed him. They fought a duel in the presence of a crowd. And before the speaker whom they left on his legs had finished, Grattan returned, having shot his adversary.*

Grattan.

A coach-ride with Sheil.

September 14th.—Though not perfectly well, I determined to leave Dublin this day, and had taken my place on the Longford stage, when I saw Sheil get inside. I at once alighted, and paid 4*s.* 6*d.* additional for an inside seat to Mullingar, whither I learned he was going. It was a fortunate speculation, for he was both communicative and friendly. We had, as companions, a woman, who was silent, and a priest, who proved to be a character. We talked immediately on the stirring topics of the day. Sheil did not appear to me a profound or original thinker, but he was lively and amusing. Our priest took a leading part in the conversation. He was a very handsome man, with most prepossessing manners. He told us he had had the happiness to be educated under Professor P—— at Salamanca. "No one," said he, "could possibly go through a course of study under him, without being convinced that Protes-

A vehement priest.

* The Right Honourable Isaac Corry, Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer. Although in this duel Grattan shot his antagonist, the wound was not fatal.

tantism is no Christianity, and that Roman Catholicism is the only true religion. Any one who was not convinced must be a knave, a fool, or a madman." To do justice to Sheil, he joined me in a hearty laugh at this. And we forced the priest at last to make a sort of apology, and acknowledge that invincible ignorance is pardonable. I told him drily, that I was a friend to emancipation, but if it should be proposed in Parliament, and I should be there, I should certainly move to except from its benefits all who had studied under Father P—— at Salamanca. At Mullingar, a crowd were waiting for the orator, and received him with cheers.

September 15th.—Proceeded to Sligo on the mail, and had a very pleasant companion in a clergyman, a Mr. Dawson. He asserted anti-Catholic principles with a mildness and liberality, and at the same time with an address and knowledge, I have seldom witnessed. We went over most of the theologico-political questions of the day, and if we did not convince we did not offend each other. Of the journey I shall say nothing, but that I passed through one town I should wish to see again — Boyle, lying very beautifully, with picturesque ruins of an abbey. As we approached Sligo the scenery became more wild and romantic. There I was seriously indisposed, and Mr. Dawson recommended me to a medical man, a Dr. Bell, a full-faced, jovial man, who was remarkably kind. When I had opened my case, the only answer I could get for some time was, "You must dine with me to-day." This I refused to do, but I promised to join the party in the evening,

Boyle.

Dr. Bell.

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and was gratified by the geniality of all whom I met at his house, and especially by his own hospitality.

September 16th.—Dr. Bell again asked me to dine with him, but excused me on my expressing a desire to be free. I enjoyed, however, another evening at his house, where Mr. Dawson was the *ami de la maison.*

September 17th.—After a very hospitable breakfast with Dr. Bell, availed myself of the opportunity of proceeding on my journey in my landlord's car. I noticed some buildings, which a very meanly dressed man, one who in England would be supposed to belong to the lowest class, told me were Church school buildings, erected by Lord Palmerston, whom he praised as a generous landlord to the Catholic poor. He said that, formerly, the peasants were so poor, that having no building, a priest would come and consecrate some temporary chapel, and then take away the altar, which alone makes the place holy. On my expressing myself strongly at this, the man said, in a style that quite startled me, "I thank you, sir, for that sentiment." At nine o'clock, we entered the romantically situated little town of Ballyshannon. My host and driver took me to the chief inn, but no bed was to be had. He said, however, that he would not rest till he had lodged me somewhere, and he succeeded admirably, for he took me to the house of a character,—a man who, if he had not been so merry, might have sat for a picture of Romeo's apothecary. I had before taken a supper with a genuine Irish party at the inn, — an Orange solicitor, who insolently browbeat the others; a Papist manager of a company of strolling players; and a

Lord Palmerston.

Ballyshannon.

Quaker so *wet* as to be—like the others—on the verge of intoxication. I had to fight against all the endeavours to find out who I was; but neither they, nor the apothecary, Mr. Lees, nor my former host, Mr. Boyle, knew me, till I avowed myself. I found I could not escape drinking a little whisky with Mr. Lees, who would first drink with me and then talk with me. On my saying, in the course of our conversation, that I had been in Waterford, he sprang up and exclaimed, "May be you are Counsellor Robinson?"—"My name is Robinson." On this he lifted up his hands, "That I should have so great a man in my house!" And I had some difficulty in making him sit down in the presence of the great man. Here I may say that, at Dublin, I found a report of my speech at Waterford, in an Irish paper, containing not a thought or sentiment I actually uttered, but a mere series of the most vulgar and violent commonplaces.

Irish jollification.

Newspaper mis-reporting.

September 24th.—The journey to Belfast on a stage-coach was diversified by my having as companions two reverend gentlemen, whom I suspected to be Scotch seceders,—amusingly, I should say instructively, ignorant even on points very nearly connected with their own professional pursuits. They were good-natured, if not liberal, and with no violent grief lamented the heretical tendencies in the Academical Institution at Belfast. "It has," said they, "two notorious Arians among the professors, Montgomery and Bruce, but they do not teach theology, and are believed honourably to abstain from propagating heresy." Arianism, I heard, had infected the Synod of Ulster, and the Presbytery

Stage-coach journey to Belfast.

The plague of Arianism.

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of Antrim consists wholly of Arians. On my mentioning Jeremy Taylor, these two good men shook their heads over "the Arian." I stared. "Why, sir, you know his very unsound work on original sin?"—"I know that he has been thought not quite up to the orthodox mark on that point."—"Not up to the mark! He is the oracle of the English Presbyterians of the last century." This was puzzling. At length, however, the mist cleared up. They were thinking of Dr. John Taylor, of Norwich, the ancestor of a family of my friends. And as to Jeremy Taylor, Bishop of Down and Connor, they had never heard of such a man. Yet these were teachers. They were mild enemies of emancipation, and seemed half-ashamed of being so, for they had more fear of Arianism than of Popery.

September 26th.—Strolled on the shore of the Lough that adjoins the town. Then began my homeward journey, and was not long before I landed at Port Patrick. I was now in Scotland. That I felt, but I had been gradually and almost unconsciously losing all sense of being in Ireland. The squalid poverty of the people had been vanishing; and, though a poor observer of national physiognomies, I had missed the swarthy complexion, the black eyes, and the long haggard faces. The signs of Romanism had worn out. The ear was struck with the Puritan language. The descendants of Scottish settlers under the Stuarts and Cromwells, I have always considered as Englishmen born in Ireland, and the northern counties as a Scotch colony. And yet I am told that this is not the true state of things.

Scotland.

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September 28th.—At Kircudbright, where I took up my quarters with my friend Mrs. Niven, at law my ward.

Mr. Niven.

October 1st.—Mr. Niven, no slanderer of his countrymen, related to me in a few words a tale, which in every incident makes one think how Walter Scott would have worked it up. Sir ——— Gordon wilfully shot his neighbour. The man might have been cured, but he preferred dying, that his murderer might be hanged. The Gordon fled, and lived many years in exile, till he was visited by a friend, Sir ——— Maxwell, who persuaded him that the affair was forgotten, and that he might return. The friends travelled together to Edinburgh, and there they attended together the public worship of God in the kirk. In the middle of the service the Maxwell cried aloud, "Shut all the doors, here is a murderer!" The Gordon was seized, tried, and hanged, and the Maxwell obtained from the crown a grant of a castle, and the noble demesnes belonging to it. This account was given to me while I was visiting the picturesque ruins of the castle.

Annan.

October 3rd.—On my way southward I passed through Annan, the birthplace of my old acquaintance Edward Irving.

Keswick.

October 5th.—Went round by Keswick to Ambleside. As I passed through Keswick, I had a chat with the ladies of Southey's family. Miss D. Wordsworth's illness prevented my going to Rydal Mount. But I had two days of Wordsworth's company, and enjoyed a walk on Loughrigg Fell. In this walk the beauty of the English and Scotch lakes was compared with those of Killarney,

English and Scotch lakes com-

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pared with those of Killarney.

Words-worth.

and the preference given to the former was accounted for by the broken surface of the sides of the mountains, whence arises a play of colour, ever mixed and ever changing. The summits of the mountains round Killarney are as finely diversified as could be wished, but the sides are smooth, little broken by crags, or clothed with herbage of various colour, though frequently wooded. Wordsworth showed me the field he has purchased, on which he means to build, should he be compelled to leave the Mount. And he took me over Mr. Tilbrook's knacky cottage, the "Rydal wife trap," really a very pretty toy. He also pointed out the beautiful spring, a description of which is to be an introduction to a portion of his great poem, and contains a poetical view of water as an element in the composition of our globe. The passages he read appear to be of the very highest excellence.

October 7th.—Incessant rain. I did not leave Ambleside for Rydal till late. We had no resource but books and conversation, of which there was no want. Poetry the staple commodity, of course. A very pleasing young lady was of our party to-day, as well as yesterday, a Miss A——, from Sussex. Very pretty, and very naïve and sprightly—just as young ladies should be. The pleasure of the day is not to be measured by the small space it occupies in my journal. Early at my inn. A luxurious supper of sherry-negus and cranberry tart. Read the first part of Osborne's "Advice to his Son," —a book Wordsworth gave to Monkhouse, and which, therefore, I supposed to be a favourite. But I found, on inquiry, that Wordsworth likes only detached re-

marks, for Osborne is a mere counsellor of selfish prudence and caution. Surely there is no need to print —"Beware lest in trying to save your friend you get drowned yourself!"

October 8th.—Wordsworth full of praises of the fine scenery of Yorkshire. Gordale Scar (near Malham) he declares to be one of the grandest objects in nature, though of no great size. It has never disappointed him.

Bury.

October 14th.—Reached Bury. Thus ended an enjoyable journey. The most remarkable circumstance attending it is, that I seemed to lose that perfect health which hitherto has accompanied me in my journeys. But now I feel perfectly well again. Perhaps my indisposition in Ireland may be beneficial to me, as it has made me sensible that my health requires attention.

Sister-in-law's death.

During my absence in Ireland, my excellent sister-in-law died. I cannot write of her at length here. The letter respecting her death was missent, and did not reach me till about a week after it was written. My sister was a most estimable woman, with a warm heart, great vivacity of feeling as well as high spirits, great integrity of character, and a very strong understanding.

Mr. Dawson Turner's.

October 26th.—(At Mr. Dawson Turner's, Yarmouth.) I was summoned to breakfast at eight; and was delighted to find myself at nine treated with genuine hospitality and kindness, for I was left to myself. Mr. Turner's family consists of two married daughters,—Mrs. Hooker, wife of the traveller to Iceland, and now a professor at Glasgow, a great botanist and naturalist, and Mrs. Palgrave, wife of the ex-Jew Cohen,* now

* *See* p. 272.

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A visit to Mr. Dawson Turner.

bearing the name of Mrs. Turner's father, and four unmarried daughters, all very interesting and accomplished young women, full of talent, which has left their personal attractions unimpaired. He has two sons—the youngest only at home, a nice boy. At the head of these is a mother worthy of such children. She, too, is, accomplished, and has etched many engravings, which were published in Mr. Turner's "Tour in Normandy," and many heads, some half-dozen of which he gave me, or rather I took, he offering me as many as I chose. The moment breakfast was over, Mr. Turner went to the bank, Mrs. Turner to her writing-desk, and every one of the young ladies to drawing, or some other tasteful occupation, and I was as much disregarded as if I were nobody. In the adjoining room, the library, was a fire, and before breakfast Mr. Turner had said to me, "You will find on that table pen, ink, and paper." Without a word more being said I took the hint, and went into that apartment as my own. And there I spent the greater part of the time of my visit. I took a short walk with Mr. Turner —the weather did not allow of a long one. We had a small party at dinner—Mr. Brightwell, Mr. Worship, &c.. A very lively evening. I sat up late in my bedroom.

Mr. D. Turner's autographs.

October 27th.—Mr. Turner is famous for his collection of autographs, of which he has nearly twenty thick quarto volumes, consisting of letters, for the greater part, of distinguished persons of every class and description. But these form by far the smallest portion of his riches in MSS. He has purchased several large collections,

and obtained from friends very copious and varied contributions. Every one who sees such a collection is desirous of contributing to it. Some are of great antiquity and curiosity. I was not a little flattered when Mr. Turner, having opened a closet, and pointed out to me some remarkable volumes, gave me the key, with directions not to leave the closet open. He had before shown me several volumes of his private correspondence, with an intimation that they were literary letters, which might be shown to all the world, and that I might read everything I saw. I began to look over the printed antiquarian works on Ireland, but finding so many MSS. at my command, I confined myself to them. I read to-day a most melancholy volume of letters by Cowper, the poet, giving a particular account of his sufferings, his dreams, &c., all turning on one idea—the assurance that he would be damned. In one he relates that he thought he was being dragged to hell, and that he was desirous of taking a memorial to comfort him. He seized the knocker of the door, but recollecting that it would melt in the flames, and so add to his torments, he threw it down! His correspondent was in the habit of communicating to him the answers from God which he received to his prayers for Cowper, which answers were all promises of mercy. These Cowper did not disbelieve, and yet they did not comfort him.

Cowper's letters.

October 28th.—I must not forget that the elder Miss Turner, a very interesting girl, perhaps twenty-five, is a German student. By no means the least pleasant part of my time was that which I spent every day in hearing

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her read, and in reading to her passages from Goethe and Schiller.

Mr. D. Turner's collection of MSS.

The only letters I had time to look over among the Macro papers, purchased by Mr. Turner, including those of Sir Henry Spelman, were a collection of letters to Dr. Steward, the former preacher at the Church Gate Street Meeting, Bury. These were all from Dissenting ministers, about whom I was able to communicate some information to Mr. Turner. Dr. Steward lived once in Dublin, and the letters give an interesting account of the state of religious parties in Ireland, *circa* 1750–60. The Lord-Lieutenant then favoured the New Light party, *i.e.*, the Arians. These few letters engrossed my attention. I could not calculate the time requisite for reading the whole collection.

Yarmouth Church.

October 29th.—(Sunday.) I accompanied the family to the large, rambling, one-sided church, which is still interesting. Unpleasant thoughts suggested by a verse from Proverbs, read by the preacher,—"He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it; but he that hateth suretyship is safe." It is remarkable that no enemy to revealed religion has attacked it by means of a novel or poem, in which mean and detestable characters are made to justify themselves by precepts found in the Bible. A work of that kind would be insidious, and not the less effective because a superficial objection. But some share of the reproach should fall on the theologians who neglect to discriminate between the spiritual or inspired, and the unspiritual or uninspired parts of the sacred writings. The worldly wisdom of the above text is not to be disputed, and if

Worldly texts.

found in the works of a Franklin, unobjectionable—for he was the philosopher of prudence; but it is to be regretted that such a lesson should be taught us as "the Word of God." I could not help whispering to Dawson Turner, "Is this the Word of God?" He replied, "All bankers think so."

Mr. and Mrs. Turner's hospitality.

October 30th.—A pleasant forenoon like the rest. After an early dinner, left my hospitable host and hostess. This house is the most agreeable I ever visited. No visit would be unpleasantly long there.

November 29th.—At home over books. An hour at the Temple Library helping Gordon in lettering some German books. At four I went to James Stephen, and drove down with him to his house at Hendon. A dinner-party. I had a most interesting companion in young Macaulay, one of the most promising of the rising generation I have seen for a long time. He is the author of several much admired articles in the *Edinburgh Review*. A review of Milton's lately discovered work on Christian Doctrine, and of his political and poetical character, is by him. I prefer the political to the critical remarks. In a paper of his on the new London University, his low estimate of the advantages of our University education, *i.e.* at Oxford and Cambridge, is remarkable in one who is himself so much indebted to University training. He has a good face,—not the delicate features of a man of genius and sensibility, but the strong lines and well-knit limbs of a man sturdy in body and mind. Very eloquent and cheerful. Overflowing with words, and not poor in thought. Liberal in opinion, but no radical. He seems a correct as well

Macaulay.

Estimate of Macaulay.

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as a full man. He showed a minute knowledge of subjects not introduced by himself.

Flaxman.

December 4th.—Dined at Flaxman's. He had a cold, and was not at all fit for company. Therefore our party broke up early. At his age every attack of disease is alarming. Among those present were the Miss Tulks, sisters of the late M.P. for Sudbury, and Mr. Soane, architect and R.A. He is an old man, and is suffering under a loss of sight, though he is not yet blind. He talked about the New Law Courts,* and with warmth abused them. He repudiates them as his work, being constrained by orders. We had a discussion on the merits of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, he contending that, even in its present situation, it heightens instead of diminishing the effect of the Abbey.

Mr. (afterwards Sir J.) Soane.

Death of Flaxman.

December 7th.—I was alarmed yesterday by the account I received when I called at Flaxman's. This morning I sent to inquire, and my messenger brought the melancholy intelligence that Flaxman died early in the morning! The country has lost one of its greatest and best men. As an artist, he has done more than any other man of the age to spread her fame; as a man, he exhibited a rare specimen of moral and Christian excellence.

Blake on Flaxman's death.

I walked out, and called at Mr. Soane's. He was not at home. I then went to Blake's. He received the intelligence much as I expected. He had himself been very ill during the summer, and his first observation was, with a smile, "I thought I should have gone first." He then said, "I cannot consider death as anything but

* The Courts at Westminster, then just built by Mr. Soane.

a going from one room to another." By degrees he fell into his wild rambling way of talk. "Men are born with a devil and an angel," but this he himself interpreted body and soul. Of the Old Testament he seemed to think not favourably. Christ, said he, took much after his mother, the Law. On my asking for an explanation, he referred to the turning the money-changers out of the temple. He then declared against those who sit in judgment on others. "I have never known a very bad man who had not something very good about him." He spoke of the Atonement, and said, "It is a horrible doctrine! If another man pay your debt, I do not forgive it." . . . . He produced "Sintram," by Fouqué, and said, "This is better than my things."

Flaxman's funeral.

December 15th.—The funeral of Flaxman. I rode to the house with Thompson, R.A., from Somerset House. Thompson spoke of Flaxman with great warmth. He said so great a man in the arts had not lived for centuries, and probably for centuries there would not be such another. He is so much above the age and his country, that his merits have never been appreciated. He made a design (said Thompson) for a monument for Pitt, in Westminster Abbey—one of the grandest designs ever composed, far beyond anything imagined by Canova. But this work, through intrigue, was taken from him, and the monument to Nelson given him instead,—a work not to his taste, and in which he took no pleasure. Yet his genius was so universal that there is no passion which he has not perfectly expressed. Thompson allowed that Flaxman's execution was not

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equal to his invention, more from want of inclination than of power. Perhaps there was a want of power in his wrist.* On arriving at Flaxman's house, in Buckingham Street, we found Sir Thomas Lawrence and five others, who, with Mr. Thompson and Flaxman himself, constituted the council of the year. The five were Phillips, Howard, Shee, Jones, and one whose name I do not recollect. Two Mr. Denmans† and two Mr. Mathers were present, and Mr. Tulk and Mr. Hart. I sat in the same carriage with Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mr. Hart, and Mr. Tulk; and Sir Thomas spoke with great affection and admiration of Flaxman, as of a man who had not left, and had not had, his equal. The interment took place in the burial-ground of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, near the old St. Pancras Church. Speaking of Michael Angelo, Sir Thomas represented him as far greater than Raphael.

Flaxman's funeral.

Rem.‡—Let me add now, though I will not enlarge on what is not yet completed, that I have for several years past been employed in fixing within the walls of University College all the casts of Flaxman,—the single act of my life which, to all appearance, will leave sensible and recognizable consequences after my death.

December 17th.—Dined at Bakewell's, at Hampstead. A Mr. M—— there, a Genevese curate, expelled from his curacy by the Bishop of Friburg. No trial or any proceeding whatever. This is arbitrary enough. Yet M—— being ultra in his opinions, one cannot deem the

* Very lately Charles Stokes, the executor of Chantrey, told me that Chantrey expressed the same opinion.—H. C. R., 1851.

† Mrs. Flaxman was a Miss Denman. ‡ Written in 1851.

act of despotism very flagrant. The oppression of mere removal from clerical functions, when the person is not a believer, does not excite much resentment. M—— predicts with confidence a bloody war, ending in the triumph of liberal principles. CHAP. XII. 1826.

*Rem.**—After twenty-five years I may quote a couplet from Dryden's "Virgil":—

> "The gods gave ear, and granted half his prayer,
> The rest the winds dispersed in empty air."

December 18th.—Called upon Soane, the architect, whom I met at Flaxman's. His house† is a little museum, almost unpleasantly full of curiosities. Every passage as full as it could be stuck with antiques or casts of sculpture, with paintings, including several of the most famous Hogarths—the "Election," &c. The windows are of painted glass, some antiques. There are designs, plans, and models of famous architectural works. A model of Herculaneum, since the excavations, is among the most remarkable. A consciousness of my having no safe judgment in such matters lessens the pleasure they would give me. He complained of the taking down of the double balustrade of the Treasury. I own I thought it very grand. "According to the original plan of the Courts, all the conveniences required by the profession would," he says, "have been afforded." *Soane's house.* *Sir John Soane's Museum.*

December 20th.—A morning of calls, and those agreeable. First with Rolfe, who unites more business talents with literary tastes than any other of my acquaintance. Later, a long chat with Storks, and a walk with him. He now encourages my inclination to leave *Rolfe.* *Storks.*

* Written in 1851. † Now the Soane Museum, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

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the Bar. His own feelings are less favourable to the profession, and he sees that there may be active employment without the earning of money, or thoughts of it.

Benecke.

December 21st.—A call from Benecke. We began an interesting conversation on religion, and have appointed a time for a long and serious talk on the subject. I am deeply prepossessed in favour of everything that Benecke says. He is an original thinker, pious, and with no prejudices. Dined with Mr. Payne, and spent an agreeable afternoon. Dr. Dibdin and Mr. D'Arblay (son of the famous authoress of "Cecilia") were there. Dibdin exceedingly gay, too boyish in his laugh for a D.D., but I should judge kind-hearted.

Dr. Dibdin.

December 2nd.—An interesting morning. By invitation from Dr. Dibdin,* I went to Lord Spencer's, where were several other persons, and Dibdin exhibited to us his lordship's most curious books. I felt myself by no means qualified to appreciate the worth of such a collection. A very rich man cannot be reproached for spending thousands in bringing together the earliest printed copies of the Bible, of Homer, Virgil, Livy, &c., &c. Some of the copies are a most beautiful monument of the art of printing, as well as of paper-making. It is remarkable that the art arose at once to near perfection. At Dresden, we see the same immediate excellence in pottery. My attention was drawn to the famous Boccaccio, sold at the Roxburgh sale (in my presence) to the Duke of Marlborough, for

Curious books.

* Dr. Dibdin was employed by Lord Spencer to write an account of the rare books in his libraries.

£2,665, and, on the sale of the Duke's effects, purchased by Lord Spencer for (if I am not mistaken) £915.

Talk with Benecke on religion.

December 24th.—After breakfast I walked down to Mr. Benecke's, with whom I had a very long and interesting *religious* conversation. He is a remarkable man, very religious, with a strong tendency to what is called enthusiasm, and perfectly liberal in his feeling. The peculiar doctrine of Christianity, he says, is the fall of man, of which Paganism has no trace. The nature of that fall is beautifully indicated in the allegory at the beginning of the book of Genesis. The garden of Eden represents that prior and happier state in which all men were, and in which they sinned. Men come into this world with the character impressed on them in their prior state, and all their acts arise out of that character. There is therefore, in the doctrine of necessity, so much truth as this—all actions are the inevitable effect of external operations on the mind in a given state, that state having sprung necessarily out of the character brought into this world. Christianity shows how man is to be redeemed from this fallen condition. Evil cannot be ascribed to God, who is the author of good. It could only spring out of the abuse of free-will in that prior state, which does not continue to exist.

Necessity and free-will.

To this I objected that the difficulties of the necessarian doctrine are only pushed back, not removed, by this view. In the prior state, there is this inextricable dilemma. If the free-will were in quality and in quantity the *same* in all, then it remains to be explained how the same cause produces different effects. But if

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the quality or the quantity of the power called free-will be unequal, then the diversity in the act or effect may be ascribed to the primitive diversity in the attribute. In that case, however, the individual is not responsible, for he did not create himself, or give himself that power or attribute of free-will.

Primitive powers inexplicable.

*Rem.**—To this I would add, after twenty-five years, that the essential character of free-will places it beyond the power of being explained. We have no right to require that we should understand or explain any primitive or originating power—call it God or free-will. It is enough that we *must* believe it, whether we will or no; and we must disclaim all power of explanation.

Mrs. Vardill.

During this year I was made executor to a Mrs. Vardill—a character. She was the widow of a clergyman, an American Loyalist, a friend of old General Franklin. The will had this singular devise in it, that Mrs. Vardill left the residue of her estate, real and personal, to accumulate till her daughter, Mrs. Niven, was fifty-two years of age. I mention this will, however, to refer to one of the most remarkable and interesting law cases which our courts of law have witnessed since the union of England and Scotland. The litigation arose not out of the will, but out of a pending suit, to take from her property in her possession. The question was, whether a child legitimated in Scotland by the marriage (after his birth) of his father and mother can inherit lands in England? The case (Birtwhistle *v.* Vardill) was tried at York, and afterwards argued on two occasions before the Lords. Scotch

* Written in 1851.

lawyers held that such a child was in every respect entitled to inherit his father's estate in England. But, happily for my friend, the English lawyers were almost unanimously of the opposite opinion.

End of the year.

Concluded the year at Ayrton's. We made an awkward attempt at games, in which the English do not succeed—acting words as rhymes to a given word, and finding out likenesses from which an undeclared word was to be guessed. We stayed till after twelve, when Mrs. Ayrton made us all walk upstairs through her bedroom for good luck. On coming home, I was alarmed by a note from Cuthbert Relph, saying, "Our excellent friend Anthony Robinson is lying alarmingly ill at his house in Hatton Garden."

CHAPTER XIII.

1827.

Anthony Robinson.

*Rem.**—The old year closed with a melancholy *announcement*, which was *verified* in the course of the first month. On the 20th of January died my excellent friend, Anthony Robinson, one of those who have had the greatest influence on my character. During his last illness I was attending the Quarter Sessions, but left Bury before they closed, as I was informed that my *dying* friend declared he should not die happy without seeing me. I spent nearly all the day preceding his death at Hatton Garden. He was in the full possession of his faculties, and able to make some judicious alterations in his will. On the 20th he was altogether exhausted—able to say to me, "God bless you!" but no more. I contributed an article, containing a sketch of my friend's character, to the *Monthly Repository*.†

January 27th.—The day of the burial of my old dear friend Anthony Robinson, which took place in a vault of the Worship Street General Baptist Meeting Yard.

* Written in 1851.

† Vol. I. New Series, p. 288. *See* Vol. I. of the present work, p. 358.

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1827.

February 2nd.—Götzenberger, the young painter from Germany, called, and I accompanied him to Blake.* We looked over Blake's Dante. Götzenberger was highly gratified by the designs. I was interpreter between them. Blake seemed gratified by the visit, but said nothing remarkable.

Götzenberger at Blake's.

Last visit to Blake.

Rem.†—It was on this occasion that I saw Blake for the last time. He died on the 12th of August. His genius as an artist was praised by Flaxman and Fuseli, and his poems excited great interest in Wordsworth. His theosophic dreams bore a close resemblance to those of Swedenborg. I have already referred to an article written by me, on Blake, for the Hamburg "Patriotic Annals."‡ My interest in this remarkable man was first excited in 1806. Dr. Malkin, our Bury grammar-school head-master, published in that year a memoir of a very precocious child, who died. An engraving of a portrait of him, by Blake, was prefixed. Dr. Malkin gave an account of Blake, as a painter and poet, and of his visions, and added some specimens of his poems, including the "Tiger." I will now gather together a few stray recollections. When, in 1810, I gave Lamb a copy of the Catalogue of the paintings exhibited in Carnaby Street, he was delighted, especially with the description of a painting afterwards engraved, and connected with which there was a circumstance which, unexplained, might reflect discredit on a most excellent and amiable man. It was after the friends

* Götzenberger was one of the pupils of Cornelius, who assisted him in painting the frescoes, emblematical of Theology, Philosophy, Jurisprudence, and Medicine, in the Aula of the University of Bonn.

† Written in 1852.

‡ Vol. I., p. 299.

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The Canterbury Pilgrims.

of Blake had circulated a subscription paper for an engraving of his "Canterbury Pilgrims," that Stothard was made a party to an engraving of a painting of the same subject, by himself.* But Flaxman considered this as not done wilfully. Stothard's work is well known; Blake's is known by very few. Lamb preferred the latter greatly, and declared that Blake's description was the finest criticism he had ever read of Chaucer's poem. In the Catalogue, Blake writes of himself with the utmost freedom. He says, "This artist defies all competition in colouring,"—that none can beat him, for none can beat the Holy Ghost,—that he, and Michael Angelo and Raphael, were under Divine influence, while Correggio and Titian worshipped a lascivious and therefore cruel Deity, and Rubens a proud Devil, &c. Speaking of colour, he declared the men of Titian to be of leather, and his women of chalk, and ascribed his own perfection in colouring to the advantage he enjoyed in seeing daily the primitive men walking in their native nakedness in the mountains of Wales. There were about thirty oil paintings, the colouring excessively dark and high, and the veins black. The hue of the primitive men was very like that of the Red Indians. Many of his designs were unconscious imitations. He illustrated Blair's "Grave," the "Book of Job," and four books of Young's "Night Thoughts." The last I once showed to William Hazlitt. In the designs he saw no merit; but when I read him some of Blake's poems he was much struck, and expressed himself

Blake's remarks on himself.

Hazlitt on Blake.

* For an account of this matter, *see* Gilchrist's "Life of Blake," Vol. I. pp. 203–209.

with his usual strength and singularity. "They are beautiful," he said, "and only too deep for the vulgar. As to God, a worm is as worthy as any other object, all alike being to him indifferent, so to Blake the chimney-sweeper, &c. He is ruined by vain struggles to get rid of what presses on his brain; he attempts impossibilities." I added, "He is like a man who lifts a burthen too heavy for him; he bears it an instant—it then falls and crushes him."

I lent Blake the 8vo edition, 2 vols., of Wordsworth's poems, which he had in his possession at the time of his death. They were sent me then. I did not at first recognize the pencil notes as his, and was on the point of rubbing them out when I made the discovery. In the fly-leaf, Vol. I., under the words *Poems referring to the Period of Childhood*, the following is written:—"I see in Wordsworth the natural man rising up against the spiritual man continually; and then he is no poet, but a heathen philosopher, at enmity with all true poetry or inspiration." On the lines

Blake's notes on Wordsworth.

> "And I could wish my days to be
> Bound each to each by natural piety,"

he wrote, "There is no such thing as natural piety, because the natural man is at enmity with God." On the verses, "To H. C., Six Years Old" (p. 43), the comment is, "This is all in the highest degree imaginative, and equal to any poet—but not superior. I cannot think that real poets have any competition. None are greatest in the kingdom of heaven. It is so in poetry." At the bottom of page 44, "On the Influence of Natural Objects," is written, "Natural objects always

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did and now do weaken, deaden, and obliterate imagination in me. Wordsworth must know that what he writes valuable is not to be found in nature. Read Michael Angelo's Sonnet, Vol. II. p. 179." That is, the one beginning—

> "No mortal object did these eyes behold,
> When first they met the lucid light of thine."

It is remarkable that Blake, whose judgments were in most points so very singular, should nevertheless, on one subject closely connected with Wordsworth's poetical reputation, have taken a very commonplace view. Over the heading of the "Essay Supplementary to the Preface," at the end of the volume, he wrote: "I do not know who wrote these Prefaces. They are very mischievous, and directly contrary to Wordsworth's own practice" (p. 341). This Preface is not the defence of his own style, in opposition to what is called *poetic diction*, but a sort of historic vindication of the *unpopular* poets. On Macpherson (p. 364) Wordsworth wrote with the severity with which all great writers have written of him. Blake's comment was: "I believe both Macpherson and Chatterton, that what they say is ancient is so." And at the end of the essay he wrote: "It appears to me as if the last paragraph, beginning 'Is it the right of the whole, &c.,' was written by another hand and mind from the rest of these Prefaces. They give the opinions of a [word effaced] landscape painter. Imagination is the divine vision, not of the world, nor of man, nor from man as he is a natural man, but only as he is a spiritual man. Imagination has nothing to do with memory."

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Blake's wife.

A few months after Blake's death, Barron Field and I called on Mrs. Blake. The poor old lady was more affected than I expected she would be at the sight of me. She spoke of her husband as dying like an angel. She informed us that she was going to live with Linnell as his housekeeper. She herself died within a few years. She seemed to be the very woman to make her husband happy. She had been formed by him. Indeed, otherwise, she could not have lived with him. Notwithstanding her dress, which was poor and dingy, she had a good expression on her countenance, and with a dark eye, the remains of youthful beauty. She had the wife's virtue of virtues—an implicit reverence for her husband. It is quite certain that she believed in all his visions. On one occasion, speaking of his visions, she said, "You know, dear, the first time you saw God was when you were four years old, and he put his head to the window, and set you a-screaming." In a word, she was formed on the Miltonic model, and, like the first wife, Eve, worshipped God in her husband.*

"He for God only, she for God in him."

Dryden's Lucretius.

February 24th.—Went to Jaffray's, with whom I dined and spent an agreeable evening. I read to them Dryden's translation of Lucretius on the fear of death, which gave them great pleasure. It was quite a gratification to have excited so much pleasure. Indeed, this is one of the masterpieces of English translation, and, next to Christian hopes, the most delight-

* For a full account of Blake's works, as well as his life, *see* Gilchrist's "Life of William Blake," 2 vols. Macmillan & Co., 1863.

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ful and consolatory contemplation of the unknown world.*

Canning.

August 8th.—News arrived of the death of Canning, an event that renders quite uncertain the policy and government of the country, and may involve it in ruinous calamities. How insignificant such an occurrence renders the petty triumphs and mortifications of our miserable circuit!

September 8th.—(At Brighton.) Raymond took me to call on the venerable, infirm, Unitarian minister, Thomas Belsham. He received me with great cordiality, as if I had been an old friend. We talked of old times, and the old gentleman was delighted to speak of his juvenile years, when he was the fellow-student of my uncle Crabb and Mr. Fenner. He spoke also of Anthony Robinson with respect. Belsham retains, as usual, a strong recollection of the affairs of his youth, but he is now fast declining. It was gratifying to observe so much cheerfulness in these, perhaps, last months of his existence. I am very glad I called on him.†

Thomas Belsham.

C. LAMB TO H. C. R.

Chase Side,
Oct. 1st, 1827.

Dear R.,

I am settled for life, I hope, at Enfield. I have taken the prettiest, compactest house I ever saw, near to Anthony Robinson's, but, alas! at the expense of

* This translation was a great favourite with H. C. R., who read it aloud to many of his friends.

† Rev. T. Belsham died in 1829.

poor Mary, who was taken ill of her old complaint the night before we got into it. So I must suspend the pleasure I expected in the surprise you would have had in coming down and finding us householders.

Farewell! till we can all meet comfortable. Pray apprise Martin Burney. Him I longed to have seen with you, but our house is too small to meet either of you without *her* knowledge.

God bless you!

C. LAMB.

Dinner at Mr. Naylor's.

October 27th.—Dined with Mr. Naylor. A very agreeable party. A Mr. Hamilton, a Scotch bookseller, from Paternoster Row, there; he had all the characteristic good qualities of his country—good sense, integrity, and cheerfulness, with manners mild and conciliating. He enjoyed a *bon mot*, and laughed heartily; therefore, according to Lamb, a *lusus naturæ*. He was the publisher of Irving's first work, and spoke of him with moderation and respect. We told stories of repartees. By-the-by, Mr. Brass, a clergyman of Trinity College, Cambridge, says that he heard Dr. Parr say to Barker, who had teased him on one occasion, "Sir, you are a young man; you have read much, thought little, and know nothing at all."

The Lambs at Enfield.

December 26th.—Having heard from Charles Lamb that his sister was again well, I lost no time in going to see them. And accordingly, as soon as breakfast was over, I walked into the City, took the stage to Edmonton, and walked thence to Enfield. I found them in their new house—a small but comfortable place, and

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Charles Lamb quite delighted with his retirement. He fears not the solitude of the situation, though he seems to be almost without an acquaintance, and dreads rather than seeks visitors. We called on Mrs. Robinson, who lives opposite; she was not at home, but came over in the evening, and made a fourth in a rubber of whist. I took a bed at the near public-house.

December 27th.—I breakfasted with the Lambs, and they then accompanied me on my way through the Green Lanes. I had an agreeable walk home, reading on the way Roper's "Life of Sir T. More." Not by any means to be compared with Cavendish's "Wolsey," but still interesting from its simplicity.

CHAPTER XIV.

1828.

*February 7th, Rem.**—I read one of the most worthless books of biography in existence — Boaden's "Life of Mrs. Siddons." Yet it gave me very great pleasure. Indeed, scarcely any of the finest passages in "Macbeth," or "Henry VIII.," or "Hamlet," could delight me so much as such a sentence as, "This evening Mrs. Siddons performed Lady Macbeth, or Queen Katharine, or the Queen Mother," for these names operated on me then as they do now, in recalling the yet unfaded image of that most marvellous woman, to think of whom is now a greater enjoyment than to see any other actress. This is the reason why so many bad books give pleasure, and in biography more than in any other class.

Mrs. Siddons.

March 2nd.—Read the second act of "Prometheus," which raised my opinion very much of Shelley as a poet, and improved it in all respects. No man, who was not a fanatic, had ever more natural piety than he, and his supposed Atheism is a mere metaphysical crotchet, in which he was kept by the affected scorn and real malignity of dunces.

Shelley's Prometheus.

* Written in 1852.

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1828.

A walk to Lamb's.

April 4th.—(Good Friday.) I hope not ill-spent; it was certainly enjoyed by me. As soon as breakfast was over, I set out on a walk to Lamb's, whom I reached in three and a quarter hours—at one. I was interested in the perusal of the "*Profession de Foi d'un Curé Savoyard.*" The first division is unexceptionable. His system of natural religion is delightful, even fascinating; his metaphysics quite reconcilable with the scholastic philosophy of the Germans. At Lamb's I found Moxon and Miss Kelly, who is an unaffected, sensible, clear-headed, warm-hearted woman. We talked about the French theatre, and dramatic matters in general. Mary Lamb and Charles were glad to have a dummy rubber, and also piquet with me.

Test and Corporation Acts.

April 19th.—Went for a few minutes into the Court, but I had nothing to do. Should have gone to Bury, but for the spending a few hours with Mrs. Wordsworth. I had last night the pleasure of reading the debate in the Lords on the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts.* No one but Lord Eldon, of any note, appeared as a non-content, and the Archbishop of York, and the Bishops of Chester (Blomfield), Lincoln (Kay), and Durham (Van Mildert), all spoke in favour of the measure, as well as the prime minister, the Duke of Wellington. At the same time, the French Ministry were introducing laws in favour of the liberty of the press. The censorship and the law of *tendency* (by

French law against seditious articles.

* These Acts required that all persons taking any office under Government should receive the Lord's Supper, according to the usage of the Church of England, within three months of their appointment.

which *not* particular libels might be the object of prosecution, but the *tendency* of a great number of articles, within six months), and the restriction of the right to publish journals, were all given up. These are to me all matters of heartfelt joy.

Goethe.

April 22nd.—Was highly gratified by receiving from Goethe a present of two pairs of medals, of himself and the Duke and Duchess of Weimar. Within one of the cases is an autographic inscription: "*Herrn Robinson zu freundlichem Gedenken von W. Goethe. März*, 1828." (To Mr. Robinson, for friendly remembrance, from W. Goethe, &c.) This I deem a high honour.

H. C. R. TO GOETHE.

3, *King's Bench Walk, Temple,*
31*st January*, 1829.

H. C. R. to Goethe.

I avail myself of the polite offer of Mr. Des Vœux, to forward to you a *late* acknowledgment of the high honour you conferred on me last year. I had, indeed, supplied myself with a cast, and with every engraving and medallion that I had heard of; still the case you have presented me with is a present very acceptable as well as most flattering. The delay of the acknowledgment you will impute to any cause rather than the want of a due sense of the obligation.

Twenty-four years have elapsed since I exchanged the study of German literature for the pursuits of an active life, and a busy but uncongenial profession—the law. During all this time your works have been the constant objects of my affectionate admiration, and the medium by which I have kept alive my early love of

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German poetry. The slow progress they have till lately been making among my countrymen has been a source of unavailing regret. Taylor's "Iphigenia in Tauris," as it was the first, so it remains the best, version of any of your larger poems.

Recently Des Vœux and Carlyle have brought other of your greater works before our public,—and with love and zeal and industry combined, I trust they will yet succeed in effectually redeeming rather *our* literature than *your* name from the disgrace of such publications as Holcroft's "Hermann and Dorothea," Lord Leveson Gower's "Faustus," and a catch-penny book from the French, ludicrous in every page, not excepting the title —"The Life of Goethe."

I perceive, from your "*Kunst und Alterthum*," that you are not altogether regardless of the progress which your works are making in foreign countries. Yet I do not find any notice of the splendid fragments from "Faust" by Shelley, Lord Byron's friend, a man of unquestionable genius, the perverse misdirection of whose powers and early death are alike lamentable. Coleridge, too, the only living poet of acknowledged genius, who is also a good German scholar, attempted "Faust," but shrunk from it in despair. Such an abandonment, and such a performance as we have had, force to one's recollection the line,—

"For fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

As you seem not unacquainted even with our periodical works, you perhaps know that the most noted of our Reviews has on a sudden become a loud eulogist.

It was understood, last year, that Herr von Goethe,

your son, and his lady were on the point of visiting England. Could you be induced to accompany them, you would find a knot, small, but firm and steady, of friends and admirers, consisting of countrymen of your own as well as of natives. They would be proud to conduct you to every object not undeserving your notice. We possess the works of our own Flaxman, and we have rescued from destruction the Elgin Marbles, and here they are.

I had intended visiting my old friend Herr von Knebel last year, but having planned a journey into Italy in the Autumn of the present, I have deferred my visit till the following Spring, when I hope you will permit me in person to thank you for your flattering attention.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

With the deepest esteem,

H. C. ROBINSON.

May 3rd.—A morning of calls, and a little business at W. Tooke's, whom I desired to buy for me a share in the London University.* This I have done at the suggestion of several friends, including my brother Thomas, as a sort of debt to the cause of civil and religious liberty. I think the result of the establishment very doubtful indeed, and shall not consider my share as of any pecuniary value.†

London University.

* Afterwards University College.

† I shall have much to say hereafter of what, for many years, has constituted a main business of my life. Never were £100 better spent,—I mean considered as an item of personal expense; for the University College is far from having yet answered the great purposes originally announced.—H. C. R., 1852.

CHAP. XIV.
1828.

An execution of criminals.

May 13th.—There were to be five men executed, and I was desirous to witness for once the ceremony within the prison. At half-past seven I met the Under Sheriff, Foss, at the gate. At eight we were joined by Sheriff Wilde, when some six or eight of us walked in procession through long narrow passages to a long, naked, and wretched apartment, to which were successively brought the five unhappy creatures who were to suffer. The first, a youth, came in pale and trembling. He fainted as his arms were pinioned. He whispered some inaudible words to a clergyman who came and sat by him on a bench, while the others were prepared for the sacrifice. His name was Brown. The second, a fine young man, exclaimed, on entering the room, that he was a murdered man, being picked out while two others were suffered to escape. Both these were, I believe, burglars. Two other men were ill-looking fellows. They were silent, and seemingly prepared. One man distinguished himself from the rest—an elderly man, very fat, and with the look of a substantial tradesman. He said, in a tone of indignation, to the fellow who pinioned him, "I am not the first whom you have murdered. I am hanged because I had a bad character." [I could not but think that this is, in fact, properly understood, the only legitimate excuse for hanging any one;—because his *character* (not reputation) is such that his life cannot but be a curse to himself and others.] A clergyman tried to persuade him to be quiet, and he said he was resigned. He was hanged as a receiver of stolen horses, and had been a notorious dealer for many years. The

procession was then continued through other passages, to a small room adjoining the drop, to which the culprits were successively taken and tied up. I could not see perfectly what took place, but I observed that most of the men ran up the steps and addressed the mob. The second burglar cried out, "Here's another murdered man, my lads!" and there was a cry of "Murder" from the crowd. The horse-stealer also addressed the crowd. I was within sight of the drop, and observed it fall, but the sheriffs instantly left the scaffold, and we returned to the Lord Mayor's parlour, where the Under Sheriff, the Ordinary, two clergymen, and two attendants in military dress, and I, breakfasted.

The breakfast was short and sad, and the conversation about the scene we had just witnessed. All agreed it was one of the most disgusting of the executions they had seen, from the want of feeling manifested by most of the sufferers; but sympathy was checked by the appearance of four out of five of the men. However, I shall not soon see such a sight again.*

Irving on the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts.

May 18*th*.—Read lately Irving's letter to the King, exhorting him not to commit the horrible act of apostasy against Christ, the passing the Act repealing the Test and Corporation Acts, which will draw down certainly an express judgment from God. He asserts that it is a form of infidelity to maintain that the King reigns for the people, and not for Christ; and that he is accountable to the people, as he is accountable to Christ alone. In the course of the pamphlet, however, he insinuates that the King, who has all his authority from

* Nor have I.—H. C. R., 1852.

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Christ, has no power to act against the Church; and as he never explains what is the Church, it seems to me to be a certain inference from his principle, that the King ought to be resisted whenever he acts against the judgment of God's minister—the pastor of the church of the Caledonian Chapel.

June 18th.—An interesting day. Breakfasted with Aders. Wordsworth and Coleridge were there. Alfred Becher also. Wordsworth was chiefly busied about making arrangements for his journey into Holland. Coleridge was, as usual, very eloquent in his dreamy monologues, but he spoke intelligibly enough on some interesting subjects. It seems that he has of late been little acquainted with Irving. He says that he silenced Irving by showing how completely he had mistaken the sense of the Revelation and Prophecies, and then Irving kept away for more than a year. Coleridge says, "I consider Irving as a man of great power, and I have an affection for him. He is an excellent man, but his brain has been turned by the shoutings of the mob. I think him mad, literally mad." He expressed strong indignation at Irving's intolerance.

Coleridge on Irving.

June 18th.—A grand dinner was given in Freemasons' Tavern to celebrate a really great event. The Duke of Sussex was in the chair—not a bad chairman, though no orator. Scarcely fewer than 400 persons were present. I went with my brother and the Pattissons, and did not grudge my two guineas, though I was not edified by the oratory of the day. Lord John Russell, as well as Lord Holland, and other great men, spoke (I thought) moderately, while a speech from

Great dinner after the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts.

Aspland was admirable. Brougham spoke with great mastery, both as to style and matter, and Denman with effect. We did not break up till past one. Aspland's was the great speech of the day, and was loudly praised. CHAP. XIV. 1828.

DR. WURM TO H. C. R.

Hamburg,

June 19th, 1828.

. . . . . Did you ever meet with Hegel, or any of his works? He is now the great Leviathan among the philosophical writers of his day. He enjoys the perfect confidence of the Prussian Government, for he has contrived to give to a strange sort of pantheism a curious twist, by which it is constantly turned into a most edifying "*Apologie des Bestehenden*" (Apology for things as they are). Marheinecke is his theological amanuensis; his motto is at least as old as the Greek mysteries, and who knows but it may be older still?—"*Lasst uns Filosofen den Begriff, gibt dem Volke das Bild!*" (Leave us philosophers the true idea, give to the multitude the symbol.) *Hegel.*

*July 5th, Rem.**—I saw "Medea" at the Italian Opera, and for the first and last time in my life had an enjoyment from an Opera singer and actor which might fairly be compared to that which Mrs. Siddons so often afforded me. Madame Pasta gave an effect to the murder scene which I could not have thought possible *Pasta.*

* Written in 1852.

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before I witnessed it as actual. In spite of the want of a tragic face or figure (for she was forced to strain her countenance into a frown, and make an effort to look great, and all her passion was apparently conscious, and I had never before witnessed the combined effect of acting with song), still the effect was overpowering. What would not Mrs. Siddons have made of the character? So I asked then, and ask now. The scene unites all the requisites to call forth the powers she so eminently possessed; but the Grecian fable has never flourished on the English stage.

Tour to the Pyrenees.

On Thursday, August 6th, I set out on a tour to the Pyrenees, having written to Shutt, who was about to make the journey.

(A very few extracts are all that will be given from Mr. Robinson's Reminiscences of this tour.)

*Rem.**—On the 10th August, at Paris, my attention was drawn to a novelty—a number of long *diligences* inscribed, "Entreprise générale pour des omnibus." And on my return, in October, I made frequent use of them, paying five sous for a *course*. I remarked then, that so rapid is the spread of all substantial comforts, that they would certainly be introduced in London before Christmas, as in fact they were; and at this moment they constitute an important ingredient in London comfort. Indeed they are now introduced into all the great cities of Europe and America.

Omnibuses.

On the 25th of August, after a walk of seven leagues from Luchon to Arreau, we had an agreeable adventure,

* Written in 1852.

the memory of which lasted. Shutt and I had reconciled ourselves to dining in a neat kitchen with the people of the house, when a lively-looking little man in black, a sort of Yorick in countenance, having first surveyed us, stepped up and very civilly offered us the use of the parlour in which were himself and his family. "We have finished our dinner," he said, "and shall be happy to have your company." The lady was a most agreeable person, and the family altogether very amiable. We had a very pleasant evening. The gentleman was a good liberal Whig, and we agreed so well that, on parting next day, he gave us his card. "I am a Cheshire clergyman," he said, "and I shall be glad to see you at my living, if you ever are in my neighbourhood."

When I next saw him he was become Bishop of Norwich. He did not at once recognize me when I first saw him in company with the Arnolds, on my going to see the Doctor's portrait, but Mrs. Stanley did, and young Stanley,* the biographer of Dr. Arnold, and the Bishop afterward showed me courteous hospitality at his palace at Norwich, when the Archæological Institute was held there. This kindness to us strangers in this little adventure in the Pyrenees was quite in harmony with his character. The best of Christian bishops, he was the least of a prelate imaginable; hence he was treated with rudeness by the bigots when he took possession of his bishopric. But he was universally beloved and lamented at his death.

On this journey I fell in also with two English

* Dean of Westminster.

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exquisites, who, after seeing this district, expressed their wonder that any Englishman who knew Derbyshire could think the Pyrenees worth seeing; *they* did not. They were going to the Alps, and asked me what I advised them to see. I told them, in a tone of half-confidence, that, whatever people might say, there was nothing worth *their* seeing; and I was not at all scrupulous about their misunderstanding me. At Rome, I saw some sportsmen, who took over dogs to sport in the Campagna. They were delighted with their sport, and had been a week there without seeing St. Peter's, and probably would leave Rome without going in.

Lamb's "Intruding Widow."

December 13th. — Walked to Enfield from Mr. Relph's.* I dined with Charles and Mary Lamb, and after dinner had a long spell at dummy whist with them. When they went to bed, I read a little drama by Lamb, "The Intruding Widow," which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine.* It is a piece of great feeling, but quite unsuitable for performance, there being no action whatever in it.

H. C. R. quits the Bar.

A great change took place this year, through my quitting the Bar at the end of the summer circuit. My object in being called to the Bar was to acquire a gentlemanly independence, such at least as would enable a bachelor, of no luxurious or expensive habits, to enjoy good society with leisure. And having about £200 per annum, with the prospect of something more, I was not afraid to make known to my friends that, while I deemed it becoming in me to continue in the

* Mr. Cuthbert Relph, of Turner's Hill, Cheshunt.

profession till I was fifty years of age, and until I had a net income of £500 per annum, I had made up my mind not to continue longer, unless there were other inducements than those of mere money-making.*

* In looking back on his life, Mr. Robinson used to say, that two of the wisest acts he had done were going to the Bar, and quitting the Bar.

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—
1829.

CHAPTER XV.

1829.

THE New Year opened on me at Witham, where I enjoyed my visit with an ease I had not for many years felt, being relieved from all anxieties. I had already commenced my studies of the Italian language, or rather renewed what I had begun in Holstein twenty years before; and I set about reading Goldoni, a dramatist admirably suited to that object, whose popularity showed the fallen state of the drama in Italy, as that of his superior in the same style, Kotzebue, had lately been doing in Germany. But the plays—properly sentimental comedies—fairly exhibited the national condition and feeling in the last generation.

Study of Italian.

Society of Antiquaries.

February 12th.—Before eight I went to the Antiquarian Society, to consummate an act of folly by being admitted an F.S.A. As soon as the step was taken, every one, even the members themselves, were ready to tell me how sunken the Society is. They do nothing at all, says every one. Certainly this evening did not put me in good-humour with myself. There were about forty persons present, Hudson Gurney, M.P., in the chair. Amyot presented me to him, when he ought to have ceremoniously put on his hat and taken me by the

hand, and gravely repeated a form of words set down for him.

Its dull doings.

Two very insignificant little papers were read, from neither of which did I collect a thought. One was a genealogical memoir, the other an extract from a catalogue of furniture in the palace of Henry VIII. No attempt to draw any inference, historical or otherwise, from any one article. After one dull half-hour was elapsed, another still duller succeeded, and then Amyot took me as a guest to the Royal Society. Here, indeed, the handsome hall, fine collection of portraits, the mace, and the dignified deportment of the President, Davies Gilbert, were enough to keep one in an agreeable state of excitement for thirty minutes. But as to the memoir, what it was about I do not know. Some chemical substance was the subject of admeasurement, and there was something about some millionth parts of an inch. After the meeting the members adjourned to the library, where tea was served. Chatted there with Tiarks and others. One circumstance was pleasant enough. Amyot introduced me to Davies Gilbert, the P.R.S., and he invited me to his Saturday evening parties.

Palinode.

*Rem.**—I have since made some agreeable acquaintance from my connection with the Antiquarian Society, and its proceedings have not been without incidents of interest.

Lapse of memory.

February 15th.—I was engaged to dine with Mr. Wansey at Walthamstow. When I arrived there I was in the greatest distress, through having forgotten his

* Written in 1852.

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name. And it was not till after half-an-hour's worry that I recollected he was a Unitarian, which would answer as well; for I instantly proceeded to Mr. Cogan's. Having been shown into a room, young Mr. Cogan came—"Your commands, sir?"—"Mr. Cogan, I have taken the liberty to call on you in order to know where I am to dine to-day." He smiled. I went on, "The truth is, I have accepted an invitation to dine with a gentleman, a recent acquaintance, whose name I have forgotten; but I am sure you can tell me, for he is a Unitarian, and the Unitarians are very few here." And before I had gone far in my description he said, "This can be no other than Mr. Wansey. And now, may I ask your name?"—"No, thank you, I am much obliged to you for enabling me to get a dinner, but that is no reason why I should enable you to make me table-talk for the next nine days." He laughed. "There is no use in your attempting to conceal your name. I know who you are, and, as a proof, I can tell you that a namesake of yours has been dining with us, an old fellow-circuiteer of yours. We have just finished dinner in the old Dissenting fashion. My father and mother will be very glad to see you." Accordingly I went in, and sat with the Cogans a couple of hours. Mr. Cogan kept a school for many years, and was almost the only Dissenting schoolmaster whose competence as a Greek scholar was acknowledged by Dr. Parr.*

Mr. Cogan.

Dinner with the Linnæan Society.

February 17th.—Dined with the members of the Linnæan Society at the Thatched House Tavern—intro-

* The late Premier, the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, received his education at this school, where he remained till he was articled to a solicitor.

duced by Benson. An amusing dinner. In the chair an old gentleman from the country—Mr. Lambert. Present, Barrow, of the Admiralty; Law, Bishop of Bath and Wells; Stokes, and, *cum multis aliis*, Sir George Staunton. I had the good luck to be placed next the latter, who amused me much. He is the son of the diplomatic traveller in China, known by his book, and he himself afterwards filled the situation of his father. He has a jiffle and a jerk in his bows and salutations which give him a ludicrous air; but he is perfectly gentlemanly, and I believe in every way respectable. He is a great traveller, a bachelor, and a man of letters. We adjourned early to the Linnæan Society, where I found many acquaintances. I can't say I was much edified by the articles read. They rivalled those of the Antiquarians and of the Royal Society in dulness. But the people there, and the fine collection of birds and insects, were at least amusing. Lord Stanley in the chair.

The original Paul Pry.

*February 21st, Rem.**—At six dined with Gooden. Tom Hill, the real original Paul Pry, was there, the man whom everybody laughed at, and whom, on account of his good-nature, many tolerated, and some made use of as a circulating medium. He was reported to be of great age; and Theodore Hook circulated the apology that his baptismal register could not be found, because it was burnt in the Tower of London. He dealt in literary haberdashery, and was once connected with the *Mirror*, a magazine, the motto of which was "A snapper up of unconsidered trifles." He was

* Written in 1852.

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also a great fetcher and carrier of gossiping paragraphs for the papers. His habit of questioning was quite ludicrous; and because it was so ridiculous, it was less offensive, when he was universally known.

*February 28th, Rem.**—Went with Amyot to dine with Hudson Gurney. A small party. Mr. Madden, of the British Museum, Dr. Philpotts, and one lady from Norwich. A pleasant afternoon. The defeat of Peel at Oxford was, perhaps, felt by no one but Dr. Philpotts, and he was in good spirits, and was very good company. He said his son was against him at Oxford, and he was not sorry for it, which I recollect being not displeased with him for saying. By-the-by, the Doctor has recently written in defence of his conduct on this occasion, in answer to the *Edinburgh Review*. Had the Doctor gone on in the same direction as Lord Palmerston, his conduct would have been but mildly censured. It is the repeated vacillation, the changing backwards as well as forwards, which cannot be forgiven.

Irving's sermon on Catholic emancipation.

March 1st (Sunday).—Heard Irving preach a furious sermon against Catholic emancipation. He kept me attentive for an hour and a half. He was very eloquent, and there was enough of argument and plan in his discourse to render it attractive to a thinking man. At the same time, the extravagant absurdities he uttered were palpable. His argument was, in short, this:—Christ ordained that the civil and ecclesiastical government should be in different hands; the King is

* Written in 1852.

his vicegerent in all temporal concerns, and we owe him implicit and absolute obedience; the Church is equally sovereign in all spiritual matters. The Devil raised up the Papacy, which, grasping both powers, possesses neither; for, whenever power is given to a Churchman, whenever he is raised to a magistracy, there the mystery of iniquity is made manifest; hence the diabolical character of the Papal power. In order to show that this doctrine is that of the Church of England, Irving referred to a clause in the 37th Article, but that Article merely refuses to the King the power of preaching, and of administering the Sacraments; it gives him Ecclesiastical authority in express terms; and what has Irving to say of the bench of bishops? Irving prayed against the passing of the threatened bill, but exhorted the people to submit to the Government. If persecution should follow (as is probable), they are to submit to martyrdom. In the midst of a furious tirade, a voice cried from the door, "That is not true!" He finished his period, and then exclaimed, after a pause, "It is well when the Devil speaks from the mouth of one possessed. It shows that the truth works." When I heard Irving, I thought of the fanatics of Scotland in the seventeenth century. His powerful voice, equally musical and tender; his admirable enunciation and glorious figure, are enough to excite his audience to rebellion, if his doctrine had permitted acts of violence.

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A dream.

MRS. CLARKSON TO H. C. R.

March 12th, 1829.

Perhaps it may edify you if I relate a remarkable dream of my husband's. He dreamt that he was dead and laid out, and was looking at his toes to see if they had laid him straight, when his attention was arrested by the appearance of an angel, who told him that he was sent from God to tell him that some resurrection men were coming for him; that he was to lie quite still till they came, then take the sword, which the angel laid down by his side, and pursue them, and that he should be protected. The angel disappeared—the men came—my husband did as he was commanded—seized the men one after the other, and cut off their ears with the sword. He awoke, laughing, at seeing them run away with their hands holding their heads where the ears had been cut off. As you may suppose, this dream occurred at Christmas time, when we had been feasting, and the papers were filled with the Edinburgh murders. If you had heard Mr. Clarkson tell the dream, you would never have forgotten it. It was so exquisitely droll that, for a day or two afterwards, one or other of us was perpetually bursting out into laughter at the remembrance of it.

H. C. R. TO WORDSWORTH.

April 22nd, 1829.

My dear Friend,

. . . . . After walking to and from Deptford, on the 5th of March, returning over Westminster Bridge, I must e'en, in the joy of my pro-popery heart,

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step into the avenues of the House of Commons, to hear the details of the Bill that night brought forward by the Home Secretary. I loitered about three-quarters of an hour at midnight, chatting with the emancipationist members. Went to bed at two, and in the morning found my left knee as crooked as the politics of the Ministry are, by the anti-Catholics, represented to be. After using leeches, poultices, &c., for three weeks, I went down to Brighton, and again, in a most unchristian spirit, put myself under the hands of the Mahomedan Mahomet—was stewed in his vapour-baths, and shampooed under his pagan paws. But I found it easier to rub in than drive out a devil, for I went with a rheumatic knee, and came away with one knee, one shoulder, and two elbows, all rheumatic. I am now under a regular doctor's hands, but the malady seems obstinate, and my present indisposition, slight as it is, serves to disturb my visions of enjoyment. It is sad to feel one's "animal impulses all gone by," when one is conscious of possessing the higher sensations but feebly. Hitherto, mere locomotion has been to me, as it was to Johnson, almost enough to gratify me. There was a time when mere novelty of external scenery (without any society whatever) sufficed. I am half-ashamed of becoming more nice both as to persons and places.

An attack of rheumatism.

[This is the attack of rheumatism which called forth Lamb's "Hoax" and "Confession." They have already been printed in Talfourd's work. For reprinting here, *in situ*, these most characteristic productions, the Editor feels assured that no apology is necessary.]

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C. LAMB TO H. C. R.

April, 1829.

Dear Robinson,

We are afraid you will slip from us, from England, without again seeing us. It would be charity to come and see me. I have these three days been laid up with strong rheumatic pains in loins, back, shoulders. I shriek sometimes from the violence of them. I get scarce any sleep, and the consequence is, I am restless, and want to change sides as I lie, and I cannot turn without resting on my hands, and so turning all my body at once, like a log with a lever.

While this rainy weather lasts I have no hope of alleviation. I have tried flannels and embrocation in vain. Just at the hip-joint the pangs sometimes are so excruciating that I cry out. It is as violent as the cramp, and far more continuous. I am ashamed to whine about these complaints to you, who can ill enter into them.

But, indeed, they are sharp. You go about in rain or fine, at all hours, without discommodity. I envy you your immunity at a time of life not much removed from my own. But you owe your exemption to temperance, which it is too late for me to pursue. I, in my lifetime, have had my good things. Hence *my* frame is brittle—*yours* strong as brass. I never knew any ailment you had. You can go out at night in all weathers, sit up all hours. Well, I don't want to moralize. I only wish to say that if you are inclined to a game at Double Dummy, I would try and bolster up myself in a chair for a rubber or so. My days are tedious, but less so

and less painful than my nights. May you never know the pain and difficulty I have in writing so much! Mary, who is most kind, joins in the wish.

C. LAMB.

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CONFESSION OF HOAX.

I do confess to mischief. It was the subtlest diabolical piece of malice heart of man has contrived. I have no more rheumatism than that poker,—never was freer from all pains and aches; every joint sound, to the tip of the ear from the extremity of the lesser toe. The report of thy torments was blown circuitously here from Bury. I could not resist the jeer. I conceived you writhing, when you should just receive my congratulations. How mad you'd be! Well, it is not in my method to inflict pangs. I leave that to Heaven. But in the existing pangs of a friend I have a share. His disquietude crowns my exemption. I imagine you howling, and pace across the room, shooting out my free arms, legs, &c., / \ // this way and that way, with an assurance of not kindling a spark of pain from them. I deny that Nature meant us to sympathize with agonies. Those face-contortions, retortions, distortions, have the merriness of antics. Nature meant them for farce,—not so pleasant to the actor, indeed; but Grimaldi cries when we laugh, and 'tis but one that suffers to make thousands rejoice.

You say that shampooing is ineffectual. But *per se* it is good, to show the introvolutions, extravolutions, of which the animal frame is capable,—to show what the creature is receptible of, short of dissolution.

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You are worst of nights, an't you?

'T will be as good as a sermon to you to lie abed all this night, and meditate the subject of the day. 'Tis Good Friday.

* * * * * *

Nobody will be the more justified for your endurance. You won't save the soul of a mouse. 'Tis a pure selfish pleasure.

You never was rack'd, was you? I should like an authentic map of those feelings.

You seem to have the flying gout. You can scarcely screw a smile out of your face, can you? I sit at immunity, and sneer *ad libitum.*

'Tis now the time for you to make good resolutions. I may go on breaking 'em, for anything the worse I find myself.

Your doctor seems to keep you on the long cure. Precipitate healings are never good.

Don't come while you are so bad. I shan't be able to attend to your throes and the dummy at once.

I should like to know how slowly the pain goes off. But don't write, unless the motion will be likely to make your sensibility more exquisite.

Your affectionate and truly healthy friend,

C. LAMB.

Mary thought a letter from me might amuse you in your torment.

(Facsimile of Part of Lambs letter.)

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C Lamb

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Conversation Sharpe.

April 24th.—Breakfasted with Richard Sharpe by appointment. He gave me verbal advice about my intended tour in Italy, and which he is to reduce to writing. A very gratifying two hours' chat with him. He is commonly called "Conversation Sharpe." He has lived in the best society, and belongs to the last generation. In his room were five most interesting portraits, all of men he knew—Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds by Reynolds, Henderson by Gainsborough, and Mackintosh by Opie. I will not pretend here to put down any part of his conversation, except that he mentioned the Finstermunz Pass as the very finest spot in the Tyrol, and that he recommends my going to Laibach. He spoke of a philosophical work he means to publish, but I do not think he will ever have any higher fame than that of being "Conversation Sharpe." He certainly talks well.*

WORDSWORTH TO H. C. R.

Rydal Mount, Kendal, April 26th, 1829.

My dear Friend,

Dora holds the pen for me. A month ago the east wind gave me an inflammation in my left eyelid, which led, as it always does, to great distress of the eye, so that I have been unable either to read or write, which privations I bear patiently; and also a third, full as grievous—a necessary cessation from the amusement

* He was a partner of Samuel Boddington, and had acquired wealth in business. He once obtained a seat in Parliament, made a single speech, and was never heard of afterwards. Wordsworth held him to be better acquainted with Italy than any other man, and advised me to ask his advice concerning my journey.—H. C. R.

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of composition, and almost of thought. Truly were we grieved to hear of your illness, first, from Mr. Quillinan, and this morning from your own account, which makes the case much worse than we had apprehended. . . . . I enter thoroughly into what you say of the manner in which this malady has affected your locomotive habits and propensities; and I grieve still more when I bear in mind how active you have ever been, in going about to serve your friends and to do good. Motion, so mischievous in most, was in you a beneficent power indeed. . . . . My sister-in-law, Miss Joanna Hutchinson, and her brother Henry, an ex-sailor, are about to embark, at the Isle of Man, for Norway, to remain till July. Were I not tied at home I should certainly accompany them. As far as I can look back, I discern in my mind imaginative traces of Norway: the people are said to be simple and worthy—the *Nature* is magnificent. I have heard Sir H. Davy affirm that there is nothing equal to some of the ocean inlets of that region. . . . . It would have been a great joy to us to have seen you, though upon a melancholy occasion. You talk of the more than chance of your being absent upwards of two years. I am entered my sixtieth year. Strength must be failing; and snappings off, as the danger my dear sister has just escaped lamentably proves, ought not to be long out of sight. Were she to depart, the phasis of my moon would be robbed of light to a degree that I have not courage to think of. During her illness, we often thought of your high esteem of her goodness, and of your kindness towards her upon all occasions. Mrs. Wordsworth is

Wordsworth on Norway.

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On his home treasures.

still with her. Dora is my housekeeper, and did she not hold the pen, it would run wild in her praises. Sara Coleridge, one of the loveliest and best of creatures, is with me, so that I am an enviable person, notwithstanding our domestic impoverishment. I have nothing to say of books (newspapers having employed all the voices I could command), except that the first volume of Smith's "Nollekens and his Times" has been read to me. There are some good anecdotes in the book: the one which made most impression on me was that of Reynolds, who is reported to have taken from the print of a halfpenny ballad in the street an effect in one of his pictures which pleased him more than anything he had produced. If you were here, I might be tempted to talk with you about the Duke's settling of the Catholic question. Yet why? for you are going to Rome, the very centre of light, and can have no occasion for my farthing candle. Dora joins me in affectionate regards; she is a stanch anti-papist, in a *woman's* way, and perceives something of the retributive hand of justice in your rheumatism; but, nevertheless, like a true Christian, she prays for your speedy convalescence. . . .

WM. WORDSWORTH.

Hudson Gurney.

Dr. Young

April 29th.—Dined at the Athenæum. Hudson Gurney asked me to dine with him. He was low-spirited. His friend, Dr. Young, is dying. Gurney speaks of him as a very great man, the most learned physician and greatest mathematician of his age, and the first discoverer of the clue to the Egyptian hieroglyphics. Calling on him a few days ago, Gurney

found him busy about his Egyptian Dictionary, though very ill. He is aware of his state, but that makes him most anxious to finish his work. "I would not," he said to Gurney, "live a single idle day." CHAP. XV. 1829.

May 8th.—Went by the early coach to Enfield, being on the road from half-past eight till half-past ten o'clock. Lamb was from home a great part of the morning. I spent the whole of the day with him and his sister, without going out of the house, except for a mile before dinner with Miss Lamb. I had plenty of books to lounge over. I read Brougham's Introduction to the Library of Useful Knowledge, remarkable only as coming from the busiest man living, a lawyer in full practice, a partisan in Parliament, an *Edinburgh Reviewer*, and a participator in all public and party matters. *Visit to the Lambs at Enfield.*

May 9th.—Nearly the whole day within doors. I merely sunned myself at noon on the beautiful Enfield Green. When I was not with the Lambs, I employed myself in looking over Charles's books, of which no small number are curious. He throws away all modern books, but retains even the trash he liked when a boy. Looked over a "Life of Congreve," one of Curll's infamous publications, containing nothing. Also the first edition of the "Rape of the Lock," with the machinery.* It is curious to observe the improvements in the versification. Colley Cibber's pamphlets against Pope only flippant and disgusting—nothing worth notice. Read the beginnings of two wretched *Lamb's library.*

* The poem was first published in two cantos; but the author, adopting the idea of enlivening it by the machinery of sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders, then familiar topics, enlarged the two cantos to five.

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novels. Lamb and his sister were both in a fidget to-day about the departure of their old servant Becky, who had been with them many years, but, being ill-tempered, had been a plague and a tyrant to them. Yet Miss Lamb was frightened at the idea of a *new* servant. However, their new maid, a cheerful, healthy girl, gave them spirits, and all the next day Lamb was rejoicing in the change. Moxon came very late.

May 10*th*.—All the forenoon in the back room with the Lambs; except that I went out to take a place in the evening stage. About noon Talfourd came: he had walked. Moxon, after a long walk, returned to dinner, and we had an agreeable chat between dinner and tea.

The porch of the Athenæum.

May 11*th, Rem.**—A general meeting at the Athenæum, at which I rendered good service to the club. The anecdote is worth relating, mainly because it is characteristic of a man who played an important part in public life. I speak of the Right Honourable Wilson Croker, for many years regarded as really master, though nominally the Secretary, of the Admiralty, who was one of the most active of the founders of the Athenæum Club. He was one of the Trustees of the House, a permanent member of the Committee, and, according to common report, the officious manager and despot, ruling the club at his will. I had been told in the morning that the Committee had meant to have a neat portico of four columns—the one actually erected—but that Croker had arbitrarily changed the plan, and the foundations were then digging for a portico of two columns, not at all becoming so broad a space as the

Croker.

* Written in 1852.

front comprises. At the meeting, after the report had been read, Dr. Henderson made an attack on the Committee, reproaching them for their lavish expenditure. This suited my purpose admirably, for on this I rose and said, that so far were the Committee from meriting this reproach, that, on the contrary, a mistaken desire to be economical had, I believed, betrayed them into an act which I thought the body of the proprietors would not approve, and on which I would take their opinion. I then began to state the point about the portico, when Mr. Croker interrupted me, saying I was under a great mistake—that there never was any intention to have any other portico than the one now preparing. This for a moment perplexed me, but I said, "Of course the chairman meant that no other portico had been resolved on, which might well be. Individual men might be deterred by his opposition, but I knew," raising my voice, "that there were other designs, for I had seen them." Then Mr. Croker requested me, as an act of politeness, to abstain from a motion which would be an affront to the Committee. This roused me, and I said that if any other gentleman would say he thought my motion an affront, I would not make it; but I meant otherwise. And then I added expressions which forced him to say that I had certainly expressed myself most handsomely, but it would be much better to leave the matter in the hands of the Committee. "That," I said, "is the question which you will, in fact, by my motion, submit to the meeting." There was then a cry of "Move, move," and a very large number of hands were held up for the

CHAP. XV. 1829.

Croker's amateur architecture prevented.

CHAP. XV. 1829.

motion. So it passed by acclamation. I was thanked by the architect, and everybody was pleased with what I had done.

Incledon's son.

May 12th.—On the Bury coach met young Incledon, the son of the famous singer, with whom I had a long chat. He is about to go on the stage, at the age of thirty-eight, having been unfortunate in farming, and having a family to maintain. He has accepted a very advantageous offer from Drury Lane, and will come on the stage under the patronage of Braham, who means to abandon to him his younger characters. His dislike to the profession is extreme, and amounts to diseased antipathy; it partakes of a moral and religious character.

*Rem.**—He had always avowed this horror of a theatrical life, though it used to be said by his Suffolk friends, that his voice was equal to his father's. I have no knowledge of his subsequent history, nor do I recollect hearing of his carrying out this intention.

May 15th.—Drove with my sister and niece to see Lord Bristol's new house. A fine object, certainly, even in its progress. The only work of art it yet contains is a noble performance by Flaxman, "Athamas and Ino."† It will be the pride of the hall when set up. It is more massive than Flaxman's works generally are, and the female figure more *en bon point*. The proportions of the head and neck of Ino are not, I fear, to be justified. There is vast expression of deep passion

* Written in 1852.

† It is still there, but looks very cold and uncomfortable, as does the house.

in all the figures. The beautiful frieze of the "Iliad" is placed too high to be easily seen, but that of the "Odyssey" below, is most delightful. There are some compartments not from the "Odyssey," nor, I believe, by Flaxman.

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CHAPTER XVI.

GERMANY.

June 14th.—Rose at five, though I had gone to bed at two. My kind friends, the Colliers, made coffee for me, and at seven I left them and proceeded to Antwerp by steamboat. I did not on this occasion leave England with the *holiday* feeling which I have had for many years on beginning my summer excursions. *Now* I have given up my chambers, and I set out on a journey with no very clear or distinct object. I have a vague desire to see new countries and new people, and I hope that, as I have hitherto enjoyed myself while travelling, I shall be still able to relish a rambling life, though my rheumatic knee will not permit me to be so active as I have hitherto been.

Tour.

The Rhine.

The rich variety of romantic scenery between Coblenz and Bingen kept me in a state of excitement and pleasure, which palled not a moment. Sentiment was mingled with the perceptions of beauty. I recollected with interest my adventures on the Rhine in 1801, my walk up the Lahn valley, my night at St. Goar, &c., &c. I had, besides, the pleasure of interesting conversation.

I wished to see an interesting man at Mainz—

Hofrath Jung

Hofrath Jung.* I found him a very old man, nearly blind, and with declining faculties. He is seventy-six. But to me he is a most interesting man. His family, I have since heard, would be a source of anxiety to him, did he not live in a voluntary dream of sentimental piety. He himself introduced me to his daughter, who has been many years bedridden, suffering from nervous complaints. I was permitted to sit with her a quarter of an hour. She also interested me deeply. With him I took a walk for nearly two hours in the avenue beyond the gates. He is one of the cheerful and hopeful contemplators of human life. He believes practically that everything is for the best—that the German governments are *all* improving—and that truth is everywhere making progress. This progress he likens to the travelling in penance of certain pilgrims, who go two steps forward and one back. They get on.

June 23rd.—Arrived at Frankfort, and remained there, at the Weidenbusch, till the 9th of July. I had the satisfaction of finding myself not forgotten by my old friends, though so many years have elapsed since my last visit. Souchays, Myliuses, Schuncks, Brentanos, Charlotte Serviere—the old familiar names, and the faces too—but these *all* changed. Von Leonhardi has become enfeebled. "Philosophy," he said, "is gone by in Germany, and the love of civil and religious liberty is out of fashion. The liberty of the press the Germans are not ripe for yet." My old acquaintance Christian Brentano has become a pietist, and all but a fanatic. De Lamennais is his hero now.

Frankfort and old friends.

Christian Brentano.

* *See* p. 107.

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The healing art.

Among the curiosities of literature I fell in with, was a treatise on medicine by a Dr. Windischmann, "*Ueber etwas das der Heilkunst Noth thut*," *i.e.*, "Of Something that the Art of Healing Needs." It treats, first, of the ordinary modes of cure; secondly, of magnetic cures; and thirdly, of cures by means of faith and prayer. The author a Professor at the Prussian University at Bonn—and the English suppose the Germans are all infidels!

Heidelberg.

July 9th.—I proceeded to Heidelberg, where I spent twelve days very pleasantly. My enjoyment was enhanced by a very agreeable incident. My arrival having been announced, a dinner given at the Castle, by Benecke, to our common friends, was postponed, that I might be a partaker. Under a shed in a garden at this delightful spot, a party of more than a dozen assembled; and the day was not one to be forgotten with ordinary festive meetings.

A dinner at the Castle.

Benecke.

Here I found my friend Benecke in his proper place. Removed from the cares and anxieties of commerce, he can devote himself to philosophical speculation. His religious doctrines, though they have not the assent of the great body of Christian believers, are yet such as excite no jealousy on the part of the orthodox, and at the same time occupy his whole soul, have his entire confidence, and nourish his warm affections. He is conscious of enjoying general esteem.

My time at Heidelberg, as at Frankfort, was chiefly employed in visits to old friends, which afforded me great pleasure, though I cannot here enter into particulars.

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Among the eminent persons whom I saw was Thibaut, head of the Faculty of Law, my protector and friend at Jena in 1804. He seems dissatisfied with all religious parties, and it is hard to know what he would like. I thought of Pococurante: "*Quel grand homme,*" says Candide, "*rien ne lui plaît.*" Thibaut is a great musical amateur, and all his leisure is devoted to the art. But of modern music he spoke contemptuously. Being a Liberal in politics, he is an admirer of the political institutions of our country; but as to fine art, his opinion of our people is such, that he affirmed no Englishman ever produced a musical sound worth hearing, or drew a line worth looking at. Perhaps he was thinking of colour, rather than outline or sculpture. I saw also, on two or three occasions, Hofrath Schlosser, the historian,—a very able man, the maker of his own fortune. He is a rough, vehement man, but I believe thoroughly upright and conscientious. His works are said to be excellent.* He is a man of whom I wish to see more.

Thibaut.

Schlosser.

Benecke took me to Mittermaier, the jurist. I feel humbled in the presence of the very laborious professor, who, in addition to mere professional business as judge, legislative commissioner, and University professor, edits, and in a great measure writes, a law journal. And as a diversion he has studied English law more learnedly than most of our own lawyers, and qualified himself to write on the subject.

Mittermaier.

Twice I had a tête-à-tête conversation with Paulus.

Paulus.

* His voluminous "History of the Eighteenth Century" was translated into English by the Rev. D. Davison.

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There is something interesting in this famous anti-supernaturalist. He is in his old age inspired by a disinterested zeal against priests and privileged orders, and is both honest and benevolent. He declaims against our Catholic emancipation, because the Government neglected to avail themselves of the opportunity of taking education out of the hands of the priests. As to the state of religion, he says that there is little right-down orthodoxy left in Protestant Germany. He *was* a fine strong man, of great bodily vigour.* Both he and Hofrath Schlosser thought constitutional liberty *not* in danger from the French ultras.

Paulus.

July 22nd.—Returned to Frankfort. A very fine morning. Darmstadt looked invitingly handsome as I rode through. At Frankfort, I had the pleasure of seeing the famous Prussian minister, Baron von Stein, who was outlawed by Buonaparte. A fine old man, with a nose nearly as long as Zenobio's, which gives his countenance an expression of comic sagacity. He is by no means in favour at the Court of Prussia. I was glad of an opportunity of telling him that I had written in his praise in the *Quarterly Review*.†

Baron von Stein.

* The *Homiletische Correspondenz*, in an article on Paulus's "Life of Christ," gives an account of his interpretation of the miracles, which is certainly as *low* as anything can be imagined. He does not scruple to represent the feeding of the 5000 as a picnic entertainment. He refers to essence of punch in connection with the turning of water into wine. Jesus Christ is represented as a good surgeon, who could cure diseases of the nerves by working on the imagination. The Ascension was a walk up a mountain on which was a cloud. Such things are common enough among avowed unbelievers, but that they should be thought compatible with the ministerial office, and also a Professor's Chair at a University, and by Protestant governments, is the wonder!—H. C. R.

† *See* p. 288.

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I called on Madame Niese, the Protestant sister of Madame Schlosser. Though herself somewhat a zealot in religion, the conversion of Madame Schlosser to Roman Catholicism has caused no alienation of affection between the sisters. By the by, Paulus told me that he had taken pains to dissuade some Catholics from going over to the Protestant religion.

July 24th.—Left Frankfort, and after travelling two nights reached Weimar on the 26th, early. Very soon proceeded to Jena in a hired chaise. A dull drive. It used to be a delightful walk twenty-eight years ago. But I remarked, with pleasure, that the old steep and dangerous ascent, the Schnecke, is turned, and the road is made safe and agreeable. Found my old friend Von Knebel but little changed, though eleven years older than when I last saw him. His boy, Bernard, is now a very interesting youth of sixteen. I have not often seen a boy who pleases me so much. Went early to bed, sleeping in my delightful old room, from which the views on three sides are charming.

Jena and Knebel.

July 29th.—Set out on an interesting excursion of three days. Frau von Knebel and Bernard accompanied me in a drosky to Gumperda, near Kahla, in the Duchy of Altenburg. There Charles von Knebel is feudal lord of a Rittergut in right of his wife, a widow lady, whom he married a few years ago. Gumperda lies about three and a quarter leagues from Jena, in a valley beyond Cahla, and the ride is through a very fine country. I received a very cordial welcome from Charles von Knebel. The mansion is solitary and spacious. We had tea in a hanging wood, half way up the sides of

Visit to Knebel's son Charles.

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the mountain. I afterwards walked with my host to the summit, from which the view is extensive and interesting. I retired early to bed, and read Döring's very unsatisfactory "Life of Herder."

July 30th.—C. von Knebel farms of the Duke of Weimar the chase of a forest, *i.e.*, he has a right to the deer, &c. In this forest a hut has been erected for the use of the foresters, and my friends planned that we should dine there to-day, in order that I might see the neighbourhood. After a pleasant drive, we roamed about the forest, and I enjoyed the day. Forest scenery wearies less than any.

A German Baronial Court.

July 31st.—Interested in attending the Court, of which my friend is the Lord. A sensible young man sat as judge, and there was a sort of homage. The proceedings were both civil and criminal, and so various as to show an extensive jurisdiction. The most important cases were two in which old people delivered up all their property to their children, on condition of being maintained by them. The judge explained to the children their obligation, and all the parties put their hands into his. The following were some of the punishments:—One man was sentenced to a day's imprisonment for stealing a very little wood. Others were fined for having false weights. One was imprisoned for resisting gens-d'armes. Another for going into a court-yard with a lighted pipe. The only act which offended my notion of justice was fining a man for killing his own pig, and selling the pork in fraud of the butcher. The proceedings were quite patriarchal in their form. A few days of such experience as mine to-

day would give a better idea of a country than many a long journey in mail-coaches. One of the domestics of Charles von Knebel took an oath before the judge to be a faithful servant. This Court seems a sort of court of *première instance.* The barons in Saxony, I was assured, are rather desirous to get rid of, than to maintain, their higher jurisdiction, from which there is an appeal to the Ducal Court.

Early life of C. von Knebel's wife.

Frau von Knebel (Junr.) related some interesting particulars of her early life. She was educated at Nancy, at an establishment kept by Madame la H. Among the pupils were princesses, and most of the young ladies were of good family; but there were a few of low birth. Not the slightest distinction, however, was made. They were taught useful things, such as cooking in all its branches. And certainly Frau von Knebel, though her life has been spent chiefly in courts, is a most excellent manager and housewife. She was maid of honour at the Baden Court, and there used to see the members of Napoleon's Court. She was terribly afraid of Napoleon. Of Josephine, on whom she attended, she spoke with rapture, as equally kind-hearted and dignified. Josephine was several times in tears when Frau von Knebel entered the room.

On the 2nd of August I went over to Weimar, and had an interview with the poet. Goethe is so great a man that I shall not scruple to copy the minutest incidents I find in my journal, and add others which I distinctly recollect. But, fearing repetition, I will postpone what I have to say of him till I finally leave Jena. I continued to make it my head-quarters till the 13th.

CHAP. XVI. 1829. *Jena.*

I saw, of course, most of my old acquaintance. A considerable portion of my time was spent in reading poetry with Knebel, and, after all, I did not fully impress him with Wordsworth's power. My journal gives the following account of the day before that of my departure:—Rose at six, and the morning being fine, I took a delightful walk up the Haus-berg, and, starting on the south side by way of Ziegenhain, ascended the famous Fuchsthurm, a lofty watch-tower of great antiquity. It has also modern celebrity, for Buonaparte went up for military purposes, and it was called Napoleonsberg. This occupied me nearly three hours. I read an essay by Schleiermacher on the establishment of a University at Berlin. After breakfast I had a long chat with Knebel. He informed me of his father's life. He was in the service of the last Margrave of Anspach, and was almost the only nobleman whom the Margrave associated with after he was entangled with Lady Craven, whom Knebel himself recollected. He did not give a favourable account of her. But the Margrave was a kind-hearted man, and a good prince. His people loved him. I dined with Voigt, and returned early to Knebel, with whom I had in the evening a long and interesting conversation. It is but too probable that I have now seen for the last time one of the most amiable men I ever knew, and one most truly attached to me. He is eighty-five years of age.

Knebel's family history.

Frau von Wolzogen.

I saw on several occasions Frau von Wolzogen. She was in the decline of life, and belonged to the complainers. She appeared in the literary world as the author of a novel, entitled "Agnes von Lilien," which was

ascribed to Goethe; and she is now remembered as the author of a "Life of Schiller," whose wife was her sister. She belonged to the aristocracy of Jena, and her house was visited by the higher classes, though she was not rich.

Correspondence of Goethe and Schiller.

During my stay at Jena I had leisure for reading, early and late. Among the books I read with most interest was the "Correspondence of Goethe and Schiller." This collection is chiefly interesting from the contrast between the two. A delightful effect is produced by the affectionate reverence of Schiller towards Goethe; and infinitely below Goethe as Schiller must be deemed in intellect and poetical power, yet as a man he engrosses our affection. Goethe seems too great to be an object of love, even to one so great as Schiller. Their poetical creed, if called in question, might be thought the same, but their practice was directly opposed. Schiller was raised by Goethe, and Goethe was sustained by Schiller: without Schiller, Goethe might have mournfully quoted Pope's couplet,—

> "Condemn'd in business, as in life, to trudge,
> Without a second, and without a judge."

Schiller was not, indeed, a perfect judge, for that implies a superior—at least one who can overlook; but his was an inspiring mind. Goethe was able to read himself in Schiller, and understood himself from the reflection. The book will be invaluable to future historians of German literature at this its most glorious epoch.

Visit to Goethe.

August 2nd.—A golden day! Voigt and I left Jena before seven, and in three hours were at Weimar.

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Having left our cards at Goethe's dwelling-house, we proceeded to the garden-house in the park, and were at once admitted to the great man. I was aware, by the present of medals from him, that I was not forgotten, and I had heard from Hall and others that I was expected. Yet I was oppressed by the kindness of his reception. We found the old man in his cottage in the park, to which he retires for solitude from his town house, where are his son, his daughter-in-law, and three grandchildren. He generally eats and drinks alone; and when he invites a stranger, it is to a tête-à-tête. This is a wise sparing of his strength. Twenty-seven years ago I thus described him:—"In Goethe I beheld an elderly man of terrific dignity; a penetrating and insupportable eye—'the eye, like Jove, to threaten or command'—a somewhat aquiline nose, and most expressive lips, which, when closed, seemed to be making an effort to move, as if they could with difficulty keep their hidden treasures from bursting forth. His step was firm, ennobling an otherwise too corpulent body; there was ease in his gestures, and he had a free and enkindled air." Now I beheld the same eye, indeed, but the eyebrows were become thin, the cheeks were furrowed, the lips no longer curled with fearful compression, and the lofty, erect posture had sunk to a gentle stoop. *Then* he never honoured me with a look after the first haughty bow, *now* he was all courtesy. "Well, you are come at last," he said; "we have waited years for you. How is my old friend Knebel? You have given him youth again, I have no doubt." In his room, in which there was a French bed without cur-

Goethe's home life.

Description of Goethe.

tains, hung two large engravings: one, the well-known panoramic view of Rome; the other, the old square engraving, an imaginary restoration of the ancient public buildings. Both of these I then possessed, but I have now given them to University Hall, London. He spoke of the old engraving as what delighted him, as showing what the scholars thought in the fifteenth century. The opinion of scholars is now changed. In like manner he thought favourably of the panoramic view, though it is incorrect, including objects which cannot be seen from the same spot.

I had a second chat with him late in the evening. We talked much of Lord Byron, and the subject was renewed afterwards. To refer to detached subjects of conversation, I ascertained that he was unacquainted with Burns's "Vision." This is most remarkable, on account of its close resemblance to the *Zueignung* (dedication) to his own works, because the whole logic of the two poems is the same. Each poet confesses his infirmities; each is consoled by the Muse—the holly-leaf of the Scotch poet being the "veil of dew and sunbeams" of the German. I pointed out this resemblance to Frau von Goethe, and she acknowledged it.

Burns and Goethe.

This evening I gave Goethe an account of De Lamennais, and quoted from him a passage importing that all truth comes from God, and is made known to us by the Church. He held at the moment a flower in his hand, and a beautiful butterfly was in the room. He exclaimed, "No doubt all truth comes from God; but the Church! There's the point. God speaks to us through this flower and that butterfly; and that's

Goethe on the Church.

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Goethe on Ossian.

a language these *Spitzbuben* don't understand." Something led him to speak of Ossian with contempt. I remarked, "The taste for Ossian is to be ascribed to you in a great measure. It was Werter that set the fashion." He smiled, and said, "That's partly true; but it was never perceived by the critics that Werter praised Homer while he retained his senses, and Ossian when he was going mad. But reviewers do not notice such things." I reminded Goethe that Napoleon loved Ossian. "It was the contrast with his own nature," Goethe replied. "He loved soft and melancholy music. 'Werter' was among his books at St. Helena."

Catholic emancipation.

We spoke of the emancipation of the Catholics. Goethe said, "My daughter will be glad to talk about it; I take no interest in such matters." On leaving him the first evening, he kissed me three times. (I was always before disgusted with man's kisses.) Voigt never saw him do so much to any other.

He pressed me to spend some days at Weimar on my return; and, indeed, afterwards induced me to protract my stay. I was there from the 13th of August till the 19th.

Conversations with Goethe.

I cannot pretend to set down our conversations in the order in which they occurred. On my return from Jena, I was more aware than before that Goethe was grown *old;* perhaps, because he did not exert himself so much. His expression of feeling was, however, constantly tender and kind. He was alive to his reputation in England, and apparently mortified at the poor account I gave of Lord Leveson Gower's translation of "Faust"; though I did not choose to tell him that his

noble translator, as an apology, said he did it as an exercise while learning the language. On my mentioning that Lord Leveson Gower had not ventured to translate the "Prologue in Heaven," he seemed surprised. "How so? that is quite unobjectionable. The idea is in Job." He did not perceive that that was the aggravation, not the excuse. He was surprised when I told him that the "*Sorrows* of Werter" was a mistranslation—sorrow being *Kummer—Leiden* is sufferings.

Goethe's Carnival at Rome sketched from nature.

I spoke with especial admiration of his "Carnival at Rome." "I shall be there next winter, and shall be glad if the thing give me half the pleasure I had in reading the description."—"Ay, mein Lieber, but it won't do that! To let you into a secret, nothing can be more wearisome (*ennuyant*) than that Carnival. I wrote that account really to relieve myself. My lodgings were in the Corso. I stood on the balcony, and jotted down everything I saw. There is not a single item invented." And then, smiling, he said, "We poets are much more matter-of-fact people than they who are not poets have any idea of; and it was the truth and reality which made that writing so popular." This is in harmony with Goethe's known doctrine: he was a decided realist, and an enemy to the ideal, as he relates in the history of his first acquaintance with Schiller. Speaking this evening of his travels in Switzerland, he said that he still possessed all that he has in print called his "*Actenstücke*" (documents); that is, tavern-bills, accounts, advertisements, &c. And he repeated his remark that it is by the laborious collection of

Goethe a realist.

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facts that even a poetical view of nature is to be corrected and authenticated. I mentioned Marlowe's "Faust." He burst out into an exclamation of praise. "How greatly is it all planned!" He had thought of translating it. He was fully aware that Shakespeare did not stand alone.

Marlowe's Faust.

Goethe's connection with Byron

This, and indeed every evening, I believe, Lord Byron was the subject of his praise. He said, "*Es sind keine Flickwörter im Gedichte.*" (There is no padding in his poetry). And he compared the brilliancy and clearness of his style to a metal wire drawn through a steel plate. In the complete edition of Byron's works, including the "Life" by Moore, there is a statement of the connection between Goethe and Byron. At the time of my interviews with Goethe, Byron's "Life" was actually in preparation. Goethe was by no means indifferent to the account which was to be given to the world of his own relations to the English poet, and was desirous of contributing all in his power to its completeness. For that purpose he put into my hands the lithographic dedication of "Sardanapalus" to himself, and all the original papers which had passed between them. He permitted me to take these to my hotel, and to do with them what I pleased; in other words, I was to copy them, and add such recollections as I was able to supply of Goethe's remarks on Byron. These filled a very closely-written folio letter, which I despatched to England; but Moore afterwards assured me that he had never received it.

Goethe on Byron.

One or two of the following remarks will be found as significant as anything Goethe has written of Byron.

It was a satisfaction to me to find that Goethe preferred to all the other serious poems of Byron, the "Heaven and Earth," though it seemed almost satire when he exclaimed, "A bishop might have written it!" He added, "Byron should have lived to execute his vocation."—"And that was?" I asked. "To dramatize the Old Testament. What a subject under his hands would the Tower of Babel have been!" He continued: "You must not take it ill; but Byron was indebted for the profound views he took of the Bible to the *ennui* he suffered from it at school." Goethe, it will be remembered, in one of his ironical epigrams, derives his poetry from *ennui* (*Langeweile*); he greets her as the Mother of the Muses. It was with reference to the poems of the Old Testament that Goethe praised the views which Byron took of Nature; they were equally profound and poetical. "He had not," Goethe said, "like me, devoted a long life to the study of Nature, and yet in all his works I found but two or three passages I could have wished to alter."

Ennui the Mother of the Muses.

I had the courage to confess my inability to relish the *serious* poems of Byron, and to intimate my dissatisfaction with the comparison generally made between Manfred and Faust. I remarked, "Faust had nothing left but to sell his soul to the Devil when he had exhausted all the resources of science in vain; but Manfred's was a poor reason—his passion for Astarte." He smiled, and said, "That is true." But then he fell back on the indomitable spirit of Manfred. Even at the last he was not conquered. Power in all its forms Goethe had respect for. This he had in common with

The indomitable in Manfred.

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Carlyle. And the impudence of Byron's satire he felt and enjoyed. I pointed out "The Deformed Transformed," as being really an imitation of "Faust," and was pleased to find that Goethe especially praised this piece.*

On Byron's Vision of Judgment.

I read to him the "Vision of Judgment," explaining the obscurer allusions. He enjoyed it as a child might, but his criticisms scarcely went beyond the exclamations—"Too bad!" "Heavenly!" "Unsurpassable!" He praised, however, especially the speeches of Wilkes and Junius, and the concealment of the countenance of the latter. "Byron has surpassed himself." Goethe praised Stanza IX. for its clear description. He repeated Stanza X., and emphatically the last two lines, recollecting that he was himself eighty years of age. Stanza XXIV. he declared to be sublime:—

> "But bringing up the rear of this bright host,
> A spirit of a different aspect waved
> His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast
> Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is paved;
> His brow was like the deep when tempest-toss'd;
> Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved
> Eternal wrath on his immortal face,
> And *where* he gazed a gloom pervaded space."

Goethe concurred in my suggested praise of Stanzas XIII., XIV., XV. Indeed Goethe was in this like Coleridge, that he was by no means addicted to contradiction. This encourages those who might not otherwise venture on obtruding a sentiment. He did not reject the preference I expressed for Byron's satirical poems, nor my suggestion that to "Don Juan" a

* Byron himself denies that "Faust" suggested "Manfred." *See* a note in the "Works," Vol. IX., p. 71.

motto might have been taken from Mephistopheles' speech aside to the student who asked his opinion of medicine :— CHAP. XVI. 1829.

"Ich bin des trockenen Zeugs doch satt.
Ich will den *ächten* Teufel spielen."

Samson Agonistes.

Byron's verses on George IV., he said, were the sublime of hatred. I took an opportunity to mention Milton, and found Goethe unacquainted with "Samson Agonistes." I read to him the first part, to the end of the scene with Delilah. He fully conceived the spirit of it, though he did not praise Milton with the warmth with which he eulogized Byron, of whom he said that "the like would never come again ; he was inimitable." Ariosto was not so daring as Byron in the "Vision of Judgment."

Goethe on Milton.

Goethe said Samson's confession of his guilt was in a better spirit than anything in Byron. "There is fine logic in all the speeches." On my reading Delilah's vindication of herself, he exclaimed :—"That is capital; he has put her in the right." To one of Samson's speeches he cried out, "Oh, the parson!" He thanked me for making him acquainted with this poem, and said, "It gives me a higher opinion of Milton than I had before. It lets me more into the nature of his mind than any other of his works."

I read to him Coleridge's "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter ;" his praise was faint. I inquired whether he knew the name of Lamb. "Oh, yes! Did he not write a pretty sonnet on his own name?" Charles Lamb, though he always affected contempt for Goethe, yet was manifestly pleased that his name was known to him.

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Wieland's Bust.

I informed Goethe of my possession of Wieland's bust by Schadow.* He said, "It is like a lost child found. The Duchess Amelia sent for Schadow to do it, and when done gave it to Wieland. He died when the French were here, and we were all away. Wieland's goods were sold by auction, and we heard that the bust was bought by an Englishman. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*" I related to him how I had bought it at the recommendation of Flaxman, who deemed it "a perfect work." Goethe then said, "You must be sensible that it ought to be here. A time will come when you can no longer enjoy it. Take care that it comes here hereafter." This I promised. And I have in my will given it to the Grand Duke, in trust, for the public library at Weimar. Goethe expressed to me his pleasure that I had retained so lively a recollection of Weimar at its "*schöne Zeit*," when Schiller, Herder, and Wieland all lived. I remember no other mention of Herder, nor did I expect it. Goethe spoke of Wieland as a man of genius, and of Schiller with great regard. He said that Schiller's rendering of the witch-scenes in "Macbeth" was "detestable." "But it was his way; you must let every man have his own character." This was a tolerance characteristic of Goethe.

Goethe on Schiller.

I have already mentioned Goethe's fondness for keeping portrait memorials, and can only consider it as an extreme instance of this that I was desired to go to one Schmeller to have my portrait taken—a head in crayons, frightfully ugly, and very like. The artist told me that he had within a few years done for Goethe

* *Vide* p. 108.

more than three hundred. It is the kind of *Andenken* he preferred. They are all done in the same style—full-face. I sat to Schmeller also for a portrait for Knebel—a profile, and much less offensive.

Five evenings with Goethe.

In this way I spent five evenings with Goethe. When he took leave of me, it was very kindly, and he requested me to write every three or four months, when I came to an interesting place. But this I did not venture to do. I went upstairs and looked over his rooms. They had little furniture, but there were interesting engravings on the walls. His bed was without curtains—a mere couch. I saw much of his daughter-in-law; he is said to have called her, "*Ein verrückter Engel*" (a crazy angel), and the epithet is felicitous.

Goethe on H. C. R.

Goethe, in his correspondence with Zelter, has filled a couple of pages with an account of this visit. He speaks of me as a sort of missionary on behalf of English poetry. He was not aware that I had not the courage to name the poet to whom I was and am most attached—Wordsworth; for I knew that there were too many dissonances of character between them. As Southey remarked to me, "How many sympathies, how many dispathies do I feel with Goethe!" *

* This correspondence of Goethe with Zelter continued to within a few hours of Goethe's death. Indeed these oldest friends died within so short a time of each other, that neither heard of the other's death. Goethe used to give to Zelter an account of all that occurred to him in the way of gossip, books, visits, &c., and in my visit to Heidelberg, in 1834, I met with the extract which I now translate. It is in the fifth volume of the "Correspondence." After mentioning Mucewitz, the Polish poet, Goethe proceeds: "At the same time there was an Englishman with us, who had studied at Jena at the beginning of the century, and who had since that time pursued German literature in a way of which no one could form an idea. He was so truly initiated into the grounds of merit in our situation, that if I had wished to do so, and as we are

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[In 1832 Mr. S. Naylor, Junr., sent to Mr. Robinson the following extract from a letter written by Frau von Goethe to himself. This extract can have no place so suitable as here :—]

"If it be possible that the glowing forms of Italy have not wholly obliterated in him the pale image of a Northern, tell him (this him is Robinson), that we all look for him with longing, and regard him as a literary missionary, who will bring us the right articles of faith."

The day after my arrival at Weimar, I met the Chamberlain of the Duchess Dowager (the Court were away). He said, "You must call. The Grand Duchess knows you are here. Go with me now." I objected,

accustomed to do towards foreigners, there was no casting a mist before his eyes. From his conversation it resulted that, for twenty years and more, highly cultivated Englishmen have been coming to Germany, and acquiring correct information concerning the personal, æsthetical, and moral relations of those who may be called our forefathers. Of Klopstock's 'Verknöcherung' (Ossification) he related strange things. Then he seemed a kind of missionary of English literature, and read to me and my daughter, together and apart, single poems. Byron's 'Heaven and Earth' it was very agreeable to become acquainted with by the eye and ear at once, as I held a second copy in my hand. At last he drew my attention to Milton's 'Samson Agonistes,' and read it with me. It is to be remarked that in this we acquire a knowledge of a predecessor of Lord Byron, who is as grand and comprehensive (*grandios und umsichtig*) as Byron himself. But, to be sure, the successor is as vast and wildly varied as the other appears simple and stately."

In a later letter, speaking of Handel's "Samson," Goethe remarks—I quote from memory—that a literary friend had, in the preceding summer, read Milton's "Samson" to him, and that he never before met with so perfect an imitation of the antique in style and spirit.

I have not the slightest recollection of having mentioned Klopstock at all, and cannot think what he referred to. Voigt says he never knew Goethe forget anything, so perfect was his memory to the last, and that, therefore, I probably did speak about Klopstock.—H. C. R.

that I was not dressed. "That's of no consequence. She will be sure not to see you." And a message being sent, the Chamberlain was desired to invite me to dinner. I was engaged with Goethe, but knew that these invitations are commands. Next morning a like invitation came, and again on Monday. On the last evening of my stay at Weimar, wishing to accept an invitation to a party elsewhere, I asked the Chamberlain how I could avoid being invited by the Dowager. "You must ask the Grand Duchess for leave to quit the country," he said. Such is Court etiquette!

The Duchess Dowager.

These three dinners do not supply much matter for these Reminiscences. The Grand Duchess Louise, a Princess of Hesse-Darmstadt, was a woman highly and universally esteemed. Of her interview with Napoleon, after the battle of Jena, I have already given an account. She says my narrative* is quite correct, and added one circumstance. Napoleon said to her: "Madam, they will force me to declare myself Emperor of the West."

The Grand Duchess.

I was received by her with great cordiality. She either recollected me, or affected to do so. She was above seventy, looking old, and I thought remarkably like Otway Cave. The conversation at table was unreserved and easy. One day there was a popular festival in the town—*Vogel-Schiessen* (bird-shooting). Here the Grand Duchess attended, and it was the etiquette for all who were known to her, to stand near her, till she had seen and saluted them, and then each one retired. At these dinners there was a uniform tone of dignified courtesy, and I left her with an agreeable impression. Yet I

Dinner at the Grand Duchess's.

* *Vide* pages 101, 102.

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could not but feel low when I recollected the change that had taken place since 1804, when the Duchess Amelia, Graf Einsiedel, Fräulein Geckhausen, and Wieland, were present. My journal refers to but one subject of conversation—the marriage of the Duke of St. Albans with Mrs. Coutts. That a duke should marry an actress, who had preserved her character, was termed noble at the Duchess's table.

The Court on ducal alliances.

August 19th.—This certainly belongs to the uninteresting days of my journey. I was travelling through a dull country in a close carriage with uninteresting people. But I had been so much stimulated at Weimar, that the change was not altogether unpleasant. I was glad to rest. Arrived at Leipzig soon after five. Went to the theatre, where was played Schlegel's translation of "Julius Cæsar." I saw it with pleasure, though the actors appeared to me by no means good. Cassius was grave, Brutus sentimental, Cæsar insignificant. But that was not altogether the fault of the actor. Portia was *petite*. I could recall the English in most of the scenes, and thought the translation admirable.

Schlegel's Julius Cæsar.

August 20th.—Reached Dresden towards evening, and fixed myself for a few days at the Hôtel de Berlin. During these days I was frequently at the famous picture gallery, but, conscious of my want of knowledge in fine art, I shall merely say that I paid my homage to the "Madonna di San Sisto,"* which still in my eyes retains its place as the finest picture in the world. But for me the great attraction of Dresden was Ludwig Tieck,

Dresden.

Picture gallery.

* *Vide* page 45.

who was then among the German poets to Goethe "proximus, longo sed proximus intervallo." Tieck and his wife live in the same house with Gräfinn Finkenstein, a lady of fortune. I was received with not only great politeness, but much cordiality. He recognized me at once. A large party of ladies and gentlemen came to hear him read. He is famous for his talent as a reader, and I was not surprised at it. His voice is melodious, and without pretension or exaggeration he gave great effect to what he read.

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Ludwig Tieck.

Next day I dined with him. Herr von Stachelberg and others were there. The conversation general and agreeable. In politics we seemed pretty well agreed. All friends to Greece. A triple alliance, between England, France, and Austria, talked of. Thank God! the governments are poor. Tieck showed me his English books, and talked of Shakespeare. Not only does he believe that the disputed plays are by him (most certainly "Lord Cromwell"), but even some others. He calls Goethe's very great admiration of Byron an infatuation. The "Hebrew Melodies" Tieck likes, but not "Manfred." In the evening read with pleasure, in the *Foreign Review*, an article on the German playwrights.*

Dinner at L. Tieck's.

August 23rd.—At the Catholic Chapel from eleven till twelve. The music delighted me beyond any I ever heard. At six went to Tieck again, with whom I spent four hours most agreeably. He read his prologue to Goethe's "Faust," which is to be performed on Thursday, and also his translation of "The Pinner of

Tieck's prologue to Faust.

* By Carlyle.

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Wakefield."* It is a sort of dramatized ballad. The Pinner is a loyal subject of King Edward, thrashes traitors and everybody he meets with, and is a match for Robin Hood. We had a deal of literary gossip. Tieck's literary opinions seem to me for the most part true. He appreciates *our* classics, Richardson and Fielding. But he likes even Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle." He loves Sterne. Of Lamb he spoke warmly. He expressed his great admiration of Goethe, but freely criticized him. He thinks Goethe's way of turning into poetry real incidents, memoirs, &c., has occasioned the composition of his worst pieces.

August 24th.—Another charming three hours with Tieck, with whom I dined. I have made up my mind to stay till after Thursday. I shall thus disturb my original plan; but I shall be a gainer on the whole. Tieck is, indeed, far from being Goethe's equal, but I *enjoy* his company more. Accompanied Böttiger to the Gräfinn von der R——, a sort of patroness, aged seventy-five. The poet she patronized was Tiedge, author of "Urania," a didactic poem.† He was more like Tieck in name than in any other respect. The Countess is a character, and honoured me with a particular account of her infirmities. She is, without doubt, a very estimable person, and I am glad to have seen her.

Tieck's readings.

At seven I returned to Tieck, and heard him read Holbein's capital play, "The Chattering Barber," to

* "A Pleasant Conceyted Comedie of George-a-Greene: The Pinner of Wakefield." London, 1599. 4to. An anonymous play "sundry times acted by the seruants of the Earl of Sussex." It has been attributed to John Heywood and to Robert Greene.

† Christopher Augustus Tiedge. Born 1752. Died 1841.

which he gave full effect. He read also a little comedy, "The Pfalzgraf."

August 25th.—Preparing for my departure. Had no time for sight-seeing, but in the evening heard Tieck read "Richard II." Felt low at leaving the place. The trouble of getting off, the apprehended solitude, annoyances at the custom-house, search of books, &c., all trouble me.

August 26th.—A family dinner-party at Tieck's. Returned early to my room, where I read a most delightful *Novelle* by him, "The 15th November." On that day a dyke burst in Holland, and a family were saved by a sort of idiot, who, having suddenly lost all his faculties, except that of shipbuilding, built a ship from a kind of miraculous presentiment. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the representation, however improbable the story may be. W. Schlegel has said that the only four perfect narrators he knows are Boccaccio, Cervantes, Goethe, and Tieck. I returned to Tieck's at six. A large party were assembled to hear him read the "Midsummer Night's Dream," which he did delightfully. I prefer his comic reading to his tragic.

Tieck's "The 15th November."

August 27th.—This day terminated what I consider my preliminary German journey. Dined with Tieck; the family all alone. A very interesting evening. "Faust" was performed for the first time in Germany, in honour of Goethe's birthday. To-morrow, the 28th, he will be eighty years old. I greatly enjoyed the performance. The prologue, by Tieck, was a beautiful eulogy on Goethe. The house was crowded. Faust was played by Devrient. He looked the philosopher

Faust performed in celebration of Goethe's birthday.

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well, and his rich and melodious voice was very effective; but he pleased me less when he became the gallant seducer. Pauli was Mephistopheles. He was too passionate occasionally, and neither looked nor talked enough like the D——. The scene with the student was very well got up. In general, however, the wise sayings were less heeded than the spectacle. The Blocksberg afforded a grand pantomime. Margaret was rendered deeply affecting by Mademoiselle Gleig. After the play, I found at the poet's house a number of friends, congratulating him on the success of the evening's undertaking. Like performances took place in many of the larger towns of Germany in honour of the great poet.

Carlsbad.

On the *28th of August* I set out on my Italian tour. I passed through Teplitz and Carlsbad (Goethe's favourite resort) to Ratisbon. At Carlsbad, I ventured to introduce myself to the not-yet-forgotten famous

Schelling.

metaphysician, Schelling. I had been a pupil of his, but an insignificant one, and never a partisan. I believe he did not recollect me. He talked with some constraint during our walk in the Wandelbahn, but meeting him afterwards at dinner, I found him communicative, and were I remaining at Carlsbad, his company would be very pleasant to me. The most agreeable part of his conversation was that which showed me I was wrong in supposing him to have become a Roman Catholic. On the contrary, he spoke in a tone of seeming disappointment both of Schlegel and Tieck for

On the Bavarian Government.

their change. He spoke of the King of Bavaria as a benevolent, liberally inclined, and wise sovereign. Far

from being, as it was once feared he might be, the tool of the Jesuitical party, he is aware how dangerous that party is. He is, nevertheless, religious, and all his ministers are Roman Catholics; not because they are Catholics, but because his Protestant States do not supply the fitting men. The Minister of the Interior is a convert, but he has brought to the ministry the liberal notions of his Protestant education. Though taking more interest in public matters than Goethe, Schelling yet said Goethe was right in disregarding politics, conscious, as he must be, that the composition of one of his great works would be a blessing for ages, while the political state of Germany might be but of short duration. Schelling regards Tieck as hardly an appreciator of Goethe. He spoke of Uhland and Graf Platen, author of the "*Verhängnissvolle Gabel*," and other satirical works, as the best of the new generation of poets. I shunned philosophy, but remarked that England showed no inclination to receive the German philosophers. He answered that at present nothing had appeared suitable for translation. He spoke of Coleridge and Carlyle as men of talent, who are acquainted with German philosophy. He says Carlyle is certainly the author of the articles in the *Edinburgh Review*.

Veit, the famous preacher.

At Ratisbon, I embarked on the Danube for Vienna, passing those fine towns, Passau and Linz. Vienna had little to attract me. I had a letter of introduction to the celebrated preacher Veit, a Jesuit, whose sermons had produced a great effect upon the Vienna populace. I called on him at the monastery, a sort of public school,

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of which he was the head. He had the appearance more of a man of the world than of an enthusiast, and his language was perfectly liberal. He said, "I believe firmly in all the doctrines of the Church. The Church never errs, but Churchmen do err. And all attempt to compel men by violence to enter the Church is contrary to the Gospel." His main objection to the Protestants is their ascetic habits. He spoke of Pascal as a pietist, using that word in an unfavourable sense. He declared himself an anti-ultramontanist, and assented to a remark of mine, that an enlightened Romanist in Germany is nearer to a pious Protestant than to a doctor of Salamanca. Veit wishes to travel, and to learn English. It would, he says, be worth while to learn English if only for the sake of reading Shakespeare. This interview was less remarkable than the sermon I heard him preach in the crowded church of the Rigoristen (the order of which he is the head). His manner is singular. He half shuts his eyes, and with little action speaks in a familiar style, in a tone of mixed earnestness and humour. The discourse was quite moral, and very efficient. Its subject, pharisaic pride. The style was occasionally vehement. He introduced the story of the Lord of a manor going in a plain dress to the Hall on a rent-day, when his steward was feasting the tenants. He slipped in unperceived, and was jostled by the greedy company to the bottom of the table. When the steward saw him, he saluted him with reverence, and reproached the people with their ignorance. Then the preacher, changing his tone, exclaimed, "*Ihr sei die wahren Krähwinkler*" (ye are the real Gothamites); and

Veit's preaching.

producing a huge crucifix from the bottom of the pulpit, he cried out in a screaming voice, "Here's your God, and you don't know him!" The manifest want of logic in the application of the tale did not prevent its having effect. Every one seemed touched, for it was the upstart pride of the citizens he managed to attack. He brought Huntington to my recollection, but wanted his perfect style.

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CHAPTER XVII.

ITALY.

FROM Vienna I proceeded, through Styria and Carniola, to Trieste, and after a digression to Fiume, to visit my old friend Grafton Smith, entered Italy at
Venice. Venice, the rich, but *I* say the romantic. I had but a sort of feverish pleasure there, and have no wish to go again. And yet the St. Mark's Place, and the Duomo, built with barbaric pomp, the ducal palace, and the Rialto, and the canals, and Palladio's churches, are worth a pilgrimage, and I am almost ashamed of what I have written. But I could not help thinking of the odious Governments. I must here translate one of Goethe's Venetian epigrams: "Laboriously wanders the pilgrim, and will he find the saint? Will he see and hear the man who wrought the miracles? No! Time has taken him away, and all that belongs to him. Only his skull and a few of his bones are preserved. Pilgrims are we—we who visit Italy. It is only a scattered bone which we honour with faith and joy." This is perfect as to thought; the magic of the verse I cannot give.

On the *17th of November* I entered ROME.

[In the following account of Mr. Robinson's stay in Rome and elsewhere, the extracts will have especial

regard to what is of personal interest, and will not include even a mention of all the places visited by him. It was in connection with this journey that he wrote to Miss Wordsworth: "That thing called one's self, loses much of itself when travelling, for it becomes a mere thing with two eyes and two ears, and has no more individuality than a looking-glass." And Mr. Robinson says in a letter to his brother, December 17th, of this year, "I never was more busy in my life. I have Rome as well as Italian to learn. Every fine day I visit one or more of the curiosities of this wonderful city. It is itself a little world, and comprehends within its walls a greater number of objects of high interest—either historical memorials or works of fine art—than I have ever seen in all my former journeys put together. But do not imagine that I am going to give you an account of what there is to be seen in Rome—the subject is so immense. I will, however, give you some account of what occurs to *me* there."]

On the 20th I went in search of a few acquaintances whom I expected to meet. I found a very obliging friend in the Würtemberg minister, Kölle, whom I first saw at Nicolai's in Berlin; I owe him a great deal. On calling upon Alexander Torlonia, to whom I had shown attentions in England, I found he had either forgotten me or affected to do so.* I took an opportunity, a few days after, to say to his half-brother: "I am delighted to find that my memory is better than I feared—at least it is better than your brother

Kölle.

Torlonia's short memory.

* This was the young Italian whom, with his tutor, Mr. Robinson introduced to the Wordsworths in 1816. *See* p. 18.

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Alexander's. We were a week together, and I recollected him in an instant; but although he is the younger man he cannot recollect me." I believe I was understood.

Kästner.

November 24th.—Carried Mrs. Benecke's letter of introduction to one of the most amiable of men, Kästner, the Hanoverian Minister to the Court of Rome. And as our English bigotry did not permit us to have a Minister, he supplied the office of master of the ceremonies to all the English. He was a man of taste, and most kind in his behaviour,—not at all a politician. He was considered to have an undignified manner, but was loved by every one. He was fond of talking English, and his English was very amusing, though the tales told of him in this respect were possibly apocryphal. It was said, for instance, that he declared he had taken a young lady under his protection because she was so *dissolute* and *abandoned*. He made for me a selection of plaster casts of antique gems, of which I am proud. He was Evangelical in his religious views, and partook of Benecke's opinions of Goethe. But *virtu* was more his pursuit than politics or speculation of any kind.

Miss Burney.

November 25th.—When I passed through Florence I was told by a stranger that he had been travelling with Miss Burney, a younger sister of Madame d'Arblay: he gave a promising account of her, and I begged him to introduce me. On my telling her of being well acquainted with her brother, the admiral, my vanity was a little hurt by finding that she had never heard of me. She informed me that she had set out on

this journey with a female friend, who had deserted her at Dover, not daring to cross the water in rough weather. "I could not," said Miss Burney, "afford to lose the money I had paid for my journey (board included) all the way to Milan. So I ventured alone, without servant or acquaintance. My travelling companions were all respectable, and I shall soon be at Rome." I said we should be sure to meet there, and offered her my services when we should meet again, which she accepted at once. I had not forgotten her, when to-day on coming home I found upon my table a letter from Ayrton to me, introducing Miss Burney. "Who brought this?" said I to our landlord. "The lady."—"What lady?"—"The lady who is occupying the rooms below."—"Is she at home?"—"Yes." I went down, and was received by her with a hearty laugh. She told me that, bringing many letters from England, she had separated them into bundles, and not opened those addressed to Rome until now. Our irregular introduction to each other was now legalized, and we became well acquainted, as will appear hereafter. Our acquaintance ripened into friendship, which did not end but with her life. She was a very amiable person, of whom I think with great respect. She at once confessed that she was obliged to be economical, and I made an arrangement for her which reduced her expenses considerably. I had before this time found that the German artists dined at a respectable, but cheap restaurant in the Corso, and I occasionally saw ladies there—Italian, not English. There were several rooms, one of them small, with a single table, which our party

Economical arrangements.

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could nearly fill. This I frequently engaged, and I introduced Miss Burney to our party. She became our *pet*, and generally dined with us. When I was engaged elsewhere, there were several proud to take her. Our party had increased. Mrs. Payne had given me a letter of introduction to Mr. Finch—a character—and to-day my old friend Kölle offered to introduce me to him. Mr. Finch was married to a lady who at once claimed me for an acquaintance. She was a Miss Thompson, who used to attend the Attic Chest meetings at Porden's.* She had two sisters residing with her, as well as a nephew, a young M.D.—Dr. Seth Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Finch.

Bunsen.

This same day was rendered further remarkable by an introduction, through the Chevalier Kästner, to one who has a European reputation, and whose acquaintance I still enjoy. This was the Chevalier Bunsen, a man of whom I do not think it becomes me to say more than what appertains to my personal intercourse with him. I was not at first aware of his eminent qualities. My journal describes him as "a fair, smooth-faced, thick-set man, who talks, though he does not look, like a man of talents." He was in the habit of receiving, once a week, at his house, his German friends, and on another day his English friends, his wife being an English lady —a Miss Waddington. Chevalier Bunsen very courteously said to me, "I consider you both German and English, and shall expect you both days"—a privilege I did not hesitate to avail myself of. Whatever my fears might be of feeling alone at Rome, I felt myself, in a week, not encumbered, but full of acquaintance.

* *Vide* Vol. I., p. 376.

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On the 30th I was introduced to Thorwaldsen in his studio, and conceived a higher opinion of him as an artist than of Canova. I heard him give an account of some of his works, especially the scheme of a series of colossal figures, for which a church has been since built at Copenhagen—the objection raised by some of the bishops that they tend to idolatry being overcome. Before the portico and in the pediment were to be placed, and probably now are, St. John the Baptist, and the various classes of the human race receiving instruction; in the vestibules, the sybils and prophets; in the nave, the apostles; Christ before the head altar. Many of these I possess in engravings, as I do casts in miniature of the triumphs of Alexander. What I have to say personally of Thorwaldsen I shall say hereafter.

Thorwaldsen.

On this day I first saw Eastlake, now the President of our Royal Academy, and Gibson, the sculptor. At this time Rome was my study as no other place could ever be. I read what I could get,—Forsyth, one of the few books which is a voice, not an echo, the style proving the originality; and "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," a pert, flippant book, the only claim to originality being that, in a commonplace way, it opposes common notions; but being written smartly, and with great labour, it has a certain popularity.

Eastlake and Gibson, the R.A's.

Studies.

December 6th.—A stroll in the Isola Tiberina. How filthy a spot; yet how magnificent a plate it has supplied to Piranesi! "Sir," said a king's messenger to me one day, "don't believe what travellers tell about Rome. It is all a humbug. Rome is more like Wapping than any place I know."—"That man is no fool," said Flaxman,

Rome likened to Wapping.

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who laughed on my repeating this. "Of course he could not understand, perhaps he did not see, the antiquities; but some of the finest are in places that resemble Wapping in general appearance."

The Capitol.

On the 7th I first saw the marbles of the Capitol. The most noticeable part is the gallery of busts, arranged in classes. That of the philosophers afforded a trial of skill to Miss Burney and myself in guessing. "In general," says my journal, "each head seemed worthy of its name," but not one Plato among many there satisfied me. Had I taken my philosophy from the head of any master, I must have been an Epicurean. Democritus is really grinning; I took him for a slave. Cicero and Demosthenes express passion rather than thought. Cicero, however, reminded me of Goethe.

Exercises in antique physiognomy.

Guido's Aurora.

The same day I saw Guido's "Aurora," the first picture that made me heartily love fresco painting. We went also to the Barberini Palace. Here are the "Andrea Corsini," by Guido, and a "Fornarina" by Raphael, offensive to me in spite of myself; and the far-famed Cenci. Kölle, a dogmatist in art, declared it to be neither a Cenci nor a Guido. Without its name, he said, it would not fetch £10. In defiance of my monitor, I could not but imagine it to be painfully expressive of sweetness and innocence. What did Shelley hold the picture to be when he wrote his tragedy?

Tower of the Capitol.

December 10th.—Ascended the tower of the Capitol. That would be enough for any one day. A panoramic view—ancient Rome on one side, and modern Rome on the other. The same evening I had another glorious

Coliseum.

view, from the top of the Coliseum, by moonlight.

Afterwards a party at Lord Northampton's. Having had a lesson in the forenoon from Cola, and seen the Palazzo Doria, my journal notes this as a day of an unparalleled variety of enjoyment, and with reason.

Dr. Parr.

December 15th.—Mr. Finch related anecdotes of Dr. Parr. At a party at Charles Burney's, being called on to name a toast, he gave the *third* Greek scholar in Europe. Being called on to explain who this might be, he said, "Our excellent host. The first Greek scholar is my friend here" (indicating Porson). "Don't blush, Dicky. The second, modesty does not permit me to name." Now and then Parr's rudeness was checked. Asking a lady what she thought of his Spital sermon, she answered, "My opinion is expressed in the first five words of the sermon itself, 'Enough, and more than enough.'" He was out of humour for the rest of the evening.

Close of the year.

At the close of the year I wrote in my journal: "The old year is dying away with enviable repose. I do not know when I have spent a more quiet New Year's Eve, as I do not recollect when I have passed a year of more intense and varied personal enjoyment. But it has brought a great calamity into my brother's house—the loss of my nephew's only child, Caroline. She died from the effects of an attack of scarlet fever. She was one of the most fascinating creatures I ever saw, and was doated on both by parents and grandfather." The sentiment expressed in those few sentences is associated with a religious service in the church of Gesu in the evening. Whether owing to the music itself, aided by the edifice,

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or to the power of the Italian voice, I know not, but the choir seemed to me to express an earnest, not a merely formal, service.

1830.

Winter occupations.

I may say in general of the winter season I passed in Rome, that my days were divided between the not discordant occupations of studying the topography of the city, with Nibbi in hand, and the language of Italy, with the aid of Dr. Cola; and that my evenings were seldom disengaged. The parties of the Prussian Minister and of Lord Northampton were of weekly occurrence; occasional dinners and frequent evening gatherings at the houses of other friends prevented my time from ever hanging heavily.

Overbeck.

January 7th.—This evening, at Bunsen's, I was struck by the appearance of a tall man with lank hair and sallow cheeks. I pointed him out to a German as the specimen of an English Methodist. He laughed, and exclaimed, "Why, that is the Roman Catholic convert, Overbeck,—a rigid ascetic and melancholy devotee."

Rauch.

Rauch, the great Prussian sculptor, was also there. I chatted with him, but have no recollection of his person.

The Kneipe.

January 22nd.—Westphal, a German scholar, whom I met at Lord Northampton's parties, took me to a very interesting spot, which all Germans of taste should hold

Goethe.

sacred—the Kneipe, or pot-house, in which Goethe made those assignations which are so marvellously described in his Roman Elegies. The spot in which I ate and drank was one of the vaults in the Theatre of Marcellus; the stone wall was black with the smoke of centuries,

and a wooden table and wooden benches formed all the furniture of the den. The contrast between such a *Spelunca*—Goethe's own appellation—and the refined taste which could there conceive and give form to creations which will be the delight of cultivated minds in all ages, was to me a lesson of humanity. The German artists ought here to place an inscription, which, though unintelligible to the many, would be most instructive to the few;—a new lesson, certainly, in archæology, but in conformity with the lesson taught by Niebuhr and his followers, who delight to have that which is in common in ancient and modern institutions. There might be a reference to the Elegy in which Amor trims the lamp, and thinks of the time when he rendered the same service to his triumvirs :—

"Amor schüret die Lamp'indess und denket der Zeiten,
Da er den nämlichen Dienst seinen Triumvirn gethan."

Byron to Ward.

February 2nd.—At Finch's. He repeated a retort uttered in his (Finch's) house by Lord Byron. Ward had been a Whig, and became Ministerial. "I wonder what could make me turn Whig again," said Ward. "That I can tell you," said Byron. "They have only to *re-Ward* you."

Russian Minister's dinner.

February 21st—At one of the most remarkable dinners I ever partook of. It was at Prince Gargarin's, the Russian Minister. But it was the eye, not the palate, that was peculiarly gratified. The apartments were splendid, and the dining-hall illuminated by eighty-nine wax lights. The peculiarity of the dinner lay in this—that there was nothing on the table on which the eye of the gourmand could rest. In the centre of the

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long table (the guests being twenty-six in number) were a succession of magnificent plateaux, beautiful figures of nymphs in chased gold, urns, vases of flowers, decanters in rich stands, with sweetmeats in little golden plates, &c. &c. A servant between each couple. At every instant was your servant whispering in your ear the name of some unknown dish. There was no harm in taking a dish at a venture, for the moment you paused your plate was whisked away, and another instantly offered. There was great variety, and everything was of first-rate excellence. So of the wines. I named my own bottle, and drank of it in a large tumbler, every kind of rich wine being offered at the proper time. I sat between two Russian Princesses, with whom it was my severe task to keep up a conversation. The company consisted chiefly of Russian subjects, and I was the only Englishman there. Many of the former had names "which nobody can read and nobody can spell." A few beautiful women were there, including the belle of the season.

Carnival.

February 23rd.—This was the last day of the Carnival, which began on the 10th. I was pelted from the balcony of a Palazzo, and looking up to discover my assailant, recognized Mrs. Finch, who beckoned to me to join her. I did so, and took a note of passing objects, not expecting to rival Goethe in so doing. Here they are—the produce of a few minutes. A fellow with a wig of paper shavings; another all paper, save his old hat, which had candles, soon to be lighted; a rich devil, with crimson tail; a Turkish coachman; lawyers with paper frills and collars; a conjurer; a bear;

a man covered with bells; a postilion with a huge whip; several carrying men pick-a-back, one with a machine, which on a jerk opens like a ladder, and rising to the first floor, conveys flowers to the ladies. The race was poor. I noticed balls with spikes, which, hanging on the necks of the wretched horses, must have inflicted the more torture the faster they ran. The fun peculiar to the close of the Carnival was the blowing out of each other's lights, with the cry of "*Smoccolo.*" With exemplary obedience, at a given signal, the Carnival ends, and the crowds disperse. At eleven the theatre was closed, that the festivity should not encroach on the sacred day that followed—Ash Wednesday.

Naples.

March 16th.—We reached Naples, and, as at Venice, found high enjoyment on our first arrival. A walk along the noble street, the Toledo, passing the Royal Palace. A view of the bay from Santa Lucia—that bay which surpasses every other bay in the world, as all travellers agree—not as a bay simply, but including its matchless islands and unique Vesuvius. Then the line of palaces, the Chiaja, more than a mile long, fronting the bay. To pass away the evening, after the excitement of seeing all this for the first time, we went to a popular theatre.

March 18th.—As Rome is beyond all doubt incomparably the most memorable place I ever saw, no other rivalling it in my imagination, so is Naples decidedly the second. And the effect of going to the one after the other is heightened by contrast. Rome is the city of tombs, of solemn and heroic recollections, in which everything reminds you of the past to the disadvantage

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of the present, and altogether as little sensual and epicurean as can be in its essential character. Naples, on the contrary, is the seat of voluptuous enjoyment—as Wordsworth happily designated it, "Soft Parthenope." The affluent seem to have nothing to do but saunter about, sip ices, and be gallant. I have seen it but for a short time comparatively, and would gladly in my old age visit it again.

H. C. R. TO MRS. COLLIER.

Florence, 30th July, 1830.

. . . . . I reached Naples on the 17th of March. It has not quite put Rome's nose out of joint, and that is all I can say. So astonishing and so delicious a spot (a broad one though, for it includes the environs and almost excludes the city) certainly nowhere else exists. *Vedi Napoli e muore,* they say. They are right. But I would recommend everybody, before he dies, just to make the circuit of Sicily. And, on second thoughts, it may be as well to come to England, and rave about this *paradisiacal hell,* for seven years before he dies the death of a philosophic hero, by throwing himself into the crater of Vesuvius. I have told you before to read Forsyth, and it is only in the faith that you will obey me, that I in mercy spare you an enumeration of all the wonders of my last journey. I merely say that from my bed, without changing my position, I could see the lurid light from the burning mountain,—that I made the usual excursions to the Phlegræan fields saw the passage into hell through which Æneas went, and even beheld Acheron itself and

Places to have seen.

the Elysian fields. To be sure, that same Virgil did *bounce* most shamefully. Would you believe it? The lake of Avernus is a round muddy pond, and the abode of the blessed looks not a bit better than a hop-garden. So Cumæ, and Baiæ, and Ischia, and Capua are all like gentlemen's seats, with none but servants kept there to show them to visitors. Vesuvius is but an upstart of yesterday. All Naples and the country around betray the fire that is burning beneath. Every now and then a little shake of the earth reminds the people of their peril. Peril did I say?—There is none. St. Januarius is a sufficient protection. CHAP. XVII. 1830.

To Mrs. Masquerier H. C. R. writes: "I have made an excursion through Salerno to Paestum, including the finest water excursion to Amalfi. I thought of Masquerier all day. Such rocks—such temples—such ruffians! I believe, after all, the ruffians would have delighted him most, that is, provided he could have found means to draw them without having his throat cut while at the work. Such wretches for us common people—such glorious creatures for you artists! I have traversed Pompeii. I have ascended Vesuvius." *Paestum.*

In a letter to his brother, H. C. R. says: "Many a volume has been written about this disinterred town (Pompeii). It was buried by a shower of dust, and therefore without difficulty is being brought to light. The most striking circumstance is the small size of the buildings. They are like baby houses. But very interesting indeed is the detail of a Roman house. The very ovens in the kitchens—the meanest of conveniences *Pompeii.*

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—the whole economy of domestic life—baths, temples, forums, courts of justice, everything appertaining to a town of small size and rank. Not furniture only, but also food contained in metallic and wooden vessels. There are also fresco paintings, curious rather than beautiful. My last excursion was to Vesuvius. More than half a century ago you read about this in the 'Curiosities of Art and Nature,' one of *my* books. In spite of the exaggerations of schoolboy fancy, the excursion surpassed my expectations. The picturesque line round the rim of the outer crater, with the fine sunset views on all sides, and, when night drew on, the rivulets of fire which gradually brightened, or rather the vein-like currents which diversified the broad surface, and the occasional eruptions from the cone round the inner crater, all delighted me."

Vesuvius.

I followed the custom of the country in going to the opera at the San Carlo Theatre, probably the noblest in the world. The Scala, at Milan, alone produced the like effect on me. This theatre at Naples is so placed that, on occasion when the back is open, Vesuvius may be seen from the royal box in front. When this mountain is the background to the dancing of the Neapolitan peasants, the scene is incomparable,—save by a scene which I shall soon mention, and from which, perhaps, the idea in the present instance was taken.

San Carlo Theatre.

Before leaving Naples, I must mention briefly the sight to be generally beheld on the space before the sea, called the Molo, where the Lazzaroni are fond of assembling. Here may often be seen a half-naked fellow, who spouts or reads verses from a MS. of un-

The Molo.

Lazzaroni.

imaginable filth, and all in tatters. It is Tasso. There is, I understand, a Tasso in the Neapolitan dialect. Or it may be some other popular poet, to which an audience of the lowest of the people is listening gravely. And I do not recollect having ever heard a laugh which would imply there was anything by which a well-bred man would be offended. Goethe has eloquently defended the Lazzaroni, and even eulogized them for their *industrious* habits; which is by no means the irony one might imagine. Certainly, I saw nothing to make me think ill of the Lazzaroni. If offended they are ferocious, but they are affectionate, and are said to be honest to an exemplary degree. They will be praised for their piety or derided for their superstition by men who would not differ as to the facts they so variously designate. I know not whether the extreme poor of London, and, indeed, of any part of England, all things considered, are not more to be pitied. I say this of the *extreme* poor; and out of this extremity of poverty it is somewhat less difficult for the Englishman than the Neapolitan to make his escape. The Neapolitan professor of poetry receives from his pupils their *honoraria* in farthings.

Reciter or Improvisatore.

An arrangement had been made that Richmond* and I should accompany Von Sacken and Westphal to Sicily, on their way to Greece; and on the 6th of April we set out on our journey to Sicily, which ought to be the finale, as it would be the crown and completion, of every Italian tour.

Journey to Sicily.

* An American clergyman, with whom H. C. R. had fallen in by the way.

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H. C. R. TO W. PATTISSON AND SONS.

Florence, July 17, 1830.

My dear Friends,

Many thanks for your very kind and most acceptable joint and several letter. I must place you at the very head of my correspondents for promptitude in reply and for variety of information. . . . . .

I had a delightful tour in Sicily. Go, run for the map, or you won't understand me. There, you see the northern coast, between Palermo and Messina. Here are all the magnificent scenes of this most glorious island. Palermo unites every charm which mere nature can give. The five days' journey a-muleback to Messina is over mountains, sea-shore, and valleys, of which the perfume is so strong that a lady with weak nerves would be oppressed. After two days at Messina, we proceeded to Taormina. What think you of a theatre so built that, the back scenes opening, the spectators could see Mount Etna! This real fire is better than the real water at Sadler's Wells. Then to Catania, built amid masses of black lava. Etna I did not dare ascend. Richmond went, and was rewarded with noble views. Then to Syracuse—an awful place. This city of two millions of men is shrunk into a mean town on a tongue of land. Not a spot worth seeing by the bodily eye, but to the eye of memory how glorious! I was taken to a dirty cistern; seventy women were washing, with their clothes tucked up, and themselves standing in a pool,—a disgusting scene. "What do you bring me here for?"—"Why, sir, this is the Fountain of Arethusa"!!! Oh, those rascally poets,

A letter on Sicily.

again say I. Plato did right to banish the liars from his republic. The day before I was in good humour with them, for I saw the very rock that the Cyclop hurled at Ulysses. To be sure, the cave is not there now; but *n'importe.* I saw the ear of Dionysius—a silly story of modern invention; but it is the finest quarry in the world. Continuing my ride, I came in four days to Girgenti. I must refer you to some book of travels; enough for me to say that, having one day seen these miracles of art with a guide, Richmond and I separated on the next, and each alone spent two hours under the pillars of these Grecian temples, at least 3,000 years old. In front, the sea; behind, a rich valley under mountains. This city had fourteen temples. The ruins of two are mere rubbish, but colossal; those of two others consist of the columns entire. Then we went on to Selinunte. Here lie sixty columns on the ground, like so many sheaves of corn left by the reaper: an earthquake threw them down. And then I saw Segeste, a temple in a wilderness. Not a living thing did we see but wild-fowl. Then we went to Alcamo (having omitted to go to Trapani and Marsala, which are not worth seeing). You may serve a friend by giving him this account. We were thirteen days in riding over somewhat more than 400 miles; and we rested seven days on the way. I was, besides, a week at Palermo. All the stories about banditti are sheer fable, when asserted of the present times; and, except on the north coast, the accommodations are good.

May 20th.—(Rome.) I went to my old apartments in

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the Piazza di Spagna: little as I liked Brunetti, I preferred to bear "the ills I had, than fly to others that I knew not of." From the Thompsons I heard an anecdote too rich and characteristic to be lost. Mr. Severn* had sent to the late Exhibition a painting of Ariel on a bat's back—"On a bat's back I do fly"—and had put over the head of Ariel a peacock's feather. It was rejected; first, it was said, for its indecency. At length the cause was confessed; Cardinal Albani, the Secretary of State, had discovered in it a satire on the Romish Church. He interpreted the picture to represent an Angel astride over the Devil, but perceived in the peacock's feather the emblem of Papal vanity.

Papal Government on the watch for libels.

May 29th.—An interesting talk with Bunsen about the embarrassments of the Prussian Government, pressed as it is between the extreme liberality of Gesenius and Wegscheider, at Halle, and the intolerance of those who support the established religion, such as Gerlich, whom, however, Neander, though orthodox, does not support. Bunsen's remedy is, "Let Gesenius be removed from Halle, where he does harm, to Berlin, where he will have his equals." Wegscheider (who does not go so far as Paulus) would be hissed at Berlin, were he to advance there what he promulgates at Halle.

Polemics in Prussia.

June 2nd.—With a numerous party of Germans, at a *Trattoria* beyond San Giovanni, in honour of a successful artist, Krahl, leaving Rome. A cordial though humble supper, at six pauls (3*s.*) each. I was touched when I heard the familiar sounds from my *Burschenzeit*, when a *vivat* was sung to the "*Scheidenden Bruder*,"

Krahl leaving Rome.

* The friend and biographer of Keats.

the departing brother, &c. A laurel crown was put on his head. Nothing affects me so much as partings.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

Rome, June 26th, 1830.

On the 10th of June we saw a sight, in its way one of the most remarkable ever seen—the procession of the Pope at the fête of *Corpus Domini*. It was got up with great splendour. You of course know that this fête celebrates the great mystery of transubstantiation. All that is of rank in the Roman Church unites to do homage to the bread-God. The Piazza of St. Peter is environed by a tented covering, which is adorned with leaves and flowers; and the procession, issuing from the great door of the cathedral, makes the circuit of the square, and re-enters the cathedral. All the monastic orders, canons, and higher clergy—all the bishops and cardinals—attend, but the great object is His Holiness. He is *chaired*, and most artfully is the chair prepared. The Pope is covered with an immense garment of white satin, studded with golden stars. His robe hangs in folds behind him, and is made to lie as if his feet were there—he acts kneeling. In like manner you see under the satin what you take to be his arms; and upon what look like his hands stands the Monstrance, within which is the Host. On this the Pope fixed his eye intently, and never once turned it aside, while his lips moved as if he were absorbed in prayer, and not noticing the people, all of whom, as he drew near, threw themselves on their knees. I was at a window, and therefore without offence could keep my position. Behind His Holiness were

Fête of Corpus Domini.

The Holy Father's part in the ceremony.

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carried two immense fans of peacock's feathers; and the Roman nobility followed in gala dresses. Indeed, all were in gala dress—spectators as well as actors. It was certainly an imposing sight; though, placed as I was, I could see very clearly that the Pope was sitting most comfortably in an arm-chair, with his hands in his lap, and no otherwise annoyed than by the necessity of keeping his eyes fixed, as schoolboys do, or try to do, without winking. After the procession had passed I ran into the cathedral. It was nearly full, and it was an awful moment when the benediction was given. I was out of sight of the chief performer, but on a sudden the thousands who filled the cathedral, except a few heretics, were on their knees. You might have heard a mouse stir. On a sudden every one rose, and triumphant music rang out. God's representative had given his blessing to the faithful; of which representative Goethe says, "There is not a relic of primitive Christianity here; and if Jesus Christ were to return to see what his deputy was about, he would run a fair chance of being crucified again." Mind, Goethe says this, not I; and I repeat it more for the point of the thing than for its truth. . . . . .

Goethe on such things.

Fête of Flowers at Genzano.

On the *17th and 18th of June* I made an excursion of great interest with a young German artist—we went to Genzano to see the Feast of Flowers. This is one of the most primitive, simple, and idyllic feasts ever seen in Italy. Genzano, as you will see in my account of my journey to Naples, is one of the mountain towns beyond Albano, and under Monte Cavo. It is an ancient Latin city. Its situation is romantic. I went the first day to

Aricia, also a delightful mountain town, where I stayed with simple-hearted excellent people. We spent the next day in strolling in a romantic country, and in the evening we went to the fête. Two long streets were paved with flowers. The whole ground was covered with boughs of box, and the centre was covered with the richest imaginable carpet of flower-leaves. These were arranged in the form of temples, altars, crosses, and other sacred symbols. Also the Austrian, French, and Papal arms were in the same way formed, "like chalk on rich men's floors."* Poppy-leaves, for instance, made a brilliant red, which was the border of all the plot-grounds, or frameworks; and various flowers of rich yellows, blues, &c., were used for the appropriate heraldic colours. The procession, of course, was not to be compared with that of the Pope and cardinals on *Corpus Domini*, but it was pretty. Children gaudily dressed, with golden wings like angels, carried the signs of the Passion; priests and monks in abundance; banners, crosses; and, borne by a bishop with great pomp, the Monstrance, before which all knelt, except a few foreigners. All that was wanting to render the sight interesting was—not a belief in the value of such shows, but a sympathy with the feelings of others.

The great principle of the Catholic Church is to keep the faithful in subjection by frightening them; and at the same time there is an endeavour to make the shows as interesting as possible.

* "Like forms, with chalk
Painted on rich men's floors, for one feast night."
Wordsworth's Sonnet. I. Personal Talk. Vol. IV. p. 219.

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Feast of the Vigil of St. Peter and St. Paul.

June 28th.—In the evening, the Feast of the Vigil of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. It is much celebrated, and usually detains many foreigners in Rome, on account of the famous illumination of the exterior of Saint Peter's. I accompanied Götzenberger* and a Madame Louska, a German artiste with whom he was intimate. There are peculiar ceremonies on this day, all of which are noted down in the books of the Church. And the church itself too was in full dress. I descended into the subterranean church. A very curious sight in this crypt. Here are numerous low passages, only now and then open; to-day to men only. There are many very old statues, some Grecian and Roman—turned Christian. Among others, a head of Saint Peter manifestly clapped on to the body of a Roman Senator.

The illumination of St. Peter's.

After a bad supper at a *Trattoria*, we went to see the first illumination, which had begun at eight. "A sight," as I wrote to my brother, "followed, which is worth a pilgrimage, being unforgetable." Imagine Saint Paul's blazing in the air, graceful lines running from the Ball to the Stone Gallery, of a pale yellow flame. The clock strikes nine, and instantly the first illumination is lost in a blaze of lurid light. A regular corps of workmen are stationed at intervals about the dome, and effect the change with marvellous celerity; and there are added fireworks from the adjacent Castle of Saint Angelo.

Goethe.

My last days before I left Rome for the summer, were spent in reading Goethe about Rome.† It was

* A German artist. *See* p. 379.

† "Italiänische Reise." Vol. XXIII. Goethes Werke. Also "Zweiter Aufenthalt in Rom." Vol. XXIV.

when he was himself about to depart that he wrote the wise sentence, "*In jeder grossen Trennung liegt ein Keim von Wahnsinn. Man muss sich hüten ihn nachdenklich auszubreiten und zu pflegen.*"* It was when he had written the first volume of his works—in the opinion of many, his best works—that he wrote, "*Wie wenig Spur lässt man von einem Leben zurück!*"† Goethe was not a vain man. He thought little of what he actually did, compared with the possibilities of his nature. CHAP. XVII. 1830.

After spending a few days at Siena, where it is said the best Italian is spoken, and where certainly it seemed to me that even the servant-maids had an agreeable pronunciation, we arrived, on the 15th of July, at Florence. When Mr. Finch heard of my wish to spend the summer months in this favourite place of resort, he said, "There are living, in a genteel part of the town, two elderly ladies, highly respectable, who let their best apartments, but not to entire strangers. Nor are they particularly cheap; but there you will be at your ease. Niccolini, the dramatic poet, is their intimate friend. He visits them regularly twice a day; but seldom, if ever, breaks bread in the house. Such are Italian habits. Every evening there is a conversazione, attended by from six to ten friends; and this particularly recommends the house to you." (This indeed led me to resist all attempts to detain me at Siena.) Accordingly, my first business, after taking coffee, was to go to *Florence.*

* "In every great separation there lies a germ of madness. One must thoughtfully beware of extending and cherishing it."

† "How little trace of a life does one leave behind him."

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H. C. R.'s hosts in Florence.

Mesdames Certellini, 1341, Via della Nuova Vigna; and I was, without any difficulty, at once installed, having a large sitting-room, and a bed-room beyond, in the *piano secondo.* I was pleased at once with their unpretending manners, and I had a confidence in their integrity in which I was not disappointed. I paid five pauls a day for my room, and the servants were to cook for me. Niccolini was with us for two hours in the evening, with whom I immediately entered into discussion on German literature, of which he was as much an opponent as I was a decided partisan.

Daily life at Florence.

In a letter to my brother, dated August 15, I wrote: "This has been my daily life since I came here. I spend my mornings, from six till three, in my room reading Machiavelli and Alfieri. Political works are my favourite reading now. At three I dine. In the afternoon I lounge over the papers at the Reading-room, a liberal institution, kept by M. Vieusseux,* a man to whom Tuscany owes much. From six to nine he is at home, and, as I brought a letter to him from Mr. Finch, I generally step in. There I see a number of the most distinguished literati in Italy, all Liberals, a large proportion of them Neapolitans and Sardinians. From nine to eleven there is always a conversazione at home. Niccolini, the dramatic poet, is the intimate friend of the house, and never fails. We talk on politics and on poetry, and never want subjects to dispute about. You

Niccolini the dramatic poet.

* Jean Pierre Vieusseux, a native of Leghorn, born of a Genevese family. He was the founder not only of the Reading-room above mentioned, but also of several critical and literary periodicals of very high repute. A brief account of him will be found in the *Conversations Lexicon.*

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will smile to hear that I am under the necessity of defending Catholic emancipation in a country in which none but the Roman Catholic religion is legally recognised. I have endured the heat very well. My breakfast throws me into a perspiration. At evening parties the gentlemen are allowed to take off their coats and their neckcloths. The other evening I *burnt* my hand by heedlessly putting it on the parapet of a bridge; yet it was then eight o'clock. I was returning from a play performed by daylight,—the spectators sitting in the open air, but in the shade."

Pecchio's Political Economy.

July 22nd.—I was instructed by reading Pecchio's* "History of the Science of Political Economy." He taught me that the Italian writers had the merit of showing the effect of commerce, agriculture, &c., on the *moral state* and happiness of a country; while English writers confined their inquiry to the *mere wealth* of

* This Pecchio I afterwards knew at Brighton. He was fortunate in marrying an estimable English lady, who survives him in retirement at Brighton. He was a worthy man, of quiet habits, and much respected. His opinion was, that though the science of the Italians had not supplied the want of liberty, it had mitigated many evils: evils as often proceeding from ignorance as from the love of power and selfishness.—H. C. R.

Giuseppe Pecchio was born at Milan in 1785. The occupation of Lombardy caused him to write a political work, in connection with his own country; and an attempt at insurrection, in which he was implicated, led to his spending some time in Switzerland, Spain, and Portugal. He wrote works on the latter two countries. He also visited Greece, and helped to write "A Picture of Greece in 1825." The work to which H. C. R. refers, is doubtless one entitled "*Storia della Economia publica in Italia*," in which an account is given of the substance of the principal Italian works on political economy. In 1823 Pecchio visited England, and, after his return from Greece, in 1825, settled in this country. In 1827 he married a lady at Brighton, and lived there till his death, which took place in 1835. During his residence in England his mind was active in observing the English people, and the results were given in several works, which were highly esteemed both for their ability and their spirit.

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nations. Beccaria and Filangieri are their prime writers, economists as well as philanthropists.

Niccolini's Nabucco.

July 23rd and 24th.—I read these days a little known work by Niccolini, a tragedy—*Nabucco*—being, under Oriental names, the history of Buonaparte in his domestic relations. It is, like all his tragedies, declamatory, without passion or character. Niccolini made no secret of his liberal opinions; but he was an anxious, nervous, timid man, and unfit for action. His tragedy of "*The Sicilian Vespers*," though made as little political as possible, being a domestic tragedy, could not but contain passages capable of a dangerous application. He told me that, on the publication, the French Minister said to the Austrian Minister at Florence, "Monsieur ———, ought I not to require the Grand Duke's Government to suppress it?"—"I do not see," said the Austrian Minister, "that you have anything to do with it. The letter is addressed to you, but the contents are for me." Niccolini's dramatic works all belong to the Classical school. He is a stylist, and very hostile to the Romantic school. He blamed (as Paulus, at Heidelberg, had done) our Government for Catholic emancipation. "Give the Romanists," he said, "full liberty: that they have a right to; but political power on no account. They will exercise it to your destruction when they can." I confess that I am less opposed to this opinion now than I was when I heard it.

Niccolini on Catholic emancipation.

Reading and society were the prime objects of interest during my Florence summer; I shall therefore, with one exception, pass over journeys and sights without notice.

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Among the frequenters of our evening conversazioni were a Countess Testa and her brother Buonarotti, a judge. They inherited this great name from a brother of Michael Angelo; and the judge possessed in his house a few graphic and literary memorials of the great man. They were less fortunate in their immediate ancestor. Their father was one of the very bad men of the last generation. He was a partisan of the Committee of Public Safety in 1794. But though a ferocious fanatic, he did not add to this the baseness of profiting by his cruelty, or combine the love of gold with the thirst for blood. He had no rapacity, and was as honest, in a certain narrow sense of that word, as Robespierre himself. When the French Revolution broke out, he caught the infection, abandoned his family, and wrote to his wife that he released her from all obligations; he would be no longer an Italian, but a Frenchman, and would have a French wife. So far, he kept his word. He never returned, nor did he ever see his wife or children any more.

Descendants of a brother of Michael Angelo.

He was in prison after the fall of Robespierre, and narrowly escaped deportation. He subsequently took part in the famous conspiracy of Babeuf, the object of which was avowed to be the abolition of property. His life was spared, on the merciful suggestion that he was insane, and he lived many years at Brussels as a language-master.

My political reading was interrupted by a proposal to be one of a party in a pilgrimage to the nearest of the three Tuscan monasteries. We set out on the 2nd of August, drove to Pelago, about fifteen miles, and

Visit to monasteries.

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thence walked to the Benedictine monastery, which has been an object of interest to English travellers, chiefly because one of our great poets has introduced its name into a simile :—

> "He called
> His legions, angel-forms, who lay entranced,
> Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
> In *Vallombrosa*, when the Etrurian shades,
> High over-arched, embower."*

It must be the delight which the sound gives to every ear susceptible of the beauty of verse, that excites a curiosity concerning the place, the name of which is so introduced. But as far as expectation is raised, that can only suffer disappointment from the visit, for with the present appearance of the valley the description does not in the least agree. I could see but one little stream in it. It is by no means woody, and all the trees now growing there (I presume that twenty years have produced no change) are pine or fir-trees, and of all trees the least adapted to arched bowers are the fir and larch.

Bourbons ejected from France.

We reached Florence between eight and nine, and I went straight to Vieusseux, impelled by mere curiosity, as if I had a presentiment of the marvellous news I was about to hear : news, of which I wrote next day in my journal, that it had afflicted me more than any I had heard since the fall of Napoleon ; and looking back now upon what had then occurred, though the immediate consequences were other than I had expected, it is impossible to contemplate them without a mixture of sorrow and shame. One Englishman only was

* "Paradise Lost." Book I., 300-304.

in the reading-room, a language-master (Hamilton). "Any news?" I asked.—"None to-day."—"I have been at Camaldoli three days."—"Then you have not heard the *great* news?"—"I have heard nothing."—"Oh" (with a voice of glee) "the King of France has done his duty at last. He has sent the Chamber of Deputies about their business, abolished the d——d Constitution and the liberty of the press, and proclaimed his own power as absolute king."—"And that you call *good* news?" I felt indignant, and never would speak to the man afterwards. I went upstairs; Vieusseux was alone, and in evident affliction. He gave me an account of the ordinances which Charles X. had issued; but nothing had been heard of what took place afterwards. "And what will the end be?"—"I know what the result will be," answered Vieusseux. "It will end in the driving of the Bourbons out of France—perhaps in three days, perhaps in three weeks, perhaps in three years; but driven out they will be." They were driven out at the moment he was speaking, and they have not yet returned. Are they driven out for ever?

Grief of Liberals.

At Madame Certellini's were Niccolini, Pieri, and others of my acquaintance, sitting in silence, as at a funeral; all alike confounded at the intelligence.

Heat and anxiety kept me awake at night.

August 5th.—Next day was lost to all ordinary occupations; nothing thought or talked of but what we expected to hear every hour; each man, according to his temperament, anticipating what he hoped, or what he feared. I had no doubt that we should hear of bloody transactions. The reports were ludicrously contradictory.

The new Revolution the only subject.

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August 7th.—Between ten and eleven I was in my bedroom, when, hearing my name, I went into my sitting-room. There was Niccolini, pale as ashes. He had sat down, and exclaimed, in sentences scarcely distinguishable, "*Tutto è finito.*" I was enough master of myself to reply, "*Che! finito! Tutto è cominciato!*" for I recollected in a moment the *commencement de la fin.* He went on to inform me what he had heard from the Austrian Minister in a few short sentences, that after three days' fighting at Paris, La Fayette was at the head of the National Guards; a provisional government was established; the king had fled, nobody knew where. Of the impression of this news in Italy I have alone to write. I went to the Reading-rooms. Both rooms were filled with company. An Englishman came to me laughing, and said, not altogether meaning it, "Look at all these rascals: they cannot conceal their joy, though they dare not speak out. I would shoot them all if I were the Grand Duke."—"You would have a good deal to do, then," I answered in the same tone. I came home and wrote two letters to Rome, that is, to Mr. Finch and to Richmond. Neither of them had heard of anything more than the ordinances. Richmond ran about reading my letter, and was threatened by the police with being sent to prison, as a spreader of false tidings. Mr. Finch drove out in his carriage, and read my letter to all his friends. As far as he could learn, no other information of these events arrived that day at Rome. Such is the effect of fear. Mr. Finch wrote and thanked me for my letter. His letter was very characteristic. He said his great friend, Edmund Burke, would have ap-

The news at Rome.

proved of the event, and he blessed God that he had lived to know of this triumph of rational liberty. Not long after, Mayer wrote to inform me of Finch's death, saying that the reception of the news I forwarded to him was his last pleasure in this world.

Death of Finch.

August 14th.—Met to-day the one man living in Florence whom I was anxious to know. This was Walter Savage Landor, a man of unquestionable genius, but very questionable good sense; or, rather, one of those unmanageable men,—

W. S. Landor.

> "Blest with huge stores of wit,
> Who want as much again to manage it."

Without pretending now to characterize him (rather bold in me to attempt such a thing at any time), I will merely bring together the notes that I think it worth while to preserve concerning him during this summer; postponing an account of my subsequent intercourse with him. I had the good fortune to be introduced to him as the friend of his friends, Southey and Wordsworth. He was, in fact, only Southey's friend. Of Wordsworth he *then* professed warm admiration. I received an immediate invitation to his villa. This villa is within a few roods of that most classic spot on the Tuscan Mount, Fiesole, where Boccaccio's hundred tales were told. To Landor's society I owed much of my highest enjoyment during my stay at Florence.

His Tuscan villa.

He was a man of florid complexion, with large full eyes, and altogether a *leonine* man, and with a fierceness of tone well suited to his name; his decisions being confident, and on all subjects, whether of taste or life, unqualified; each standing for itself, not caring whether

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it was in harmony with what had gone before or would follow from the same oracular lips. But why should I trouble myself to describe him? He is painted by a master hand in Dickens's novel, "Bleak House," now in course of publication, where he figures as Mr. Boythorn. The combination of superficial ferocity and inherent tenderness, so admirably portrayed in "Bleak House," still at first strikes every stranger—for twenty-two years have not materially changed him—no less than his perfect frankness and reckless indifference to what he says.

Landor in Bleak House.

His gift of unlimited utterance.

On *August 20th* I first visited him at his villa. There were his wife, a lady who had been a celebrated beauty, and three fine boys and a girl. He told me something of his history. He was from Warwickshire, but had a family estate in Wales. Llanthony Priory belonged to him. He was well educated—I forget where; and Dr. Parr, he said, pronounced him one of the best Latin verse writers. When twenty-one, he printed his Latin poem of "Gebir." He was sent to Oxford, from which he was expelled for shooting at the Master, Dr. ———. This was his own statement at a later day, when he repeated to me his epigram on Horse-Kett, a learned Professor so nicknamed,—

Landor's history.

> "'The Centaur is not fabulous,' said Young.
> Had Young known Kett,
> He had said, 'Behold one put together wrong;
> The head is horseish; but, what yet
> Was never seen in man or beast,
> The rest is human; or, at least,
> Is Kett."

His father wished him to study the law, saying, "If

you will study, I will allow you £350, or perhaps £400, per annum. If not, you shall have £120, and no more; and I do not wish to see your face again." Said Landor, "I thanked my father for his offer, and said, 'I could take your £350, and pretend to study, and do nothing. But I never did deceive you, nor ever will.' So I took his £120, and lived with great economy, refusing to dine out, that I might not lose my independence." He did not tell me, then or afterwards, the rest of his history.

Landor's ill opinion of Italians.

Though he meant to live and die in Italy, he had a very bad opinion of the Italians. He would rather follow his daughter to the grave than to the church with an Italian husband. No wonder that, with this turn of mind, he should be shunned. The Italians said, "Every one is afraid of him." Yet he was respected universally. He had credit for generosity, as well as honesty; and he deserved it, provided an ample allowance was made for caprice. He was conscious of his own infirmity of temper, and told me he saw few persons, because he could not bear contradiction. Certainly, I frequently did contradict him; yet his attentions to me, both this and the following year, were unwearied.

Landor and the Italians.

In Italy on sufferance.

He told me of having been ordered to leave Florence for insolence towards the Government. He asked for leave to return for a few days on business. The Minister said a passport could not be given him, but that instructions would be given at the frontiers to admit him, and his continuance would be overlooked if he wished it. He has remained unmolested ever since.

Among the antipathies which did not offend me, was

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his dislike of Lord Byron, which was intense. He spoke with indignation of his "Satire" on Rogers, the poet; and told me the story—which I afterwards heard at first hand from Lady Blessington—of Lord Byron's high glee at forcing Rogers to sit on the cushion under which lay that infamous lampoon. Of his literary judgments the following are specimens:—Of Dante, about a seventieth part is good; of Ariosto, a tenth; of Tasso, not a line worth anything,—yes, *one* line. He declared almost all Wordsworth to be good. Landor was as dogmatic on painting as on poetry. He possessed a considerable collection of pictures. His judgment was amusingly at variance with popular opinion. He thought nothing of Michael Angelo as a painter; and, as a sculptor, preferred John of Bologna. Were he rich, he said, he would not give £1,000 for "The Transfiguration," but ten times as much for Fra Bartolomeo's "St. Mark." Next to Raphael and Fra Bartolomeo, he loved Perugino. He lent me several volumes of his "Imaginary Dialogues," which I read with mixed feelings. I am ready to adopt now the assertion of the *Quarterly Review* on the whole collection: "We know no one able to write anything so ill as the worst, or so well as the best. Generally speaking, the most highly polished are those in which the ancients are interlocutors; and the least agreeable, the political dialogues between the moderns."

Landor's dogmatism.

His views on art.

On the 22nd of August I was surprised by the sudden appearance of Richmond; and, while with him in the Hall of Niobe, heard my name called out in German. The voice came from the son of Goethe, who was on his way to Rome. He and Richmond breakfasted with

Goethe's son a Buonapartist.

me the next day. Goethe was very chatty; but his conversation on this day, and on the 31st, when he took leave of me, left a very unpleasant impression on me. I might have been rude, if my veneration for the father had permitted me to be perfectly free towards the son. I kept my temper with difficulty towards a German who reproached the princes of his native land for their "treachery towards Napoleon," whom he praised. I could allow him to abuse the marshals of France, but not the German Tugenbund and General York, the King of Prussia, &c. &c. The King of Saxony alone among the princes was the object of his praise; for he alone "kept his word."

His death.

On my arrival at Rome, a few weeks afterwards, I heard that he had that day been buried, the Germans attending the funeral seeing in him the descendant of their greatest man.

Boccaccio on Dante.

September 21st.—Read to-day a disagreeable book, only because it was the life, by a great man, of one still greater—by Boccaccio, of Dante. I did not expect, in the voluminous *conteur*, an extraordinary degree of superstition, and a fantastic hunting after mystical qualities in his hero. He relates that Dante's mother dreamt she lay in of a peacock, and Boccaccio finds in the peacock four remarkable properties, the great qualities of the "Divina Commedia:" namely, the tail has a hundred eyes, and the poem a hundred cantos; its ugly feet indicate the mean "*lingua volgare;*" its screaming voice the frightful menaces of the "Inferno" and "Purgatorio;" and the odoriferous and incorruptible flesh the divine truths of the poem.

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October 16th.—I was to have returned to Rome with Schmidt; but he was prevented, for the time, by the arrival of the Spences, the parents of the lady whom he afterwards married, and is now living with, in prosperity, in Tuscany. I was much pleased with the Spences, who are now in the first line of my friends. We knew each other by name, having a common friend in Masquerier, of whom he spoke with great regard. Spence is known to the world most advantageously, as the joint author, with Kirby, of the Text-book in English on Entomology;* and also, but not with like authority or repute, as an ingenious writer on Political Economy. His first pamphlet, which made a noise, and for a time was very popular, was entitled "Britain Independent of Commerce." He was, and is, a man of remarkably clear head and good sense. He rather affects hostility to metaphysics and poetry; "because," he says, "I am a mere matter-of-fact man." But, with all that, he seems to like my company, who am ignorant of all science—and that shows a freedom from narrow-minded attachments.

Spence.

Bunsen.

November 16th.—(Rome.) I was at Bunsen's for the first time this season. The confusion which prevailed over all Europe, in consequence of the last French Revolution, had rendered everything uncertain. The accession of the Whigs this winter, and the threatened changes in Germany and Italy, made all political speculations hazardous, and diplomatists were at fault; but

Political unsettlement.

* "An Introduction to Entomology; or, Elements of the Natural History of Insects. With a Scientific Index. By the Rev. William Kirby and William Spence, Esq." 4 Vols. Several editions of this valuable work have been published. Professor Oken translated it into German.

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the popular power was in the ascendant, and liberal opinions were in fashion. This evening, Bunsen related an anecdote on the circumstances attending the "Ordinances," tending to show that very serious consequences arose from the French Minister, Polignac, having dwelt so long in England, as to confound the English with the French sense of a material word. In a military report laid before him, on which the Ordinances were issued, it was stated that the Paris troops were 15,000 *effectives;* and he understood, as it would be in English, that these were effective. But, unless the words "*et présentes*" are added, it means in French that the number stated is what *ought* to be there; that is, the *rated* number. The troops were not *actually* there, and the issue of the conflict is well known.

Thorwaldsen.

November 29th.—I had been introduced to Thorwaldsen, a man not attractive in his manners, and rather coarse in person. Kölle had taken me to his studio. He was at work on his figure of Lord Byron. I thought it slim, and rather mean; but I would not set up for a judge; nor was it far advanced. The terms on which he undertook the work for the subscribers—a thousand guineas—were thought creditable to his liberality.

Death of Pius VIII.

December 2nd.—On the 30th of November died Pius VIII., which threw Rome into an anomalous state for an uncertain time. I accompanied a small party to see the body lying in state—a sight neither imposing to the senses, nor exciting to the sensibility. On a high bed, covered with crimson silk, lay the corpse in its priestly robes, with gloves, and diamond

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ring, &c. The people were allowed to pass through the apartment indiscriminately; and, within an enclosure, priests were chanting a solemn service. Afterwards I saw the body in a chapel at St. Peter's, lying in state on a black bier, dressed in the episcopal robes and mitre. The face looked differently—the forehead overhanging—but it had then a mask of wax. The feet projected beyond an iron railing, for the faithful to kiss.

The Pope lying in state.

Funeral of the Pope.

December 12th.—I was at St. Peter's again when the funeral rites were performed. The music was solemn and affecting. I do not recollect seeing where the body was deposited for the present. It is placed in its last abode on the burial of the next Pope. This is the custom.

H. C. R. robbed in the street.

I must now go back to December 2nd. In the evening, about eight, on my way to attend the weekly party at Bunsen's, I went down a back street to the left of the Corso. I was sauntering idly, and perhaps musing on the melancholy sight of the morning, and the probable effect of a new sovereign on the Romish Church, when I felt something at my waist. Putting my hand to the part, I found my watch gone, with its heavy gold chain; and a fellow ran forward. I ran after him, and shouted as loud as I could, "Stop thief!" I recollected that "Stop thief" was not Italian, but could not recollect the word "*ladrone;*" and the sense of my folly in calling "Stop thief" made me laugh, and impeded my progress. The pickpocket was soon out of sight, and the street was altogether empty. It is lucky, indeed, that I did not reach the

fellow, as there is no doubt that he would have supported the dexterity of his fingers by the strength of his wrist, and a stiletto. In the meanwhile, my hat was knocked off my head. I walked back, and, seeing persons at the door of a café, related my mishap, and my hat was brought to me. At Bunsen's, I had the condolence of the company, and was advised to go to the Police; which I did the next day. I related my story; and though I gave a hint, as advised, that I was willing to give fifty or sixty dollars for my lost property, I was listened to with gentlemanly indifference. I could hardly get an intimation that any concern would be taken about the matter: only my card was taken, I supposed, in case the thief should wish to restore the watch to me of his own accord. I was told that, for a fee, persons made it their business to take a description of the watch to watchmakers, &c.; but, when I offered to leave money at the office, I was told I must see after that myself. I soon saw I could have no help there. I did give a couple of dollars to a sort of agent, who was to make inquiries, which profited nothing; and this raised my loss to somewhat more than £40.

The Roman police.

However, this same evening, another incident took place which was a source of great pleasure to me, not only during my residence in Rome, but long afterwards. Madame Bunsen said to me, "There is a lady I should like to introduce to you." I answered, impertinently, "Do you mean me to fall in love with her?" She was certainly very plain; but a tall person, with a very intelligent countenance, and, indeed, a commanding figure,

Hon. Miss Mackenzie.

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should have secured her from the affronting question. "Yes, I do," she replied; and she was right. This was the Hon. Miss Mackenzie, a descendant of the Earl of Seaforth, in Scotland. She was of a family long proscribed as being adherents of the House of Stuart. Her father was restored, I understood, to the Barony only of Seaforth, and had been Governor of one of the West India islands. I found, however, that her distinction at Rome did not depend merely on her family, but that she had the reputation of being a woman of taste and sense, and the friend of artists. I was, therefore, gratified by an invitation to call on her next day. On my calling, she received me laughing. "You are come very opportunely," she said; "for I have just received a letter in which you are named. It is from Mr. Landor. He writes: 'I wish some accident may have brought you acquainted with Mr. Robinson, a friend of Wordsworth. He was a barrister, and, notwithstanding, both honest and modest—a character I never heard of before: indeed, I have never met with one who was either.'" This, of course, fixed me in Miss Mackenzie's favourable opinion, and the intimacy ripened quickly. Through her I became acquainted with artists, &c., and in some measure she supplied the loss of Lord Northampton's house, which was not opened to parties during the season, in consequence of the death of Lady Northampton.

Landor on H. C. R.

December 3rd.—Among my acquaintances was a sculptor, Ewing, whom I wished to serve; and understanding he originally worked *in small*, making miniature copies of famous antique statues, I intimated a wish to have

H. C. R.'s bust by Ewing.

something of that kind from him; for which he expressed himself gratefully. He, however, ultimately succeeded in inducing me to sit for my bust, which he executed in marble. The bust has great merit, for it is a strong likeness, without being disgusting.*

December 25th. — To relieve myself from the unenjoyable Italian reading, which was still a labour, I occasionally allowed myself to read German; and at this time Menzel's "*Deutsche Literatur*" afforded me much amusement. It is a piquant work. In a chapter on the German Religionists, he classifies the different bodies subjectively: calling the Roman Catholic system "*Sinnenglauben*," from the influence of the senses; the Lutheran scheme, "*Wortglauben*" (word-faith); and the religion of the Pietists, "*Gefühlsglauben*" (faith of the feelings). It was thus I was employed at the close of the year at Rome, in the vain attempt to master a language and literature for which I was already too old.

Menzel's Deutsche Literatur.

1831.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

January 27th, 1831.

I have been within the walls of five Italian houses, at evening parties: at three, music, and no conversation; all, except one, held in cold dark rooms, the floors black, imperfectly covered with drugget, and no fire; conversation, to me at least, very dull—that may be my fault; the topics, theatre, music, personal slander; for religion, government, litera-

Evening parties in Italy.

* This bust is now in the possession of H. C. R.'s niece, Mrs. Robinson.

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ture were generally excluded from polite company. If ever religion or government be alluded to, it is in a tone of subdued contempt; for though at Florence I saw many professed literati, here I have not seen one; and, except at one house, of which the mistress is a German, where tea was handed round, I have never seen even a cup of water offered!

January 30th.—I heard, partly from Miss Denman, and partly from the artists, where Flaxman lived when he came to Rome, and that it was in a sort of chocolate-house, formerly kept by three girls who were so elegant as to be called "the Graces;" but I was informed that they lived to be so old, that they became "the Furies." One I had heard was dead. I ordered some chocolate, and inquired of one of the women whether she recollected an English sculptor, Flaxman, living with her many years before. "No," she did not. I pressed my questions. At length she asked, "Was he married?" "Yes." Then came the conclusive question, "Had he a hump?" I give the strong word, for she said, "*Non gobbo?*" and on my saying, "Yes," she clasped her hands, and exclaimed, "Oh, he was an angel!—they were both angels." Then she ran to the staircase, and cried out, "Do, sister, come down, here's a gentleman who knew *Humpy*." She came down, and then all kinds of questions followed. Was he dead? Was she dead? Then praises of his goodness. "He was so affectionate, so good, so generous—never gave trouble—anxious to be kind to everybody." But neither did they recollect his name, nor did they know anything

Flaxman's lodging at Rome.

Remembered by his hump.

of him as an artist. They only knew that he was "Humpy," and an "Angel." I never heard Flaxman mentioned at Rome but with honour. I heard there was, in a shop, a portrait of him in oils, but I was unable to find it.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

January 27th, 1831.

Since the incarceration of the Cardinals, the city has been only a little more dull than usual. On the 12th of December, the day before their imprisonment, I went to look at their miserable little lodgings; very few have fireplaces, and some not even stoves. You know that the election is by ballot, and that two-thirds of the votes must concur. Twice a day the ballot papers are examined and regularly burnt. And idlers are to be seen every day after eleven o'clock on the Monte Cavallo, watching for the smoke that comes from an iron flue. When it is seen, they cry, "*Ecco il fumo!* No Pope to-day." It is quite notorious that there are parties in the *Sacro Collegio*, and hitherto their bitterness is said to have gone on increasing rather than diminishing. The profane are, as it happens, very merry or very wrathful at the delay—so injurious to the city. During the widowhood of the Church, there can be no Carnival, and that must, if at all, be now in less than a fortnight. The leaders, Albani and Barnetti, are the objects of daily reproach. The lampoons or pasquinades during the conclave have been famous for centuries. I have seen several, and shall bring a few home with me as curiosities; but I have found little

Choice of a new Pope.

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Pasquinades.

wit in them. The most significant is a dialogue between the *Santo Spirito* and the City of Rome. The *Santo Spirito* proposes successively all the leading cardinals. The City has objections to all. At length the *Santo Spirito* is tired out, and gives the choice to the City, which fixes on an old man in a state of dotage. And he is chosen only on condition that he should do nothing.

Every day the food that is carried in to the cardinals is examined, that no secret letters may be sent. Indeed all possible precautions are taken, as if the cardinals were as corrupt as the electors of an English borough. The other day, objecting to a sensible abbé, that I could not comprehend how the Emperor of Austria, &c., should have a *veto* on the act of the Holy Spirit (for all the pretensions of the Catholic Church, like those of the Quakers, rest on the assumption of the direct and immediate interference of the Holy Spirit), he answered, "And why should not Providence act by the instrumentality of an emperor or king?"

On the imperial veto.

In the meanwhile, in consequence of this delay, the lodgings are empty, and the foreigners unusually few. One innovation has been permitted—the theatres are open, and the ambassadors give balls. But a real Carnival—that is, masking—would be almost as bad as a Reformation. However, there is a current prophecy, according to which the election ought to take place to-morrow. We shall see. . . . . .

February 23rd, 1831.

Four days afterwards, 31st January, 1831, while

chatting with a countryman in the forenoon, I heard a discharge of cannon. I left my sentence unfinished, rushed into the street, already full of people, and ran up Monte Cavallo. It was already crowded, and I witnessed in dumb show the proclamation of the new Pope from the balcony of the palace. No great interest seemed really to be felt by the people in the street, but, when I talked with the more intelligent, I found that the election gave general satisfaction. Bunsen, the Prussian Minister, and in general all the Liberals, consider the choice as a most happy one. Cardinal Cappellari has the reputation of being at the same time learned, pious, liberal, and prudent. The only drawback on his popularity is his character of monk. This makes him unpopular with many who have no means of forming a personal judgment. There was, however, one consequence of the election, independent of the man—it assured the people of their beloved Carnival. The solemn procession from the Quirinal to St. Peter's presented nothing remarkable; but on Sunday, the 6th, the coronation took place—a spectacle so august and magnificent, that it equalled all my imaginings. So huge an edifice is St. Peter's that, though all the decently dressed people of Rome had free entrance, it was only full, not crowded. I was considerate enough to go early, and so lucky, that I had even a seat and elevated stand in an excellent situation, and witnessed every act of sacrifice and adoration. All the cardinals and bishops and high clergy attended His Holiness, seated aloft. The military, the paraphernalia of the Roman Church, made a gorgeous spectacle. Nor

Pope proclaimed.

The Carnival.

Coronation of Pope.

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was the least significant and affecting object the burning tow, which flashed and was no more, while the herald cried aloud, "So passes away the glory of the world,"—a truth that is at this moment felt with a poignancy unknown to the Roman hierarchy since it was endowed with the gift of Constantine. The Pope was consecrated a bishop, he administered mass, he received the *adoration* (the word used here) of the cardinals, who kissed his slipper, hand, and face. The bishops were admitted only to the hand, and the priests advanced no higher than the foot.

Sic transit.

The adoration.

The excitement of this most imposing of solemnities had scarcely subsided when another excitement succeeded to it, which lasted during the remainder of my abode at Rome. Almost immediately the report was spread that the Legations were in a state of insurrection. My journal, during the greater part of the next three months, is nearly filled with this subject. It is not possible now to recall to mind the fluctuations of feeling which took place. I gave to my acquaintance the advice of my friend Bottom, "But wonder on till truth makes all things plain." In the little anxiety I felt I was perhaps as foolish as the Irishman in the house a-fire, "I am only a lodger."

Insurrection in the Legations.

H. C. R. TO W. PATTISSON, ESQ., AND HIS SONS.

Florence, 14th June, 1831.

. . . . . I suspect you, with all other Englishmen, are so absorbed in the politics of the day, and

have been so for so long a time, as to be scarcely aware of the stimulating situation in which I have been placed, arising out of a state of uncertainty and expectation almost without a parallel. You have perhaps heard that the larger part of the subjects of the Pope renounced their allegiance, and that the Government, being utterly worn out, subsisting only by the sufferance of the great Catholic powers, and retaining the allegiance of the capital merely by the subsistence it afforded to its idle population, seemed on the brink of dissolution. Rome was left without troops, and the Government without revenue. For weeks we expected the enemy. Had he come, there might have been a riot of the *Trastevérini* (a sort of Birmingham Church-and-King mob), who live beyond the Tiber, but there would have been no resistance. In imbecility, however, the insurgent Government rivalled the Papal, and, as you have perhaps heard, the Italian revolution was suppressed with even more ease than it was effected. The truth is, that but for the intervention of Austria, the Italian Governments (with the exception of Tuscany) had contrived to render themselves so odious to the people, that any rebellion, supported by the slightest force, was sure to succeed. A single Austrian regiment, however, was enough to disperse all the revolutionists in the peninsula the moment they found that the French would not make war in their behalf.

Austrian military protection.

I find an insulated incident on Wednesday, the 16th of February. Breakfasting at the Aurora, and drinking milk in my chocolate, I was requested to sit in the back

Prohibition of milk in Lent.

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part of the room, where it could not be seen that I was drinking a *prohibited* article.

Relics. St. Peter's chains.

February 27th.—At the San Pietro in Vinculis, I was amused by seeing a sweet child, five or six years old, kiss with a childish fervour the chains of St. Peter. The good priest, their *custode*, could not suppress a smile. This led to a few words on relics between me and him. He belonged to the honest and simple-hearted. "Is it quite certain that these are really St. Peter's chains?" I asked. "You are not called on to believe in them," he answered; "it is no article of faith."—"But do you permit the uneducated to believe what you do not yourselves believe?"—"We do not disbelieve. All we can possibly know is this: for ages beyond human memory, our ancestors have affirmed their belief. We do not think they would have willingly deceived us. And then the belief does good. It strengthens pious feelings. It does no harm, surely." This is what the priests are perpetually falling back on. They are utilitarians. I could get no farther with this priest. He asked questions of me in return; and seemed to lose all his dislike of the Anglican Church when I told him, to his astonishment, that we had not only bishops, but archdeacons, canons, and minor canons. On this he exclaimed, with an amusing earnestness, "The English Church is no bad thing."

Roman Catholic tradition.

Soirée at Horace Vernet's.

March 17th.—Mayer took me to a soirée at Horace Vernet's, on the Pincian Hill—the palace of the French Academy. It was quite a new scene to me. Nothing like it had come before me at Rome. French only was

spoken, and of course the talk was chiefly on politics and the state of Rome. I found the young artists by no means alarmed. Twenty high-spirited, well-built young men had nothing to fear from a Roman mob in a house built, like the Medici Palace, upon an elevation. It would stand a siege well. Horace Vernet was, beyond all doubt, a very clever man; yet I doubt whether any picture by him could ever give me much pleasure. He had the dangerous gift of great facility. I was once in his studio when he was at work. There were a dozen persons in the room, talking at their ease. They did not disturb him in the least. On another occasion I saw a number of portraits about: they seemed to me execrable; but they might be the work of pupils. Vernet's vivacity gave me the impression of his being a man of general ability, destined to give him a social, but an evanescent, reputation.

Vernet's facility at his work.

H. C. R.'s misconception of the painter.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

Rome, April 2nd, 1831.

During the last month the news of the day and Italian reading have shared my attention. I have had little to do with religious ceremonies. I did, however, witness the blessing of the palms; and I have heard the *Miserere* once. Branches of the palm are peeled, and the peel is cut, and plaited, and braided, and curled into all sorts of fantastic forms. Each cardinal, bishop, and priest holds one, and there is a long detail of kissing. The solemn step of the procession, the rich dresses of the cardinals, and the awful music, would have made a stronger impression if I had not witnessed

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The Miserere.

the coronation. The *Miserere* is unlike all other music. It is sung without any accompaniment of instruments, and is deeply affecting, and every now and then startling. I was so much touched that I should have believed any story of its effect on those who are not nearly so insensible to music as you know me to be.

A supper to Cornelius.

April 7th.—A supper given to Cornelius in the Villa Albani. Götzenberger was the *impresario.* The eating bad; but I sat next Thorwaldsen. There were many persons of note, amongst others Bunsen; and in all there were sixty present, to do honour to a man who did not afterwards disappoint the expectations formed of him.

W. S. LANDOR TO H. C. R.

April, 1831.

Landor on "Mrs. Leicester's School."

It is now several days since I read the book you recommended to me, "Mrs. Leicester's School;" and I feel as if I owed a debt in deferring to thank you for many hours of exquisite delight. Never have I read anything in prose so many times over, within so short a space of time, as "The Father's Wedding-day." Most people, I understand, prefer the first tale—in truth a very admirable one—but others could have written it. Show me the man or woman, modern or ancient, who could have written this one sentence: "When I was dressed in my new frock, I wished poor mamma was alive, to see how fine I was on papa's wedding-day; and I ran to my favourite station at her bedroom door." How natural, in a little girl, is this incongruity

—this impossibility! Richardson would have given his "Clarissa," and Rousseau his "Heloïse," to have imagined it. A fresh source of the pathetic bursts out before us, and not a bitter one. If your Germans can show us anything comparable to what I have transcribed, I would almost undergo a year's gurgle of their language for it. The story is admirable throughout—incomparable, inimitable. . . . . CHAP. XVII. 1831.

Yours, &c.,
W. LANDOR.

Miss Mackenzie.

Thorwaldsen and scandal.

May 4th.—In the evening, I was with my friend Miss Mackenzie. She asked me whether I had heard any reports connecting her in any way with Thorwaldsen. I said she must be aware that every one in a gossiping world took the liberty of talking about the private affairs of every one; that I had heard it said that it was understood that Thorwaldsen was to marry her; and that the cause of the contract being broken reflected no dishonour on her. She smiled, and desired me to say what that cause was understood to be. I said, simply that he had formed a connection with an Italian woman, which he did not dare to break. She threatened his life, and he thought it was in danger. Miss Mackenzie said she believed this to be the fact, and on that ground Thorwaldsen begged to be released. She added, that he was very culpable in suffering the affair to go on so long.

On leaving Rome.

I left Rome early on the morning of the 6th of May. Goethe says, in his "Italian Journey," that every one who leaves Rome asks himself, "When shall I be

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able to come here again?" There is great unity of effect produced by Rome. It is the city of tombs and ruins. The environs are a pestiferous marsh, and on all sides you have images of death. What aged nobleman was it who preferred his dead son to any living son in Christendom? Who is there who does not prefer the ruins of Rome to the new buildings of London and Paris?

Florence. Landor.

May 24th.—(Florence.) I was glad to renew my acquaintance with W. S. Landor, which lasted with increased pleasure during my second residence at Florence. My evening walks to Fiesole, and returns after midnight, were frequent and most delightful, accompanied by a noble mastiff dog, who deserves honourable mention from me. This dog never failed to accompany me from Landor's villa to the gate of Florence; and I could never make him leave me till I was at the gate; and then, on my patting him on the head, as if he were conscious his protection was no longer needed, he would run off rapidly. The fire-flies on the road were of a bright yellow—the colour of the moon, as if sparks from that flame. I would name them "earth-stars," as well as "glow-worms," or "fire-flies."

The guardian dog.

Marchioness Sacrati.

May 27th.—I made my first call on a *character*, whose parties I occasionally attended in the evening. She was one of three remarkable Italian women mentioned by Lady Morgan—all of whom I saw. She was an old woman, more than seventy years of age, but a very fluent talker. Her anti-Buonapartism pleased me. This was the Marchioness Sacrati. In her

youth she was handsome. Her husband left her poor, and she obtained a pension from the Pope, in the character of a *vedova pericolante* ("a widow in danger"); it being suggested that, from poverty, her virtue might be in peril. This is a known class; perhaps, I should say, a satirical name. She lived in stately apartments, as suited her rank. I saw men of rank, and officers, and very smart people at her parties, but very few ladies. She herself was the best talker of the party—more frequently in French than Italian. It happened that, one evening, I went before the usual hour, and was some time with her tête-à-tête. It was a lucky circumstance, for she spoke more freely with me alone than she could in mixed company; and every word she said which concerned the late Queen was worth recollecting. For, though the Marchioness might not be an unexceptionable witness, where she could have a motive to misrepresent, yet I should not disbelieve what she said this evening. Something led me to ask whether she had been in England, when she smiled and said, "You will not think better of me when I tell you that I went as a witness for your Queen."—"But you were not summoned?"—"Oh, no! I could say nothing that was of use to her. All I could say was that, when I saw her in Italy, she was always in the society that suited her rank; and that I saw nothing then that was objectionable. She requested me to go, and she was so unhappy that I could not refuse her."—"You saw, then, her *Procureur-Général*, Monsieur Brougham."—"Oh, yes! That Monsieur Brog-gam was a *grand*

Queen Caroline.

About Lord Brougham and the Queen.

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coquin."—"Take care, Madame, what you say; he is now Chancellor."—"N'importe; c'est un grand coquin."—"What makes you use such strong language?"—"Because, to answer the purposes of his ambition, he forced the Queen to come to England."—"Indeed!"—"The Queen told me so; and Lady Hamilton confirmed it. I said to her, when I first saw her, 'Why are you here?' She said, 'My lawyer made me come. I saw him at St. Omer, and I asked him whether I should go to England. He said, If you are conscious of your innocence, you *must* go. If you are aware of weaknesses, keep away.'" The Marchioness raised her voice and said, "Monsieur, quelle femme, même du bas peuple, avouera à son avocat qu'elle a des foiblesses? C'étoit un traître ce Monsieur Brog-gam." I did not appear convinced by this, and she added, "One day I was alone with him, when I said, 'Why did you force this unhappy woman to come here?' He laughed, and replied, 'It is not my fault. If she is guilty, I cannot make her innocent.'"

About Lord Denman.

I also asked her whether she knew the other lawyer, Monsieur Denman. The change in her tone was very remarkable, and gave credibility to all she said. She clasped her hands, and exclaimed, in a tone of admiration, "O, c'étoit un ange, ce Monsieur Denman. Il n'a jamais douté de l'innocence de la Reine." Though the Marchioness herself did not, at first, intimate any opinion on the subject of the Queen's guilt or innocence, yet she spoke in terms of just indignation of the King, and of her with more compassion than blame.

It was some weeks after this that I, being alone with Madame Sacrati, she again spoke of the Queen, and, to my surprise, said she was convinced of her innocence, but inveighed against her for her coarseness, and insinuated that she was mad. This reminds me that dear Mary Lamb, who was the very contrast, morally speaking, to Madame Sacrati, once said, "They talk about the Queen's innocence. I should not think the better of her, if I were sure she was what is called innocent." There was a profound truth in this. She, doubtless, meant that she thought more of the mind and character than of a mere act, objectively considered.

Guilty or innocent?

June 13th.—I heard to-day from Niccolini an account of his dealings with the Grand Duke. When his "Nabucco" was published, by Capponi, the Emperor of Austria requested the Grand Duke to punish Niccolini for it. The Grand Duke replied to the Austrian Minister, "It is but a fable; there are no names. I will not act the diviner, to the injury of my subject." Niccolini was Professor of History and Mythology, in the Academy of Fine Arts, under the French. The professorship was abolished on the Restoration, and Niccolini was made librarian; but, being dissatisfied with the Government administration of the academy, he demanded his dismission. The Grand Duke said, "Why so? I am satisfied with you." He had the boldness to reply, "Your Highness, *both* must be satisfied." And he did retire. But when the professorship was restored, he resumed his office.

Niccolini.

During the latter part of my residence in Italy, I was more frequent than ever in my attendance at the

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theatres. And one remark on the Italian drama I must not omit; indeed, I ought to have made it before, as it was forced on me at Naples. There, every modern play, almost without exception, was founded on incidents connected with judicial proceedings—a singular circumstance, easy to explain. In Naples especially, but in all Italy, justice is administered secretly, and the injustice perpetrated under its abused name constitutes one of the greatest evils of social life. Even when this is not to be attributed to the Government, or the magistrate, in the particular case, the bad state of the law permits it to be done; and secrecy aggravates the evil, and perhaps even causes unjust reproach to fall on the magistrate. Now, it is because men's deep interest in these matters finds no gratification in the publicity of judicial proceedings, that the theatre supplies the place of the court of justice; and, for a time, all the plots of plays, domestic tragedies, turned on the sufferings of the innocent falsely accused—such as the "*Pie voleuse;*" on assuming the name and character of persons long absent, like the "*Faux Martin Guerre;*"* the forging of wills, conflicting testimony, kidnapping heirs, the return of persons supposed to be dead, &c., &c.—incidents which universally excite sympathy. Our reports of proceedings in courts of justice, while they keep alive this taste, go far towards satisfying it. In other respects, the Italian stage is very imperfectly supplied with a *Répertoire.* The frigid rhetoric of Alfieri has afforded few subjects

Italian dramas generally turn on judicial proceedings

Because they are secret.

Modern dramatic authors of Italy.

* "Histoire du Faux Martin Guerre. Vol. I. Causes Célèbres et Interessantes. Recueillés par M. Gayot de Pitaval à la Haye. 1735."

for the stage, and Niccolini still fewer. Gozzi is forgotten; and Goldoni, for want of a better author, is still listened to. Rota is an inferior Kotzebue, who has been a few times translated and imitated; and French comedy is less frequently resorted to by the Italian playwrights than German sentimentality—much less than by the English dramatists. So that there is not properly an Italian stage. The opera is not included in this remark; but that is not national.

At this time, the sanguine hopes entertained by the friends of liberty, a short time before, in Italy, had subsided; and the more discerning already knew, what was too soon acknowledged, that nothing would be done for the good cause of civil and religious liberty by the French Government.

Leopardi.

I occasionally saw Leopardi the poet, a man of acknowledged genius, and of irreproachable character. He was a man of family, and a scholar, but he had a feeble frame, was sickly, and deformed. He was also poor, so that his excellent qualities and superior talents were, to a great degree, lost to the world. He wanted a field for display—an organ to exercise.

Italian politics.

To refer once more to politics. The desire to see Italy united was the fond wish of most Italian politicians. One of the most respectable of them, Mayer—not to mention any I was at that time unacquainted with—used to say, that he would gladly see all Italy under one absolute sovereign, national independence being the first of blessings.

Italian Confederation.

But this was not the uniform opinion. A scheme of a Confederation of Italian states was circulated in

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the Spring, according to which there was to be a union of Italian monarchies, consisting of nine states, of which Rome should be the capital, each independent in all domestic matters, and having a common revenue, army, customs, weights and measures, coins, &c. These were to be Rome, Piedmont, Lombardy, Venice, Liguria, Ravenna, Etruria, Naples, and Sicily. The fortresses of the Confederation were to be Venice, Alessandria, Mantua, and Syracuse. To purchase the consent of France to this arrangement, many Italians were willing to sacrifice Savoy and Nice.

There was more plausibility, I thought, in the Abbé de Pradt's scheme. He would have reduced the number to three, consisting of North, Central, and South Italy. Could this ever be, there would be appropriate titles in *Lombard-* or *Nord-Italia*, *Toscan-Italia*, and *Napol-Italia*. Harmless dreams these—that is, the names.

H. C. R. TO MR. PATTISSON AND HIS SONS.

Florence, June 14, 1831.

. . . . . I really think it fortunate for my reputation that I am out of the country. I should have lost my character had I stayed there. I was always a moderate Reformer; and, now that success seems at hand, I think more of the dangers than the promises. I should never have been fit for a hustings orator. My gorge rises at the cant of the day; and finding all the mob for Reform, I begin to suspect there must be some hitherto unperceived evil in the measure. And it is only when I go among the anti-Reformers, and hear the worse cant and more odious impostures of the old

On the Reform Bill.

Tory party, that I am *righted*, as the phrase is, and join the crowd again.

TO THE SAME.

Turin, September 13, 1831.

. . . . . I infer, rather than find it expressly stated, that in your family are pretty nearly all the varieties of opinion now current in England. Jacob appears to me to have taken for his oracles Lord Londonderry, Mr. Sadler, and Sir R. Inglis, the Oxford member. William writes like a hopeful and youthful Reformer; and you, with something of the timidity and anxiety of *old age* (*I* may call *you* old, you know, without offence, by my six months' seniority), you are afraid of the consequences of your own former principles. To tell the truth, I am (and perhaps from the same cause) pretty much in the same state. Now that the mob are become Reformers, I am alarmed. Indeed, I have for years perceived this truth, that it seems to be the great problem of all institutions to put shackles as well on the people as on the Government. I am so far anti-democratic, that I would allow the people to do very little; but I would enable them to *hinder* a great deal. And my fear is, that under the proposed new House of Commons, there will be no check on popular passions.

Timidity of old Reformers.

System of checks a desideratum.

On my way back to England, I spent nearly a fortnight at Paris. During this fortnight, the most interesting occurrence by far, and which I regret I cannot adequately describe, was my attendance in the *Salle St. Simonienne*, at the *service*—or, shall I say the *per-*

St. Simonism.

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formance?—of that, the most recent substitute for Christian worship. This was, and still remains, the last and newest French attempt to supersede Christianity. In my journal, I speak of it as "very national, very idle, very ridiculous, possibly well-intentioned on the part of its leaders, whose greatest fault may be unconscious vanity." I go on in my journal: "And I dare say destined to be very short-lived, unless it can contrive to acquire a political character, and so gain a permanent footing in France." In this I was not a false prophet. But the doctrines of these fanatical unbelievers were mixed up in men's minds with the more significant and dangerous speculations of Fourier, closely allied to politics, and absorbed by them. Alfieri wisely says, addressing himself to infidels, "It is not enough to cry out, 'It is all a fable,' in order to destroy Christianity. If it be, invent a better." The St. Simonites could not do this. In my journal I wrote, "They have rejected the Christian Revelation, that is, its supernatural vehicle, but their system of morals is altogether Christian; and this they dress out with French sentimentality, instead of miracles and prophecy." I might have added, had I thought of Germany at the time, "The German anti-supernaturalists substituted metaphysics, critical or ideal, in the place of sentimentality."

Fourier.

Attempted substitutes for Christianity.

It was on *Sunday, the 1st of October*, that I was present at their *fonction*, ecclesiastical or theatric. Their *salle* was a neat theatre; the area, or pit, filled with well-dressed women; the scena occupied by the members of the society, who face the area. In the centre were two truncated columns; behind these, three arm-chairs;

in the centre one the orator, his assistants at his side; in front, three rows of galleries. I went early, and had a front seat. When the leaders came, the members rose. "Why so?" I asked of a plain man near me. "*C'est le Pape, le Chef de l'Eglise,*" he answered, with great simplicity. His Holiness, youngish and not genteel, waved his hand, rose, and harangued for an hour or more. I heard distinctly, and understood each word by itself, but I could not catch a distinct *thought.* It seemed to be a rhapsody—a declamation against the abuses of our political existence—a summary of the history of mankind, such as any man acquainted with modern books, and endowed with a flow of fine words, might continue uttering as long as he had any breath in his body. For the edification of the ladies and young men, there was an address to Venus, and also one to Jupiter. The only part of the oration which had a manifest object, and which was efficient, was a sarcastic portrait of Christianity—not the Christianity of the Gospel, but that of the Established Churches. This was the studied finale, and the orator was rewarded by shouts of applause.

The first sermon.

After a short pause, he was followed by a very pale, smock-faced youth, with flaxen hair. I presumed that he delivered his maiden speech, as, at the end of it, he was kissed by at least ten of his comrades, and the unconcealed joy of his heart at the applause he gained was really enviable. His oration was on behalf of "*La classe la plus nombreuse et la plus pauvre,*" which he repeated incessantly, as a genuine Benthamite repeats, "The greatest good of the greatest number." It was an

Second sermon.

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On charity.

exhortation to charity, and, with a very few alterations, like those the reader might have made in correcting the proofs at the printing-office (such as the motive being the love of Christ, instead of the love of one's neighbour), would have suited any of the thousand and one charity sermons delivered every six months in every great city, in all churches and chapels. Now in all this, as there was nothing remarkable, so there was nothing ridiculous, save and except that the orator, every now and then, was congratulating himself on "*Ces nouvelles idées.*" After this short oration, there followed a conference. Two speakers placed themselves in chairs, in the front of the proscenium; but they were of a lower class, and as I expected something like the street dialogues between the quack and the clown, or, at the best, what it seemed to be, a paraphrastic commentary on the "novelties" of the young gentleman, I followed the example of others, and came away. So I wrote twenty years ago. My impression was a correct one. St. Simonism was suppressed by the Government of Louis Philippe. Its partisans were lost, as I have already intimated, in the sturdier and coarser founders of what has not been simply foolish but, in various ways, mischievous, namely, Communism or Socialism.

Conference.

I left Paris on the 4th of October, in the morning, and, travelling all night, reached Calais the next morning. At Meurice's Hotel, I heard of the death of Goethe. At the age of eighty-two, it could not be unexpected, and, as far as the active employment of his marvellous talents is concerned, is not to be regretted. He had done his work; but though not the

False report of Goethe's death.

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extinction, yet, to us, the eclipse of the mightiest intellect that has shone on the earth for centuries (so, at least, I felt) could not be beheld without pain. It has been my rare good fortune to have seen a large proportion of the greatest minds of our age, in the fields of poetry and speculative philosophy, such as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Schiller, Tieck, but none that I have ever known came near him.

Goethe the greatest man of modern times.

On the 6th of October I crossed the Channel, and on the 7th I reached London, too late to go to any of my friends. Having secured a bed at the Old Bell, Holborn, and taken a late dinner there, I went to the Procters', in Perceval Street, where was my old friend Mrs. Collier, and the cordial reception I met with from them cheered me. I returned to my inn, and was awakened in the morning by the shout of the vociferous newsmen, "The Lords have thrown out the Reform Bill!"

London.

The Colliers.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN ENGLAND AGAIN.

October 10th.—For the last three days there has been a succession of agreeable feelings in meeting with my old friends and acquaintance. Indeed these meetings will for some time constitute my chief business. In the evening, I stepped into the Athenæum to inquire the news, there being a general anxiety in consequence of the important occurrence of the night before, or rather of the morning. *The Lords rejected the Reform Bill by a majority of forty-one.* The fact is in every one's mouth, but I have not yet met with any one who ventures to predict what the Ministry will do on the occasion.

Reform Bill thrown out of the Lords.

I breakfasted with William Pattisson, and accompanied him to Westminster Hall. He was engaged in an appeal to the Lords, O'Connell on the other side. I shook hands with O'Connell, and exchanged a few words with him. I was pleased with his speech before the Chancellor. It was an appeal against the Irish Chancellor's setting aside certain documents as obtained by fraud. With great mildness of manner, address, and discretion in his arguments, O'Connell produced a general impression in his favour.

O'Connell counsel before the Lords.

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October 12th.—Finished the evening at the Athenæum and at Aders'. I found Mrs. Aders in some agitation, as one of her friends had been in danger of being seriously hurt on the balcony of her house by a large stone flung by the mob in the afternoon. There had been an immense crowd accompanying the procession with the addresses to the King on account of the rejection of the Bill by the Lords. At the Athenæum, I chatted with D'Israeli and Ayrton. Ayrton says, on authority, that a compromise has taken place, and that the Bill is to pass the Lords, with only a few modifications to save their character. *Reform Bill.*

October 16th.—Breakfasted at home, and late, so that it was between one and two when I reached Lamb, having ridden on the stage to Edmonton, and walked thence to Enfield. I found Lamb and his sister boarding with the Westwoods—good people, who, I dare say, take care of them. Lamb has rendered himself their benefactor by getting a place for their son in Aders' counting-house. They return his services by attention, which he and his sister need; but he feels the want of the society he used to have. Both he and Miss Lamb looked somewhat older, but not more than almost all do whom I have closely noticed since my return. They were heartily glad to see me. After dinner, I was anxious to leave them before it was dark, and the Lambs accompanied me, but only for a short distance. Lamb has begged me to come after dinner, and take a bed at his house; and so I must. The evening fine, and I enjoyed the walk to Mr. Relph's. The beauty of the sky was not, indeed, that of Italy; but the verdure was *Lamb.* *Affluence of England.*

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English, and the succession of handsome houses, and the population of affluent people, quite peculiar to England. No other country can show anything like it. These covered ways and shady roads, with elegant houses at every step, each concealed except in its immediate neighbourhood—how superior to the flaring open scenery of the vaunted Vale of Arno!

October 17th.—Went to Highbury by way of Percival Street. I arrived late at Mr. Bischoff's, having mistaken the dinner-time by an hour. Of little moment this. I found a large party assembled to see the famous Brahmin, Rammohun Roy, the Indian Rajah.

Rammohun Roy.

*Rem.**—Rammohun Roy published a volume entitled "The Precepts of Jesus," closely resembling a work for which a Frenchman was punished under Charles X., it being alleged that to select the *moral* parts of the Gospel, excluding the supernatural, must be done with the insidious design of recommending Deism. That Rammohun Roy was a Deist, with Christian morals, is probable. He took care, however, not to lose *caste*, for the preservation of which the adherence to precise customs is required, not the adoption of any mode of thinking. He died in the year 1833, and I was informed by Mr. Crawford, who was acquainted with the Brahmin's man-servant, that during the last years of his life he was assiduously employed in reading the *Shasters*—the Holy Scriptures of his Church. Voltaire says somewhere, that were he a Brahmin, he would die with a cow's tail in his hand. Rammohun Roy did not deserve to be coupled with the French scoffer in this

His Creed.

* Written in 1851.

way. He was a highly estimable character. He believed as much of Christianity as one could reasonably expect any man would believe who was brought up in a faith including a much larger portion of miraculous pretensions, without being trained or even permitted, probably, to investigate and compare evidence. He was a fine man, and very interesting, though different from what I expected. He had a broad laughing face. He talked English very well—better than most foreigners. Unfortunately, when I saw him, he talked on European politics, and gave expression to no Oriental sentiment or opinion. Not a word was said by him that might not have been said by a European. This rather disappointed me; so after dinner I played whist, of which I was ashamed afterwards.

October 22nd.—At the Bury Quarter Sessions, I was invited to dine at the Angel by the Bar, but I refused the invitation, and only went up in the evening; then, however, I spent a few hours very agreeably. Austin was the great talker, of course. Scarcely anything but the Reform Bill talked of much. Praed, the M.P., and new member of the circuit since my retirement, was the only oppositionist. He spoke fluently, and not ill of the Bill.

Praed.

*Rem.**—Praed died young. In one particular he was superior to all the political young men of his time—in taste and poetical aspirations. His poems have been collected. I am not much acquainted with them, but they are at least works of taste. Praed had the manners of a gentleman.

* Written in 1852.

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W. S. LANDOR TO H. C. R.

Florence [*received October*, 1831.]

. . . . . Miss Mackenzie tells me that she has lost some money by a person in Paris. If she had taken my advice, she would have bought a villa here, and then the money had been saved. It appears that she has a garden, at least; and this, in my opinion, is exactly the quantity of ground that a wise person could desire. I am about to send her some bulbs and curious plants. Her sixty-two tuberoses are all transplanted by the children: I have not one of these delightful flowers. I like white flowers better than any others; they resemble fair women. Lily, tuberose, orange, and the truly English syringa, are my heart's delight. I do not mean to say that they supplant the rose and violet in my affections, for these are our first loves, before we grew too fond of considering, and too fond of displaying our acquaintance with, others of sounding titles. . . .

W. S. LANDOR.

On Gardens.

Bristol riot.

November 1st.—Read the papers at the coffee-house. Sad account of a riot at Bristol. It is to be feared very bloody—a proof that the mob are ready to shed blood for the Bill. For what would they not shed blood?

The Clarksons.

November 5th.—I rode to Ipswich by an early stage, a new one to me. I found the Clarksons as I expected. Mrs. Clarkson thinner, but not in worse health than three years ago; and Clarkson himself much older, and nearly blind. They received me most kindly, and we spent the whole afternoon and evening in interesting friendly gossip.

November 6th.—I did not stir out of the house to-day. It was wet, and I enjoyed the seclusion. I sat and read occasionally, and at intervals chatted with Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson. Mr. Clarkson gave me to read a MS., drawn up for his daughter-in-law, containing a summary of religious doctrines from the lips of Jesus Christ. The chapter on future punishments particularly interested me; but I found that Mr. Clarkson had, contrary to his intention, written so as to imply his belief in the eternity of future punishments, which he does not believe. He was anxious to alter this in his own hand, and with great difficulty made the necessary alteration in one place.

Eternity of future punishment.

November 10th.—Read this morning, in the July *Quarterly Review*, a most interesting, but to me humiliating, article on the inductive philosophy—Herschel's "Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy" supplying the text. It is an admirable and, even to me, delightful survey of the realms of science; the *terra incognita* appearing, if possible, to be the most curious. It is remarkable that the more there is known, the more it is perceived there is to be known. And the infinity of knowledge to be acquired runs parallel with the infinite faculty of knowing, and its development. Sometimes I feel reconciled to my extreme ignorance, by thinking, if I know nothing, the most learned know next to nothing. Yet,—

Study of Science.

> "On this thought I will not brood,
> . . . . it unmans me quite."

I never can be a man of science, but it is something to have a disinterested love of science, and a pleasure in

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Baptism of desire.

the progress which others make in it. This is analogous to the baptism of desire of the liberal Catholics, who give the means and possibility of salvation to those who, though not actually baptized, *desire* baptism, and would, if they could, be members of the Church in which alone salvation is to be found.

Flaxman's Italian notes.

November 15th.—Took tea with Miss Flaxman and Miss Denman. They were in low spirits. Mr. Thomas Denman is very dangerously ill, and Miss Flaxman has had a bad fall. However, we fell into interesting conversation, and they showed me Flaxman's notes written in Italy. His criticisms on the works of art in Italy are a corroboration of the common opinion; but he speaks of a great work by one Gaddi as one that, with a little less hardness and deeper shade, would have been far superior to any of Raphael's Holy Families.

W. S. LANDOR TO H. C. R.

November 6th, 1831.

Landor on the Lake Poets.

. . . . . I grieve at the illness of Coleridge, though I never knew him. I hope he may recover; for Death will do less mischief with the cholera than with the blow that deprives the world of Coleridge. A million blades of grass, renewable yearly, are blighted with less injury than one rich fruit-tree. I am in the habit of considering Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey as three towers of one castle; and whichever tower falls first must shake the other two. . . . . .

On Elia.

Since I saw you, I have read in the *New Monthly Magazine* the papers signed "Elia." Mr. Brown lent me the book. The papers are admirable; the language

truly English. We have none better, new or old. When I say, I am "sorry" that Charles Lamb and his sister are suffering, the word is not an idle or a faint one. I feel deep pain at this intelligence—pain certainly not disproportioned to the enjoyment I have received by their writings. Besides, all who know them personally speak of them with much affection. Were they ever in Italy, or are they likely to come? If so, I can offer them fruits, flowers, horses, &c. To those who are out of health, or out of spirits, this surely is a better country than England. I love green fields, and once loved being wet through, in the Summer or Spring. In that season, when I was a boy and a youth, I always walked with my hat in my hand if it rained; and only left off the practice when I read that Bacon did it, fearing to be thought guilty of affectation or imitation.

Italy as a residence.

I have made my visit to Miss Burney, and spent above an hour with her. She is one of the most agreeable and intelligent women I have met abroad, and spoke of you as all who know you must speak.

Miss Burney.

I look forward with great desire to the time when you will come again amongst us. Arnold, who clapped his hands at hearing I had a letter from you, ceased only to ask me, "But does not he say when he will come back?" My wife and Julia send the same wishes. . . . . .

W. S. LANDOR.

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MISS WORDSWORTH TO H. C. R.

Friday, December 1st, 1831.

Had a rumour of your arrival in England reached us before your letter of yesterday's post, you would ere this have received a welcoming from me, in the name of each member of this family; and, further, would have been reminded of your promise to come to Rydal as soon as possible after again setting foot on English ground. When Dora heard of your return, and of my intention to write, she exclaimed, after a charge that I would recall to your mind your written promise, "He must come and spend Christmas with us. I wish he would!" Thus, you see, notwithstanding your petty jarrings, Dora was always, and now is, a loving friend of yours. I am sure I need not add, that if you can come at the time mentioned, so much the more agreeable to us all, for it is fast approaching; but that, *whenever* it suits you (for you may have Christmas engagements with your own family) to travel so far northward, we shall be rejoiced to see you; and, whatever other visitors we may chance to have, we shall always be able to find a corner for you. We are thankful that you are returned with health unimpaired—I may say, indeed, amended—for you were not perfectly well when you left England. You do not mention rheumatic pains, so I trust they have entirely left you. As to your being grown older—if you mean *feebler* in mind—my brother says, "No such thing; your judgment has only attained autumnal ripeness." Indeed, my dear friend, I wonder not at your alarms, or those of any good man, whatever may have been his politics

Dora Wordsworth.

Perplexing fears of change.

from youth to middle age, and onward to the decline of life. But I will not enter on this sad and perplexing subject: I find it much more easy to look with patience on the approach of pestilence, or any affliction which it may please God to cast upon us without the intervention of man, than on the dreadful results of sudden and rash changes, whether arising from ambition, or ignorance, or brute force. I am, however, getting into the subject without intending it, so will conclude with a prayer that God may enlighten the heads and hearts of our men of power, whether Whigs or Tories, and that the madness of the deluded people may settle. This last effect can only be produced, I fear, by exactly and severely executing the law, seeking out and punishing the guilty, and letting all persons see that we do not *willingly* oppress the poor. One visible blessing seems already to be coming upon us through the alarm of the cholera. Every rich man is now obliged to look into the bye-lanes and corners inhabited by the poor, and many crying abuses are (even in our little town of Ambleside) about to be remedied. But to return to pleasant Rydal Mount, still cheerful and peaceful—if it were not for the newspapers, we should know nothing of the turbulence of our great towns and cities; yet my poor brother is often heart-sick and almost desponding—and no wonder; for, until this point at which we are arrived, he has been a true prophet as to the course of events, dating from the "Great Days of July" and the appearance of "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing *but* the Bill." It remains now for us to hope that Parliament may meet in a different temper from that in which they

Reform enthusiasm madness.

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parted, and that the late dreadful events may make each man seek only to promote the peace and prosperity of the country. You will say that my brother looks older. He is certainly thinner, and has lost some of his teeth; but his bodily activity is not at all diminished, and if it were not for public affairs, his spirits would be as cheerful as ever. He and Dora visited Sir Walter Scott just before his departure, and made a little tour in the Western Highlands; and such was his leaning to old pedestrian habits, that he often walked from fifteen to twenty miles in a day, following or keeping by the side of the little carriage, of which his daughter was the charioteer. They both very much enjoyed the tour, and my brother actually brought home a set of poems, the product of that journey.

Wordsworth's Highland tour.

December 5th.—My morning was broken in upon, when reading Italian, by calls from Jacob Pattisson, Shutt, and Mr. Rogers; the last stayed long. Rogers spoke of two artists whom he knew in great poverty—Gibson, now in Rome, a rich man and sculptor of fame, my acquaintance there, and Chantrey, still richer, and of higher fame in the same art. Chantrey, not long since, being at Rogers', said, pointing to a side-board, "You probably do not recollect that being brought to you by the cabinet-maker's man?"—"Certainly not."—"It was I who brought it, and it is in a great measure my work."

Rogers on Gibson and Chantrey.

*Rem.**—Rogers is noted for his generosity towards poor artists. I have often heard him relate anecdotes

* Written in 1852.

which ought not to be forgotten, and will not. They will be told more elaborately, as well as more correctly, than I can pretend to relate them. One only I set down here briefly. I heard it first, a few years since, and several times afterwards. One night he found at his door Sir Thomas Lawrence, in a state of alarming agitation, who implored him to save the President of the Academy from disgrace. Unless a few thousands could be raised in twenty-four hours, he could not be saved; he had good security to offer; drawings he would give in pledge, or sell, as might be required. Rogers next day went to Lord Dudley Ward, who advanced the money, and was no loser by the transaction.

The Royal Academy in pecuniary trouble.

December 7th.—(Brighton.) Accompanied Masquerier to a concert, which afforded me really a great pleasure. I heard Paganini. Having scarcely any sensibility to music, I could not expect great enjoyment from any music, however fine; and, after all, I felt more surprise at the performance than enjoyment. The professional men, I understand, universally think more highly of Paganini than the public do. He is really an object of wonder. His appearance announces something extraordinary. His figure and face amount to caricature. He is a tall slim figure, with limbs which remind one of a spider; his face very thin, his forehead broad, his eyes grey and piercing, with bushy eyebrows; his nose thin and long, his cheeks hollow, and his chin sharp and narrow. His face forms a sort of triangle. His hands the oddest imaginable, fingers of enormous length, and thumbs bending backwards. It is, perhaps,

Paganini.

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in a great measure from the length of finger and thumb that his fiddle is also a sort of lute. He came forward and played, from notes, his own compositions. Of the music, as such, I know nothing. The sounds were wonderful. He produced high notes very faint, which resembled the chirruping of birds, and then in an instant, with a startling change, rich and melodious notes, approaching those of the bass viol. It was difficult to believe that this great variety of sounds proceeded from one instrument. The effect was heightened by his extravagant gesticulation and whimsical attitudes. He sometimes played with his fingers, as on a harp, and sometimes struck the cords with his bow, as if it were a drum-stick, sometimes sticking his elbow into his chest, and sometimes flourishing his bow. Oftentimes the sounds were sharp, like those of musical glasses, and only now and then really delicious to my vulgar ear, which is gratified merely by the flute and other melodious instruments, and has little sense of harmony.

H. C. R.'s unmusical ear.

December 13th.—Accompanied the Masqueriers to a Mr. Rooper's, in Brunswick Square, a nephew of Malone. We went to look at some paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds. One of Dr. Johnson greatly delighted Masquerier. He thinks it the best he has ever seen of Johnson by Sir Joshua. The Doctor is holding a book, and reading like a short-sighted man. His blind eye is in the shade. There is no gentility, no attempt at setting off the Doctor's face, but no vulgarity in the portrait. That of Sir Joshua, by himself, is a repetition of the one so frequently seen. He has spectacles as broad as mine. There is also a full-length of the Coun-

Sir Joshua's portrait of Dr. Johnson.

tess of Sutherland, a fine figure and pretty face. Mr. Rooper showed us some interesting books, and volunteered to lend me a very curious collection of MS. letters, all written by eminent persons, political and literary, all addressed to Mr. Malone, and a great many on occasion of his Life of Windham.* There is one by Dr. Johnson, a great many by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Kemble, Lord Charlemont; and notes by an infinity of remarkable people. I have yet merely run over one half the collection. It interested me greatly. CH. XVIII. 1831.

December 14th.—I was employed in the forenoon looking over Mr. Rooper's MS. letters belonging to Malone: some by Lord Charlemont curious. Some anonymous verses against Dr. Parr were poignant. The concluding lines are not bad as an epigram, though very unjust. They might be entitled—

Epigram on Dr. Parr.

A RECIPE.

To half of Busby's skill in mood and tense,
Add Bentley's pedantry without his sense;
Of Warburton take all the spleen you find,
And leave his genius and his wit behind;
Squeeze Churchill's rancour from the verse it flows in,
And knead it stiff with Johnson's heavy prosing;
Add all the piety of Saint Voltaire,
Mix the gross compound—*Fiat* Dr. Parr.

Copley Fielding.

Spent the evening pleasantly at Copley Fielding's, the water-colour painter, a man of interesting person and very prepossessing manners. He showed me some delightful drawings.

Hazlitt's Conversations of Northcote.

December 16th.—To-day I finished Hazlitt's "Conversations of Northcote." I do not believe that Boswell

* "A Biographical Memoir of the Life of the Right Honourable William Windham." London, 1810, 8vo.

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gives so much good talk in an equal quantity of any part of his "Life of Johnson." There is much more shrewdness and originality in both Northcote and Hazlitt himself than in Johnson; yet all the elderly people —my friend Amyot, for instance—would think this an outrageous proof of bad taste on my part. I do believe that I am younger in my tastes than most men. I can relish novelty, and am not yet a *laudator temporis acti.*

December 20th.—Went to the play, to which I had not been for a long time. It gives me pain to observe how my relish for the theatre has gone off. It is one of the strongest indications of advanced age.

*Rem.**—It was not altogether, however, the fault of my middle age. I believe that, even now, could Mrs. Siddons or Mrs. Jordan revive, my enjoyment would revive too. Power, however, gave me more pleasure than Johnstone ever gave me, though Johnstone was thought perfect in Irish characters.

Fonblanque.

December 26th.—I found my way to Fonblanque's, beyond Tyburn Turnpike, and dined with him, self-invited. No one but his wife there, and the visit was perfectly agreeable. Indeed he is an excellent man. I believe him to be not a mere grumbler from ill-humour and poverty, as poor Hazlitt was to a great degree, but really an upright man, with an honest disgust at iniquity, and taking delight in giving vent to his indignation at wrong. His critical opinions startle me. He is going to introduce me to Jeremy Bentham, which will be a great pleasure.

Bentham.

December 31st.—At half-past one went by appoint-

* Written in 1852.

ment to see Jeremy Bentham, at his house in Westminster Square, and walked with him for about half an hour in his garden, when he dismissed me to take his breakfast and have the paper read to him. I have but little to report concerning him. His person is not what I expected. He is a small man.* He stoops very much (he is eighty-four), and shuffles in his gait. His hearing is not good, yet excellent considering his age. His eye is restless, and there is a fidgety activity about him, increased probably by the habit of having all round fly at his command. He began by referring to my late journey in Italy, and, by putting questions to me, made me of necessity the talker. He seems not to have made Italian matters at all his study, and, I suspect, considers other countries only with reference to the influence his books and opinions may have had and have there. He mentioned Filangieri as a contemptible writer, who wrote after himself; and said he had the mortification of finding him praised, while he himself was overlooked. I gave him my opinion as to the political character of the French Ministry, and their purely selfish policy towards Italy, which he did not seem to comprehend. He inquired about my professional life; and spoke of the late Dr. Wilson (whom I recollect seeing when I was a boy) as the first of his disciples.

* I should have said otherwise from the impression he left on me, as well as from the effect produced by his skeleton, dressed in his real clothes, and with a waxen face, preserved by his own desire.—H. C. R., 1852. [It is now located at University College, London.]

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